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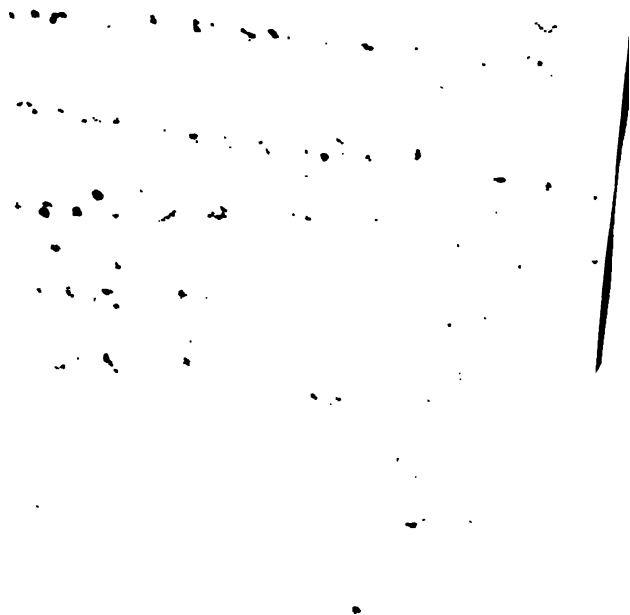
ANNEX





To my esteemed friend
P. C. Chamberlain
of the Topka Capital
Staff with best
wishes of author

Lucy M. Miller
1896



IN IT

BY

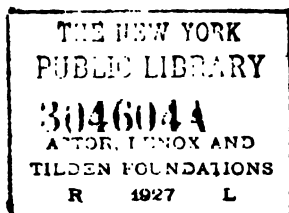
H. C. WHITLEY

LATE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES
TREASURY

CAMBRIDGE

Printed at the Riverside Press

1894



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IN IT.

THEORIES AS TO CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

CRIME had its beginning, so they say, in the shadow of an apple-tree.

Man and woman were created without knowledge and without sin. It was the intention of Him who made them that they should remain so. But one day, while the Lord was absent from the garden in which Adam and Eve were dwelling, the devil came as an educator. He came, creeping upon his belly from his grassy lair, in the form of a snake. This evil genius was a tempter and a teacher; his office was to inculcate knowledge into the brain of man and woman, to destroy their inborn peace of mind, and plant in their hearts selfishness, pride, and ambition. From the day they learned to know good from evil, their desires for greater knowledge became the theme of their lives. The Lord gave them wisdom and contentment, but *the devil opened their eyes and mingled their*

joys with miseries, thus creating moral obliquity for a season, that regeneration might bring celestial bliss in the end. Ambition begot vanity, and selfishness begot crime, and knowledge is the father of them all. Had the devil stayed away, love and charity would have illumed the earth with joy, and the glory of man would have rivaled the brightness of the sun.

The story gives rise to a strange philosophy; but as it makes the devil a stalking-horse for crime, and puts the greater part of mankind upon the rocky road of folly, the theory is probably correct. The time may yet come when rogues on earth will be as scarce as ice in purgatory, and when the grandeur and potency of the Lord's purpose will be fully realized by the thousands who now consider that primeval Garden as a nebulous philosophical necessity rather than as a fact. Had crime come to man as an inheritance, leaving virtue a thing to be acquired, he might have some excuse for his rascality; but as it appears that he was given his choice between good and evil, the responsibility of his acts must rest upon his own shoulders.

The first sin committed by man was detected by the Almighty. He walked into his garden one evening to take an airing. As He strolled about, admiring the beautiful flowers and delicious fruits He had created for the good of man, He, as if by chance, spied Adam and Eve

skulking about in the long, sombre shadows of the trees, among the shrubbery. He called them. As they came forth and drew near to Him, He saw they had donned fig-leaf aprons, and suspected and questioned them. The young couple cast their eyes upon the ground as He accused them of partaking of the fruit which had been forbidden them. The fig-leaf aprons somehow bespoke craft, and it is assumed that they were taken as an indication of guilt. Adam at first tried to defend himself by charging the blame upon the woman; and the woman in her turn declared that she had been beguiled by the snake. It seems, however, that the Lord did not accept their excuses, as He inflicted punishment upon all who had assisted in committing the offense.

Having detailed the story of the first crime, its detection and punishment, as it has been handed down to us through a source we ought not to question, I will now venture the theory that suspicions come from Heaven, and that the use of detective intelligence was coexistent with the origin of mankind; also, that the necessity for the punishment of man has multiplied in proportion to his invention of luxuries to tempt his appetite for high living and fine clothes, and that the creation of these baubles has brought a *spirit* of covetousness and a desire to *rob and cheat*. Let this be viewed as it may,

rascality assumed a lusty force from the beginning of the world. The first method adopted to overcome it appears to have been ineffective. As a result, corporal punishment was resorted to.

The theogony of mythology pointed to heaven above and hell beneath, as does our theology. But when at last science came to bring a truer cosmology and a better theology, a shadow of doubt was thrown upon these venerable myths, and the hobgoblin torments of Tartarus and the immeasurable happiness of the heathen Heaven proved to be but visions of the imagination of man.

As the combination formed in the Garden of Eden increased in power and devised new methods for defeating the ends of justice, detectives were brought into use. Some people do not like detectives because they do not understand them. Others do not like them because they understand them too well. But these officers always have been and probably always will be an essential part of the machinery for the enforcement of law and order. The suppression of crime is a subject of vast importance, and quite too complicated to be explained in detail in this book; but in my endeavor to furnish some insight into the methods adopted by detectives, shall necessarily touch upon the manner in which crime is perpetrated, and show the

weakness and pitiable folly of those engaged in it. There is no such thing as success for the criminal classes; but their dark and devious ways reveal the motives of those who suffer themselves to be controlled and debased by evil propensities.

I shall not detail blood-curdling narratives and improbable deeds of daring, nor make heroes of rogues, as I consider them cowards when brought face to face with honest men. The present time is an era of fraud and wrongdoing. Cultivated criminals stalk about in church and mart, seemingly exemplary in thought and act, but in reality a lie and a cheat. If the theory is true that knowledge brought sin, educated rogues are more dangerous to the credulous and unsuspecting with whom they mingle than those who are ignorant; and there is certainly some ground upon which to base an argument against the education of persons whose minds have evil tendencies.

Free education for all has opened splendid opportunities for polishing rogues, and furnishing them with facilities for committing the most gigantic and far-reaching robberies the world ever knew. Cultured men and women are enabled to surround themselves with some of the accessories of wealth, thus bringing themselves nearer to the glitter and follies of *life and within the reach of influences which*

create unhealthy longings and excite a keener thirst for gain. To satisfy the longings thus acquired, and keep pace with those around them, many have overlooked the finer sense of honor which should control their actions, and, becoming hypocritical thieves in the garden of life, slyly pluck the flowers and steal the fruit belonging to others. This class of rogues does not use slang and carry the evidence of their profession upon their faces, as do the grossly ignorant thieves. The flash-panny thief belongs to a distinct class; and it is almost impossible for him to force his way into the society of educated people, or into a position of trust where he could commit a robbery of any considerable magnitude, such as is perpetrated by high-toned thieves. Education not only equips the evil-minded with opportunities for committing crime, but it brings them means for evading punishment.

Fallacious ideas in regard to the primary causes which incite crime seem to be everywhere prevalent. Extremists become infatuated with impracticable theories, as they draw conclusions from such examples as they see only upon the outside; "straining at a gnat, they swallow a camel," and in playing the rôle of reformers they lay the prohibitive axe at the root of the tree of crime. This implement is an insignificant tool, merely calculated to scale the bark

from the tree, but one that can never reach its heart. It is a fallacy to suppose the use of intoxicants to be the prime cause of the crimes with which society is everywhere threatened. Liquor excites the brain of man, making him reckless. If he has criminal tendencies, he is, when intoxicated, more likely to yield to their influences; but drunken rogues are easily detected, because of the reckless display of their criminal acts. It is only the clear-cut, cold-hearted, sober criminal who possesses the keen, subtle skill to cover his tracks and baffle the efforts of detectives. Inebriates who commit crime can scarcely be considered dangerous to the public. Wearing blinders, fanatics only see straight ahead, or occasionally roll their eyes towards the sky, thus shutting the world of crime from their vision. They fail to see the thousands of hypocritical thieves who rob honest toilers of their earnings. The so-called reformers of to-day appear to have lost sight of the great thieves who wear iron faces, and perfume their beards with sanctimonious ointment, while they carry marble hearts in their bosoms. These are the sugar-coated pills who do the quiet work and rob the toiling masses, seeking to silence the still, small voice within by offerings of gold.

I do not wish to convey the idea that *education creates crime*, but the theory herein ad-

vanced is something for theologians to wrestle with. If God created man passive and endowed him with impulses of grace, and it was the devil who brought him knowledge and power, thus creating in his heart an unquenchable thirst for wealth, who can gainsay the idea that knowledge is wrong? Cultivation and scientific knowledge are no more a bar to wrong-doing than is ignorance a stepping-stone to crime. The natural state of man was simplicity and poverty. Knowledge and wealth are acquirements. The higher the pinnacle, the more crushing the fall. Now the question is, if happiness is the end to be attained, why should man make himself miserable by delving into things that seem to have been hidden from him? If education could be used wholly to expand the brains of honest men without enlarging the scope and capacity of thieves, there could be no mistaking its usefulness. But in an age when the cravings of a poor man for a loaf of bread and the theft of it make him a common thief, while the educated hypocritical rogue who makes a corner on wheat or purloins a few millions from a big corporation is set down as a defaulter, the world is wrong. The poor devil is sent to jail, but the defaulter is permitted to settle for ten cents on a dollar.

It is obvious to all that people whose brains *are* honeycombed with criminal thoughts should

never be educated, as the cultivation of these geniuses only develops new methods for committing crime, and devising laws that can be twisted so as to mystify the minds of jurors, and cut loopholes for the escape of rogues through technicalities and insanity dodges. Religion, when used as a shield, becomes a danger of no mean magnitude; for this reason, hypocrisy has become as pestiferous as a cholera epidemic. A common thief may be reformed, but constitutional dissemblers never can be. Having dubbed themselves reformers and defenders of the rights of men, they rob indiscriminately. The most aggressive rogues on earth are made up from the knowing classes. Greedy-hearted and unscrupulous, the hypocritical thieves are far more disastrous to the welfare of society than are its open enemies. Attending to all the little details of moral requirements, they deceive their neighbors, who are too charitable to distrust them.

As all do not see as detectives do, those who nicely daub their vices frequently continue undiscovered for years. Could we look down into the hearts of criminals and see the little hells that exist in their bosoms, we might become better and wiser. Can it be possible that those who smile as we pass, and appear so gentle in their ways in daylight, are the same who *commit dark and demoniacal deeds at midnight?*

Yes, that meek appearing man, with the soft voice and pleasant smile, can put on the face of an angel for one moment, and change it to the glare of a fiend the next.

The incidents related in this book are founded principally upon facts, as they came to me during an experience of twelve years in the Secret Service of the United States Government.

EXPERIENCES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

THE conditions of society in the city of New Orleans and other parts of the South, prior to and during the late war, were radically different from those existing in Northern communities. In New Orleans, anterior to the war, politics was a dangerous business, and quite too much of a luxury to be indulged in by all the people of the Crescent City. Canal Street, the dividing line between the American and foreign portion of the city, was frequently the theatre of great disturbances on the occasion of municipal and parish elections. The election of the sheriff and the filling of the various offices in the municipality usually created a great contest, and there was always more or less excitement and fighting. During some of these contests many murders were committed, and peaceful citizens often refused to speak their sentiments, vote, or even stir out of their houses, during election day.

An important element in controlling the elections was a *class* of criminals, frequently noted *murderers*, known as Thugs. Candidates who

offered the best terms could count these murderous demons as friends, and upon the side they served victory was almost sure to rest. A larger part of the desperadoes lived below Canal Street, in the second and third districts. These sections of the city were wholly un-American in their character, and were inhabited by almost every nationality of the earth. There were localities where the English language seemed to be totally unknown.

Prior to the spring of 1862, the government of the city was in a measure under the control of the vicious classes. The better elements of society were in the majority, numerically speaking; but the minority ruled to suit themselves. It was dangerous to complain, and much more so to interfere in an open manner.

Murders were of almost daily occurrence in the city, and it has been said there was not a tile in the floor of the rotunda of the great St. Charles Hotel, on St. Charles Street, which had not had its baptism in human blood.

There were fights in profusion, and men ever ready to cut and shoot. Woe to the unlucky wight who chanced to cross the path of a New Orleans thug. A twirl of the thumb or twinkle of the eye often proved a *casus belli* and in an instant a knife or revolver might be whipped out and the deadly work begun. *number of these regular thugs were unde*

protection of the city authorities up to the time when General Butler entered the city in the spring of 1862. Among them were Bob Johnson, Arthur Guérin, Pedro Capdiville, the three De Pratts, Red Bill No. 1 and Red Bill No. 2, and a score or more of others, all thugs of the bloodiest type.

I was in New Orleans almost continually from the beginning of the war, and at the time the act of secession was passed, and had heard the boasts of the bloody braggarts. Every one of them claimed to be able to whip a score or more of Yankees. "Northerners were all cowards," they said. A few dozen thugs, to let them tell it, could whip the whole Yankee army. One half of the people of the Southern States had allowed their prejudices and hatred to carry them to the verge of insanity. Even the churches, both of the North and the South, became embroiled, and did all they could towards encouraging the revengeful sentiment that had so long existed in the minds of the masses. Preachers in the Northern States entered their pulpits to launch forth ecclesiastical curses upon the heads of the Southern slave-drivers. Southern ministers from their pulpits resented these maledictions from the mouths of their Northern brethren, and, bidding defiance, hurled back the epithets "Nigger-worshippers" and "*Abolition scoundrels.*" Churches of the vari-

ous creeds in both sections drew the line tautly between the institutions of the Northern and Southern States. Prejudice came at last to be something akin to insanity. It had been growing for years.

It was openly talked, and no doubt believed, that the Yankees were great cowards, and that one Southern man could easily whip ten of them. Slavery had much to do with bringing about the final acts of secession, but the "nigger" was not the only cause. The people of the North and South had learned to hate each other, not on account of slavery wholly, or from a conflict of interests in the affairs of commerce.

Many of the people of the North had for years been flinging shafts of malice towards what they termed the ignorant South, and the people of the Southern States had learned to hate the Yankees long before the question of the liberation of their slaves had been agitated. The tastes and peculiarities of the Yankees were so totally unlike their own that they had learned to turn up their noses at everything the Yankees liked. The idea of eating salt codfish and baked beans was perfectly abhorrent to the people of the South. They would eat cow-peas stewed with bits of bacon, but beans baked with pickled pork never.

The Yankees were fond of molasses. The

Southerners fed molasses to their "niggers," and made fun of Yankee schoolmarms. Yankees wore silk hats. A man with one on down South would have been hooted and jeered at by the people as he passed along.

Such differences as these were the irritating causes that finally expanded to such an extent as to engender a sentiment largely responsible for secession and the war that followed.

Prejudice and hate, like Alecto mounted on her dusky wings, cast a snake into the hearts of the Southerners and a torch into the bosom of the Northerners, and excited them to war. The very dogs of the two sections were possessed of a sudden madness. Thousands of the people of the South imagined the gods of their choice had revealed to them the "sow and thirty white pigs" as a sign that all Europe would espouse their cause, and that cotton was a mighty king. But, alas! their soothsayers fooled them.

The firebrand of prejudice had been brandished so long that it had kindled a spirit of war, and it came, notwithstanding the leading men of the South knew that Abraham Lincoln was too firmly wedded to the principles laid down in our Constitution to suffer any interference with the institution of slavery as it then existed. *The Abolition wing of the Republican party, led by such men as old John Brown and*

Jim Lane, were fanatics who did all they could to stir up a war between the two sections; but the great majority of the sane people of the North were opposed to any interference with the vested rights of the Southern people. I mention these facts as an illustration of the wonderful effects produced upon the imaginations of people through prejudice. It is difficult to conceive how such a condition of blindness could have been brought about by fanatics. As an illustration, I will offer an anecdote that I once read about two Irishmen, who left the "owld sod" and came to America to seek their respective fortunes.

After dodging around for a time, they joined a regiment and went to the Mexican war. As they were one day fighting side by side they got separated, and each giving the other up for dead returned to Chicago. One of them lost his sight, and failing to obtain employment went about the streets selling candles. He carried his stock in a small case. While slowly feeling his way along Clark Street one day, he suddenly came in collision with an individual passing in the opposite direction who was carrying a basket of ginger snaps, candies, etc., and who had on his hat a placard with the inscription, "I am blind." The two men clinched and rolled into the gutter amid a mass of candles, cakes, plums, and *snaps*. Mutual recriminations followed.

"Why the divil did n't ye look where ye was goin'?" said one.

"Why did n't yez mind yer steps?" said the other.

"How could I when I'm blind?"

"Phwat! are yez blind? so am I."

The two Irishmen that had run together because both were blind were the old friends and companions who had come together from their own country, and who had parted company in Mexico. They had just blindly run against each other, and both had tumbled and rolled over and abused one another, but they were friends still. They only ran into one another because they were blind.

The Northern and Southern sections of our country were blinded by prejudice, otherwise they would never have run against each other. They were friends before they became blinded and rolled and tumbled in the gutter, and friends at the close of the struggle. The Southern people, proud and jealous of what they termed their rights and privileges, could not brook the restraints imposed upon them by those who were seeking to force them back into the Union.

It is true there were many instances where it became necessary to resort to harsh measures, but *it was wrong* to attempt to disgrace or *degrade a people* possessed of lofty spirits, even

though they were rebels. In the city of New Orleans there existed at the time of its capture and during many months following, a contempt for Yankees that was supreme, coupled with insolence that was sublime, especially among those who were ignorant of the real objects of the war. There were hundreds of white people in that city who appeared to think that the Yankees only sought a pretense for murdering them; and there were thousands of the ignorant slaves in the extreme Southern States who actually believed the heads of Yankees were surmounted with horns!

GENERAL BUTLER'S RULE IN NEW ORLEANS.

General Butler, while a very able lawyer and a man of extraordinary ability and force of character, had in his make-up a large amount of vanity and an undue love for parade. When charitable on some occasions, he seemed to have no regard for the peculiar sentiments and boasted rights of Southerners. The people of New Orleans were wholly at his mercy, and doubt if the history of the world from the times of Attila and Jenghis Khan could furnish conditions equal to those existing there at the time of its capture. Some of the incidents that took place were ludicrous if not amusing.

When the United States fleet first made appearance before the city, many of its

in their madness, applied the torch to their own property, and were ready to burn their dwellings and sacrifice their families and themselves to the fitful flames, rather than submit to the rule of the so-called usurpers wearing the uniforms of the United States.

One of the first things that became necessary after Butler's arrival was to squelch foreign consuls. These pretentious fellows seemed to thirst for notoriety. If General Butler drank a cup of coffee or smoked a cigar, they would send a note, perhaps, asking in the name of some tottering dynasty why he did not drink tea or smoke a pipe. Foremost among these annoying flies was a puffed-up pretender styling himself the British Consul. This fellow made himself the subject of universal laughter in New Orleans. He was the sport of the beer-shops and shady sidewalks. Butler threatened to embalm him and send him as a present to Lord Palmerston, who at the time was a sort of constitutional king over in England. This aristocratic and expert conjurer denounced the proclamation of General Butler relative to the ladies of New Orleans. He said it was "barbarous." It is true Butler's order sounded bad, but in effect it was beneficial. The aristocracy of England were to a large extent in sympathy with the secession movement, and seized upon every opportunity to raise objections and cast

censure upon the acts of officers of the United States government.

They had seemingly forgotten the instance of licensed debauchery on the Peninsula, under Wellington, and that Peking was for three days surrendered to the lusts of the English soldiery. Then, too, there was Packenham, with his watchword of "Beauty and Booty" when he appeared upon the plains of Chalumet. Old Cockeye Butler was of English descent, and may have inherited some of the cruelty of his ancestors, such as occurred in the day of King Richard and the Wars of the Roses; also at the time of the restoration of the merry King Charles, who put down a rebellion and gave British mercy to the vanquished. The history of London Bridge, at the time it displayed the heads of hundreds of dead rebels, is a subject to be referred to.

Secesh-taming with old Ben Butler was the order of the day. He could hardly have been expected to act in a better spirit when brought face to face with such insulting enemies. Even the women of New Orleans, in their anger, bridled up and entered into unfeminine practices; so I suppose that Butler thought he had sufficient excuse for proclaiming "that every woman guilty of flaunting rebel flags and spitting in the faces of the officers and soldiers of the *United States* should be considered disorderly *women*."

This order appeared rough at the time, but led to no serious consequences. To be hanged, or sentenced to wear the ball and chain, was to be the punishment of dwelling-house robbers,—an order that applied equally to soldiers and civilians.

There were many demoralized and criminal women in New Orleans. Mary Jane Jackson, or Red Mary, a tall woman with a flaming red head and flashing eyes, was one day arrested for murder. Her husband had been found with bloody gashes in different parts of his body, and Red Mary was seen in the vicinity of the tragedy brandishing a gory blade. This virago was a representative of other females, who in their zeal flashed and flaunted rebel flags and hurled fierce invectives upon the heads of the Union soldiers; yet Butler was expected to treat these desperadoes with the consideration due to the better class of ladies.

The funeral procession of Lieutenant De Kay, a gallant defender of the Union, while passing along the streets of New Orleans, was the signal for the open taunts and imprecations of rebel women. The Lord's prayer had been whispered in the dying soldier's ear, but the so-called Christian people of New Orleans jeered and spit at his hearse as it passed their doors. He had been wounded by some one behind a bush with *buckshot fired from a gun*. During the few

days he survived, not a word of complaint or reproach against his murderer escaped his lips. But his Christian forbearance did not save his lifeless form from insult at his funeral. Such a scene had never before defiled a church. Many of the people claiming foreign protection displayed a zeal rivaling that of the secession zealots themselves in denouncing the American Union. The words of deadly hatred offered by the rebels on Lieutenant De Kay's funeral day found a ready echo from the mouths of foreigners. Theirs was a malignant satisfaction. New Orleans was finally rescued from the thralldom of its frenzy and the unbridled tyranny of thugs and assassins.

The infectious and noxious atmosphere of sectional hatred everywhere has been cleared up, and the whole country freed from the deadly prejudices that fanned the rebellion into existence. I suppose it was necessary that battles should be fought and thousands slain before sentiments which were the growth of years could be changed.

The wrongs of years were righted in pools of blood. But the harbinger of peace came at last, and better sentiments have been introduced within God's churches.

As I had a hand to play among the rebels in New Orleans previous to its capture, it was necessary for me to keep pretty quiet. For this

reason I was obliged to talk a little secesh occasionally, and I managed to get along pretty nicely until the fall of 1861. War talk was now waxing hot. Invitations had been extended to me on several occasions to join rebel regiments that were being organized in the city. As I felt very patriotic (?) I would go in and drill with some rebel company, but there was scarcely a night on occasions of this kind that I was not taken sick (?) and had to be excused. When the company I was drilling with had its ranks almost filled, I would pull out of it and go in and drill with some new organization just started.

I kept this game up for the best part of a year, until I finally managed to secure a berth on the Starlight, a steamboat running from New Orleans to Shreveport on Red River.

Martial law was finally proclaimed by the Confederate commander, and it was necessary for all to secure passes before leaving the city. I was taken quite lame about this time. I could talk secesh pretty well, but I was altogether too weak in the back to fight the dog-goned Yankees.

I had but little difficulty in securing a document from the provost-marshal. I limped into his office one day and told him what I wanted. He gave me a pass of a kind that never ran out. *It was good as long as it was kept clean.*

Figures, it is said, won't lie, and they did n't in this case. My pass for a month proved to be good for almost a year, and might have served me as long as the Confederacy lasted had I needed it.

One night thunder was heard down the river, — awful thunder! General Lovell, the mighty Confederate warrior in command at New Orleans, stooped to listen, buckled on his sword, and skedaddled. The morrow brought the typhoon of gunboats. Mayor Munroe, mounted on his high horse, sounded the fanfaronade, but backed down. Platoons of soldiers marched from the river to the city hall with the fife and drum playing "Picayune Butler's come to Town." To hear the rebels rant was as good as a play. There was a spice of humor in their "cussin'." Old Cockeye fetched up at the St. Charles Hotel. It was empty and barred. The landlord had just stepped out. The keys were demanded and produced, and Butler started a hotel of his own.

A sharp word went from the St. Charles Hotel to the city hall, and Mayor Munroe started on the jump to meet the man he detested.

The officers of the French frigate Castinet were tendered the freedom of the city by the city authorities. Old Butler viewed the tender as a novelty. He said "it merited letters *patent as an invention.*"

While these things were going on, I was at Shreveport, Louisiana, on board the steamer Starlight. The news of the capture of the city had reached this place. A Confederate committee, with blazing faces and shoulders heavily weighted with the cares of war, came aboard the steamboat and seized it. The Yanks, they said, were on their way up Red River, and the committee wanted the boat to go down the river and blockade the approach to the city.

They thought it would not be safe to go any lower than thirty miles, as they might be gobbled up by the Yankee gunboats; but this was a bugbear, as none of the gunboats had left the Mississippi at the time. A lot of provisions and a barrel of whiskey were hustled on to the boat in short order. The committee tumbled aboard to the number of forty. They were followed by a gang of negro laborers bearing axes, picks, and crowbars. The committeemen were all pretty well set up. They had taken a parting drink with their friends. Steam was up, the lines were cast off, and the boat headed down the river. The infernal Yanks were to be shut out at all hazards.

I joined in with the crowd and helped to cuss the whole Yankee army out of sight. I had acquired the rebel yell, and could holler "Here's your mule" equal to the best of them. Some of the committee were playing poker, others

sitting around in chairs and lying upon cabin floor too drunk to hurrah for Jeff, w the boat was tied up for the night at Le Bayou, about thirty miles below Shreveport. was raining hard at the time, and the n was dark, and almost thick enough to walk Everything was going along swimmingly, w I left the crowd without saying good-by. painter of the steamer's yawl was cast off and small boat dropped to the stern of the stea The second cook, a mulatto, and another libe loving African, slid down a rope from ak into the boat. I followed suit, and we gr fully dropped down the river, keeping in current. It was about seven hundred mile New Orleans by the run of the river, and voyage was made in safety in seven days.

We were stopped once on our way dow short distance below the mouth of Red Ri on the Mississippi. We were hailed by on our Uncle Sam's gunboats. We pulled up, I climbed aboard the rakish-looking craft. short interview in private with the captain had, and it did not take long to convince that I was all right. He said "he wanted pick up a Red River pilot, but when he sh hands with me he knew at once that mine not the hand of the kind of man he was l ing for. It was n't calloused enough."

I took breakfast with the captain, bade

good-by, and we moved on down the river to New Orleans. Upon our arrival there I at once reported to Old Cockeye, as the boys called him.

He was posted up in regard to me, and did not need much of an introduction. His office was at once cleared of outside listeners, and drawing upon my memory, which was very good at the time, I gave him information which he said was news to him. I had stored up some important facts, and had made the most of my time among the rebels. I chanced to mention the fact that a beautiful steamer, the New Falls City, was then lying tied at the river bank just below Alexandria, on Red River.

"I can steal her," said I, "providing I can be furnished with a good engineer to run her engines."

"By the Eternal," said the general, "she is just what we want; and I will give you twenty thousand dollars as a present, besides your salary, when you land her at the wharf in New Orleans."

"Furnish me an engineer," I replied, "and I will try it."

In a few days a man was forthcoming who said "he could handle any engine." He had the Yankee twang, but I thought he would do if he kept his *mouth* pretty well closed while among *the rebels, as their lines* in the part of the

country we were about to visit were not very closely drawn at the time.

As I was leaving Butler's office, he said "he wanted it understood that I was carrying my own neck with me."

"I have no fear, if the engineer don't give me away," I replied.

We were sent up to the mouth of Red River on the steamer Empire Paris, where our yawl was lowered into the water. Red River was very high, and there was back water for almost a hundred and fifty miles, or nearly to the city of Alexandria, and it did not take us long to pull to that point. We stayed around the town for several days, the engineer at one house and I at another. Both were dyed-in-the-wool rebels, of course, and there was no trouble for us to pass on 'change. The man that was acting as watchman on board the New Falls City took a drink occasionally. The plan was to drug him, secure the aid of a couple of darkeys to fire the boilers of the boat, and strike out down the river with her. I went on board the steamer several times, and the watchman and I were the best of friends. We drank and told stories together, but I did not quite dare to approach him upon the object of my mission, as it might have been a little dangerous. I introduced the engineer aboard the boat. He looked over *the engines*; they were a puzzle to him. They

were low-pressure compound engines. He had probably run a sawmill somewhere Down East, but he did not know how to turn a wheel of that boat. I saw the jig was up, and advised the engineer to strike out for himself, as I thought it dangerous for us to be together. I told him that I was liable to arrest, and I did not want to jeopardize his liberty. He believed what I said, and lit out for God knows where; I never afterwards heard of him.

About this time Overton Moore, the rebel governor of Louisiana, issued a proclamation directing the closing of the Confederate lines. There was to be no more traveling without a pass signed by a passport committee, which he designated. One of this committee was a man by the name of Mackey, who kept a grocery store in Alexandria. I wore a butternut suit at the time, and could talk in Southern style. I watched an opportunity to catch Mr. Mackey in his store, and went in and began to talk about buying a lot of groceries. I looked about and inquired prices, but was n't quite ready to buy. I claimed to live on Little River. I was somewhat acquainted at that point, and could easily deceive the old gentleman. The water had backed up Black River and Little River running into it, and the country was flooded. Black River enters Red River some distance below Alexandria towards the Mississippi. Boats

occasionally ran around from Alexandria to the place where I claimed to reside, but there was no way to gain that point now by land on account of high water. I explained to Mr. Mackey that I would call and buy my goods as soon as I learned that I could get across the country. "My folks over there needed groceries powerful bad."

The old man was in full sympathy with me, especially so as I had mentioned the fact that I had the money to pay for the goods I needed. He suggested the very scheme that I had come there to work on him.

"Take a boat," said he, "hire a couple of niggers to run it, and make the trip home."

I told him I was afraid of being captured by the Yanks, and I did n't like to undertake it.

"No danger," said Mackey. "There are no Yanks this side of Black River, and I can fix you up with a pass and a letter that will enable you to find friends along the route you have to travel. I am chairman of the passport committee."

This of course was news to me, and I hesitated for a time, but finally concluded to take his advice. I bought about four hundred dollars' worth of groceries, and paid for them in Confederate money. This trash passed more readily than gold in the Confederacy at that time. I then purchased a skiff, hired a couple

of "niggers," and, armed with a pass and a letter from Mr. Mackey vouching for my loyalty to Jeff Davis, I started on my way down the river. We were stopped a number of times by the Confederate guards along the river, but my pass and a plug of tobacco thrown in were proof sufficient that I was a loyal citizen of the Confederate States.

We pulled up to a landing one day about dinner time. There were several persons on the shore, and I thought the best way was to act as though I belonged there. The "niggers" of course had no idea where they were really going; they supposed they were bound to some point on Little River. Hence they could tell nothing harmful. There was a tall old chap standing on the bank. He was slim as a telegraph pole and almost as stiff, and he introduced himself to me as a Confederate colonel. I wasn't taken aback in the least in my manner, but I took off my hat to him and told him who I was (not). I exhibited my pass and letter. He took me by the hand, and invited me to his house to dine with him. We cussed the Yankees together over whiskey and water, pigs' jowl and greens.

"You are just the man I have been looking for," he said, and he offered me a captaincy in the rebel regiment he was raising. He showed *me his papers* from Governor Moore, giving

him authority to raise a regiment of coast ~~ra-~~ngers.

"We are going to pick the Yankees off with our rifles as they pass up the river on the boats," said he.

I told the old colonel he could count on me, and he wrote me out a commission to raise a company on Little River. I gave him an exhibition of my skill with a rifle, shooting at a mark. I hit the bull's-eye almost every time. The old colonel was powerfully pleased, and urged me to accept a quart bottle of his best whiskey. I gave him several plugs of tobacco, and we parted with the pledge of friendship upon our lips. I reckon the old fellow and his companions were suspicious of me when I first landed, but my nerve and rebel talk soon put me right with the crowd.

On the morning following we were in the current of the Mississippi. The niggers did not seem to know any difference. If they did they did n't ask any questions, but their eyes began to stick out considerably when we reached the lights of New Orleans.

We landed in the night. General Butler was greatly disappointed at the way things had turned out, but he laughed quite heartily at the tricks I had played to get myself out of the Confederacy. The two slaves were turned loose *to shift for themselves*. To do this they had no

trouble, as business was good in New Orleans at that time.

It might look like a large undertaking for two men to attempt to steal a steamboat, but I believe it a safer job than stealing a horse, as a steamer once under headway is a pretty safe thing to run away with. The yawl boat belonging to the steamer Starlight I turned over to its owner, who lived in New Orleans. This man was one of the few whom I knew to be loyal to the United States government prior to the capture of the city. He was an Irishman of royal blood, possessing all the peculiarities of his countrymen, and shot off his mouth occasionally without much regard to consequences. It was through one of his unguarded speeches that I first learned he was true to the Union. While the affairs of the Confederacy were going along swimmingly in New Orleans for the Confederates, I chanced to fall into conversation one day with Mr. Hayes, the owner of the Starlight.

In the course of our talk something was said about Confederate money. I had intimated that it was as good as gold.

"It's good enough for them that loikes it," replied the Irishman. This expression, though hastily uttered, came straight from the heart, and we were not long in coming to an understanding, as we both entertained the same opinion in regard to the trash.

The steamer Starlight, after being seized at Shreveport, was put into the Confederate service, and used for a supply transport. She was captured one day by a Yankee gunboat and sent to St. Louis; but the federal government did not hold her a great while, as I immediately took steps through the commanding general of the department to have her restored to her loyal owner. My statement and his affidavit proved to be sufficient, and the boat was accordingly given up to him. It was almost a godsend to my old friend Hayes, who had now become tottering with age.

When I left the steamer Starlight and the Confederate committee, amidst the downpour of rain, the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning, I left behind me on the boat about three thousand dollars' worth of goods of various kinds. There was a person on board with whom I had had some dealings. He was a resident of New Orleans, and was up Red River on some sort of expedition.

On the way down from Shreveport I had an opportunity to talk with him. I told him that things were getting a little too warm for me, and I did not propose to take the chances of being captured by the damned Yankees. I hinted that I would like to go farther into the depths of the Confederacy, and offered to sell *the plunder* I had on board at a low figure.

But Phipps said he had no money, and was unable to make the purchase. I became excited in my manner, and declared that I would be willing to turn the goods over to him and take his receipt for them, with the understanding that he should have all he sold them for above twenty-five hundred dollars. Phipps readily agreed to this proposition, and pledged me his word and honor he would keep my share of the money sacred, and pay it over to me whenever I should demand it. With this understanding I left the goods at his disposal. After reaching New Orleans and remaining there some time, who should I meet one day but Phipps. He was n't looking for me I know, but the circumstances were such that he could n't help recognizing me, as we were face to face before he was aware of it. He was a little out of breath, but said he had been making diligent inquiry for my whereabouts, and was mighty glad to see me.

"I have had the worst luck on earth. I was gobbled up by a lot of Yankee soldiers and robbed; but I did not have much money about me, as the goods you left on the steamer Starlight were confiscated by the Confederates."

I thought Phipps was lying about the matter, but as I had no information at the time to disprove his assertions, I concluded the best way *was to accept the situation and stay in with my*

man. Some time afterwards a son of old man Hayes, who was the clerk on the steamer Starlight, suddenly turned up in New Orleans. I learned from this honest-hearted Irish lad that Phipps had sold my goods at fabulous prices, and then suddenly disappeared. He fairly laughed outright when I told him the tale that Phipps had put upon me.

Now this Phipps was a somewhat strange admixture. He was a mongrel, — a half-breed. His father being a Yankee and his mother a Jewess, the son possessed the shrewd traits of both races, I imagine. Phipps had bought a retail grocery store down near the French market, and was doing a thriving business.

About half past six o'clock one morning, just as he was pulling down the shutters to his little store, a grayback-looking fellow put in an appearance. His clothes were covered with mud and slime, and he looked as though he might have dragged himself on his belly through some of the swamps adjoining the city. He stepped inside of Phipps's store, and after beating about the bush for some time, and learning that Phipps was a rebel at heart, became confidential, and told Phipps that he was engaged in smuggling goods out through the Yankee lines.

"I have got a regular trail cut along under the brush through the swamp leading to Lake *Pontchartrain*. No Yankee can find it. I have


just returned from an outside trip, away from a periagua loaded down with goods, back six thousand dollars in Confarn, ain't it?" and it is just wet through and tl

"Come behind this pile of B' he replied. can spread out your money and own up; you Phipps. 't with you

Confederate money was then selling a proof in New Orleans at fifty cents on the dollar on course, it was subject to seizure when caught, but the trick of it was to find it.

This particular six thousand dollars carried by the swamp ranger had been purchased in New York. The whole lot probably cost about six or eight dollars, — the price of Confederate money in New York was not controlled by its denomination. It was a nickel apiece for bills; whether they represented five dollars or a hundred it was all the same, and it was just as good as the best Confederate money made. The only peculiarities that distinguished it from the genuine were the superior engraving and the improved quality of the paper upon which it was printed, which actually made it a little more valuable, if anything, than the issue signed by Jeff Davis. Phipps looked at the money as it was spread out before him with a watery mouth. Here might be a chance for a speculation.

"What will you take for the whole lot?" he *inquired*.



man. Some tied swampy, "whatever it is worth Hayes, who set, as I have got to sell it before I light, suddenly hases."

learned from th' around for a while, but finally Phipps had sold the entire lot, wet and damaged and then seventy-six cents on the dollar. Phipps laughed out nineteen hundred dollars in gold laid Phipps which he had saved from the proceeds of

Now goods he sold for me, and he succeeded in borrowing the balance of the \$2760 by giving a neighbor a bill of sale of his grocery store. The money was paid over to the swamp angel, and he slid out like greased lightning. He changed his clothes, and after a while came around to see me. I told him to keep the \$260 odd change, as \$2500 was all that Phipps owed me. He had pledged me his word and honor that he would pay me the \$2500, and he did so, and I was satisfied at last.

I sauntered down to Phipps's store a few days afterwards, and handed him a receipt for the money and inquired after his health. He looked terribly down in the mouth, and appeared most ready to cry as he took the receipt. He said I had done him up for every dollar he had on earth.

"I made money in this little store," said Phipps, "but I am now as poor as a church mouse and in debt."

~~This last statement was~~ probably true, as the

Confederate trash had been taken away from him by one of Butler's detectives.

"It's a long road that has no turn, ain't it?" said I.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied.

"Oh, yes you do, sir. Now just own up; you stole the proceeds of the goods I left with you on the steamer Starlight, and I have the proof of it. You pledged me your word and honor that you would render me a true account, and deliver up every dollar that belonged to me; and I came down here to commend you for your honesty in doing in a roundabout way what you could have accomplished by a more direct method. We are now square, and I have nothing more against you."

Phipps fairly cried, and admitted the justice of the trick that had been played upon him. He disappeared from New Orleans a few days afterwards. I don't know where he went, as I have never heard of him since. The scheme was well executed, and I think the circumstances fully justified me in this course, as I really took nothing from Phipps except what belonged to me.

There was much hypocrisy among church people, both before and during the war. Even preachers sometimes used their sacred office to shield rascality, and connive at schemes to rob the United States government. It is my candid *opinion that the church people of the South had*

just as much regard for the souls of the negroes as did those of the Northern States.

A little affair took place in New York city, just prior to the war, which speaks for itself. An up-town member of a wealthy congregation paid the sum of \$1000 for an eligible pew in their fashionable church. He met with reverses in financial affairs, and his effects were placed at the mercy of his creditors. Even the pew in the church was put among his assets. This fell to the lot of an honest, hard-working mechanic, who embraced the opportunity to worship God with his family with punctilious regularity on every Sabbath. The family of an honest mechanic was a rather startling incongruity in a \$1000 pew of a magnificent church. The plebeians attended the services at this sanctuary, and conducted themselves with great seeming piety for a time. Their aristocratic neighbors around them waxed warm at what they termed the ill-bred peculiarities of the mechanic and his family, and while these people were standing in the vestibule of the church would often talk loudly among themselves about tallow, grease, shoddy coats, leather gloves, calico, etc. But the frugal mechanic and his family bore this contumely with Christian forbearance, and continued their attendance, amidst the stoicism of the iron-faced pew-holders around them, until one day the *mechanic offered to sell out at cost price.*

Not finding a purchaser at first, he finally introduced into his pew a couple of colored brethren, who were quite wealthy and willing to pay liberally for the privileges granted. This last act of the mechanic was the feather that broke the camel's back. He was indicted as a disturber of public worship, and for annoying God's people while sitting under their own vine and fig-tree. This forced the poor devil to sell his pew at a sacrifice.

The aristocratic attendants of the church, who listened to prayers in behalf of the poor, down-trodden colored men at the South, carried morocco and velvet covered, gold-clasped prayer-books to the sanctuary every Sunday. Their brothers and sisters of the South, who turned up their noses at Yankee baked beans and Yankee schoolmarms, were stamped in the same mould as their dear brothers of the North, and were just as pious and honest as were those of the North in their love of the colored brethren. Had such an affair as the foregoing occurred down South, what severity of speech could have done justice to the enormity of the case!

Colonel Jonas H. French, of Boston, Massachusetts, who was General Butler's Provost Marshal General in the Department of the Gulf, is still living, and I regard him highly. He used to be *considered* one of the handsomest men in

Boston. He was a noble specimen of physical manhood when in New Orleans. I first interviewed him there on the sidewalk on St. Charles Street. He was a little excited at the moment. He had just taken his foot away rather abruptly from the posterior of a fellow who claimed to be a detective. The officer had arrested a rebel woman, and they were going up St. Charles Street together, when a rebel sprang out of a doorway, and, shoving the detective off the sidewalk, took possession of the woman and hustled her off. The detective, like a big booby, offered no resistance to speak of. He had a good revolver in his pocket, but appeared afraid to use it. Colonel French chanced to be passing on the opposite side of the street just after the occurrence. I also came up about the same time. I observed the colonel's style, and was so much pleased with the way he disposed of the detective that I walked up and shook hands with him for the first time. I told him I would try to arrest the woman and the fellow who had shoved the detective from the sidewalk.

"Oh, never mind the man," said the colonel, "but capture the woman if you can; she is wanted at headquarters."

I succeeded in delivering her to the provost-marshal before the day was over, and didn't *get shoved off the sidewalk* either.

Things were pretty lively in New Orleans at this time. Old Ben was going for all the rebels in fine style. Many of the citizens claimed British and French protection. I was ordered to break open the big safe in the city hall, where the voting-lists were kept. When it was done, we found that about all the persons who were claiming to be foreign residents, for purposes of their own, had been voters in New Orleans for years.

There were many secesh women in the city, who considered themselves privileged to flaunt little rebel flags, and insult every man they met wearing the United States uniform. An Irish colonel, riding in the street car one day, was grossly insulted by a woman. He said something in reply. A half dozen or more of the Southern chivalry, who happened to be present, took the matter up and were about to throw the Irish officer out of the car. The man they assaulted was Colonel Harry Finnegass, a shoulder-hitter from Boston, but the chivalry did not know it at first. They tumbled to the fact, however, before they got through with him. The colonel knocked the crowd in a heap, with the promptness and dispatch of a cyclone. In a few minutes there were broken jaws and bloody noses galore. At the close of the mêlée, Finnegass took a seat, looking as *unconcerned as though* a little affair of this kind

was an every-day occurrence with him. The wounded chivalry had learned a bitter lesson. But they and their friends were terribly enraged, and lodged a complaint against the colonel at General Butler's headquarters. Old Cockeye learned the particulars, and inquired the number of the injured. All had been more or less hurt, and there were eight of them. Ben dismissed the case by saying "he thought eight rebels ought to whip one Yankee." This, I think, ended the affair.

Orders were issued directing the seizure of silver ware, such as spoons, etc. A good many of the rebels were pretty cute ones at hiding their valuables. The special detectives were about equal to the occasion, however. Funerals were quite numerous at this time, and it was observed at last that the mourners on these occasions were largely composed of a set of regulars, who were probably hired to appear as the friends of the lamented deceased, though they were very solemn affairs, conducted with much dignity and ostentation. The hearse and accompaniments denoted wealth. On account of the swampy nature of the soil, the dead in New Orleans are deposited in tombs above ground. These silent receptacles were discreet hiding-places for silver ware and coin, and were supposed to be places where even infernal Yankees would not think of intruding.

A funeral procession on its way to the cemetery was watched, one day, by the detectives. As the hearse backed up near the tomb for the reception of the coffin, a detective stepped forward and lifted one end of the coffin that was supposed to contain the dead body. He let it down rather heavily, and, hearing a jingle within, he suspected spoons at once. The coffin was opened, and found to be well filled with silver ware and a goodly amount of United States coin. The sham mourners looked chop-fallen, and slunk out of sight as rapidly as they could. The driver refused to drive the plumed hearse back to the city. He said he had been fooled. A detective took the reins, and the hearse was driven to military headquarters. A search was made among the tombs, and a large amount of silver was captured, also several swords with elegantly inlaid handles. It was diamond cut diamond all along the line, but I suppose the rebels got the worst of it.

Jobs were put up on would-be blockade-runners, and many of them were captured just in the nick of time to seize the goods and valuables they were endeavoring to smuggle into the Confederacy.

A. J. Butler, a brother of General Butler, was then in New Orleans. He was said to be a speculator. I made a mistake on several occasions. I once seized the L. L. Davis, a schooner

that was about to pull out of the canal j
Lake Pontchartrain. She was loaded down n
boots and shoes, and other goods that had b
declared contraband. I received a wink
next day to release her. Of course I was
ordered to let the schooner go, but I accept
a hint, especially when it came from headquar-
ters. I finally became quite a judge of colors,
and could tell blue from gray; it was seldom I
made a mistake thereafter. Cotton and sugar
were articles which I suppose went to replenish
Uncle Sam's exchequer. Silver spoons were a
favorite with Uncle Ben, and confiscation was
the order of the day. General Butler was a
man of remarkable peculiarities. In his office
he generally appeared brusque, self-sufficient,
and overbearing in his manner towards others.
He was very near-sighted, but he seemed to
possess a genius for seeing things a long way
off. His was undoubtedly a double conception.
While he apparently looked at the person he
was speaking to with his off eye, he at the
same moment might be reading a letter with
his near eye. He ran the letter back and forth
before his eye, within about three inches of it,
and handled two subjects at one and the same
time. It was fun to watch his movements on
these occasions. He always kept one eye to the
front and the other over his shoulder while on
the street. In some respects I think he might

be called a crank. A great man in his own mind always, and a still greater one to those who knew him, he had a way of gobbling up everything that came in his way. Glory, praise, and spoons, all were his. He appeared to have great confidence in those around him, but he did not want any one to steal his glory. While others often planned and executed the work that he got credit for, he didn't even mention their names in his book.

The Provost Marshal General of the Department of the Gulf, and his detectives, were in a great measure entitled to the praise bestowed on the successful administration of affairs at New Orleans during Butler's reign there. But none of them ever obtained credit through his instrumentality for what they had accomplished. He was quite selfish, from first to last. His private secretary, Emile Brie, was a wonderfully expert man with the pen. He could successfully imitate the signature of any person. I don't believe Butler could tell his own from Brie's imitations.

I chanced to run on to a counterfeiting scheme in the city of New Orleans. It was a two-dollar city note, and was being extensively circulated at the time. The signatures on the notes were particularly good, and they passed readily among the people. I traced the job *straight home* to Secretary Brie. He must have

spent a good deal of his spare time in signing these counterfeit notes. The proof was irrefutable, but Butler said Brie must not be arrested, as he thought him innocent of the transaction. One or two other persons were arrested for complicity in the case, but they were discharged without a trial. Several years afterwards, when I became chief of the government detectives, I learned more of Emile Brie. He was well known to the detective police throughout the country as an expert forger, and was finally sent to the penitentiary.

During the military occupation of the city of New Orleans, many of the thugs were killed in one way or another. As a matter of self-defense I was obliged to do a little shooting myself. On one occasion I had a rather narrow escape from death at the hands of the notorious thug, Pedro Capdiville. I made an attempt to arrest him on Ursuline Street. He resisted, drew a long knife, and rushed towards me. I jumped aside and shot him through as he passed me. His wound proved fatal. A slit in the lapel of my coat was the only damage I sustained. The New Orleans papers gave me much praise for the act. The statement was published that Capdiville had committed no less than fourteen murders in the city at various times. He had been looked upon as a holy terror. I was sorry *to be placed* in a position where I had to shoot

him, but the affair occurred so quick that I had no time to consider any other means of escape. Persons who saw me said I was a great jumper. I had several shooting affairs while in New Orleans, but this was the only occasion where life was taken outright. The duties performed by detectives in those days were quite hazardous, but I did not at the time consider those dangers as I would now. I think I can count myself a very lucky man, considering the chances taken.

A TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR ROBBERY.

I was one day sent for by Colonel Jonas H. French. I met him at his office. He called my attention in a brief way to a robbery which had just been perpetrated. A United States paymaster had been robbed of twenty thousand dollars by a cab-driver. The robbery had some strange peculiarities, inasmuch as the perpetrator of the crime was a fair specimen of the every-day, honest poor man. The theory is advanced in this book that the education of those who have criminal tendencies increases their desires for wealth, and affords them opportunities to steal. Yet it may be fairly admitted that the virtues of the lifelong-ignorant classes are not always proof against the temptations of the Evil One. The case in hand also illustrates the fact that conditions cannot be forced, and that *theoretical* prohibitive measures are not to

be relied upon. Take, for instance, the legend of "Le Roy Pescheur," the sinner king under whose care the precious cup from which our Saviour drank at his Last Supper was placed. This trust was given him on the condition of his leading a life of purity in thought and deed. But, alas! a temptation came in his way, and he so far forgot the obligation imposed upon him as to look with unhallowed eye upon a young female pilgrim, whose robe was accidentally loosened as she knelt before him. The circumstances of the crime which I am about to relate will likewise afford a striking example of the inherent weakness of some men who seem to be suddenly called upon to serve the devil, notwithstanding their superstitious awe and dread of purgatory and all it implies. The paymaster had been riding from bank to bank in a cab for the purpose of making some exchanges. He carried with him a leather sack, which contained twenty thousand dollars. Having finished his business with the bank, he was driven around to the post-office. Here he jumped out of the cab and ran into the office to unlock his letter-box. Upon his return to the sidewalk, he was amazed to find that the cab and his treasure had departed. The description given me of the cab and the man that drove it did not amount to much. The major had paid no particular attention, thus throwing me upon my

own resources, almost wholly, to gain a clue. Jumping into a cab, I was driven rapidly around among the cab stables. I scrutinized the face of each cabman as I passed. I thought the possession of twenty thousand dollars would be a large amount on a cabman's mind, and that the thief might carry a telltale face; but I saw no suspicious glances to give me encouragement as I passed along.

After I had visited the various stables and stands, I chanced to learn that a cabbie living on Liberty Street, who had recently gone into business, kept his horse and cab at home. On my arrival at the place, I learned that the cabman was probably on his stand down town. I stepped into the rear of the yard, near a small stable. The litter that laid in a heap on the outside bore evidence of having been recently disturbed. I picked up a pitchfork and jabbed around in the straw, but found nothing. I then entered the house. Mrs. O'Donnell, the wife of the cabman, lay sick upon the bed. I told her I was a United States officer searching for arms, and that I had come to examine the premises where she lived. She had no objections. I was welcome to all I could find in that line. While in one of the bedrooms, I by chance placed my hand on a pair of pants. The lining about the waist was quite damp, and it occurred *me they had been recently worn by some one*

who had been perspiring. Whereupon I stepped into the room where the woman lay, and inquired whether there was more than one man living in the house. She said no, and added that her husband had not been home since early morning. My suspicion was aroused at once. The clue was slight, but the moisture on the pants was a mystery.

There was a lie somewhere, and a purpose behind it. I found O'Donnell in charge of his cab on the levee. Stepping up to him with all the assurance at my command, I charged him directly with stealing the leather bag. As my eyes met his, I thought I knew my man. Nothing short of positive proof to the contrary could have cleared him had I been his judge. His statement differed materially from the one given by his wife. He said he had been at home in the middle of the day, had fed his horse, partaken of his dinner, and changed his pants. He could give no reason why he made the change, except that he did so. He stoutly denied carrying the paymaster at all, and swore by all the saints in Christendom that he knew nothing of the affair. I could not badger him in the least. The more I crowded him, the keener his denial. The paymaster could not positively identify O'Donnell as the man he rode with. Pat seemed to convince everybody *he came in contact with that I had got the*

wrong man. I thought otherwise, and locked Pat up. Writs of habeas corpus were not good in those days. I firmly believed I had captured the thief, and was determined to squeeze the money out of him. Just before dark on the third day after O'Donnell's arrest, I was standing in the corridor of the station-house, near the cell in which he was confined. Some one casually inquired of me if I did not think it was too bad about O'Donnell.

"Yes," I said, "but General Butler has ordered him out at ten to-morrow."

The name of Butler was suggestive of ropes to the minds of rebels, thugs, and thieves. My seeming frankness perhaps caused a slight tickling about the neck of Pat. As I entered his cell with a "Well, poor fellow, I feel sorry for you," he groaned, and raised his head from the floor where he was lying. I spoke to him in a consoling way. He kept quiet for some time, but finally begged the privilege of seeing a priest.

"Certainly you can," said I, assuming a grave manner. I went at once to the United States custom-house, where the paymaster's office and the post-office were located. I told the paymaster I believed Pat was about to confess, but he would only do so to a priest.

"What good will that do?" said he; "*a priest won't divulge a confession.*"

"Oh, I think it can be managed," I replied. One of the clerks of the post-office, a Catholic, was sent to bring a reverend father, and Pat was conducted to a room in the post-office building where a pair of ears were nicely tucked away in one of the many book-cases that stood in the room. On the arrival of the worthy confessor, he was conducted at once to see Pat. As the good father entered, the culprit dropped upon his knees, crossed himself, and remained silent. After certain preliminaries the father said, —

"Patrick, are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Pat answered, "Father, I am guilty."

"Then tell me the truth and the whole truth," demanded the priest.

"So I will. It was the devil who tempted me, for the first time in my life, sir; I stole the money, but what to do with it I did not know. I took it to my home, and started to bury it under the straw in the yard, but I was afraid to put it there. I then drove with it to my sister's house, on the corner of White and Clio streets, put it in the manger under the shed, and covered it up with hay. My sister was washing in the yard. I told her I had left a big thing there, and I asked her to look out for it. This is all I know about it."

All else that transpired in that room between the good father and Pat will ever be kept sacred. *But I am sure O'Donnell left the room a much*

happier and, I trust, a better man than before he entered it. At any rate, the paymaster recovered his \$20,000 by means of that interview.

During the few days which elapsed before the return of the money through the instrumentality of the good priest, I made a promise to do all in my power for Patrick. The priest's solicitude in this direction was very great, and, I thought, not out of place. It was Pat's first offense. The rare opportunity offered had made a thief of an otherwise honest man. The morning before Pat's summary trial at the provost court, I went to the house of Judge Bell, an upright and humane man. He knew about the robbery, but I explained the part the priest had taken in the matter. The judge, I thought, was all right, although he did n't quite say so.

"Bring the prisoner into court to-morrow morning," he said.

I did not know what was going to happen, but somehow I felt the judge wanted to have time to reflect upon the matter, and I was satisfied the supplication of the priest would not pass unheeded. A trial in those days was a brief affair. It consisted largely of an order of commitment to some place of imprisonment. Pat was arraigned, and pleaded guilty. The judge made an order for his confinement at Fort Jackson *for a period of years*. It looked a little like a

joke, however, when he handed the order to me to be executed. Afterwards, when I returned his order of commitment with Pat's escape indorsed upon its back, Judge Bell smiled. Pat managed to get ashore somehow off the boat, while on his way down the river to Fort Jackson, but nobody seemed to know the particulars of the affair.

A DETECTIVE AT FAULT.

As an exemplification of the fact that all men are not successful detectives, I will relate a brief incident that came under my knowledge while operating here. A deputy sheriff, who claimed to be something of a detective, appeared at the provost-marshal's office one day with a requisition from the governor of Massachusetts for one Alonzo H——. The officer, a Mr. Shaw, had the photograph of the person he was seeking, and had also obtained the information leading to the belief that he was in New Orleans. Shaw, I soon learned, was pursuing the supposed criminal upon a theory of his own. It was alleged that some person had managed to sneak the sum of \$2600 from Thompson's Express Co. at South Deerfield, Massachusetts, and it was the supposition that the money had been stolen by H——, as it had disappeared at a time when it was believed no other person could have taken it. *Young H——* had for some time, it seems, been

a frequenter at the express office, inquiring for a package of money. He had been about the country around South Deerfield making purchases of tobacco raised in that locality, and had advanced small sums to several persons upon their stock of tobacco, promising to pay the balance and take the purchase as soon as he received a sum of money from New York city. The anticipation of the funds had led H—— to the express office upon the arrival of every train. As he at last became very solicitous in regard to his expected package, a good deal of attention was attracted to him. The long-looked-for package never came, but a package containing \$2600 had disappeared. H—— was also missed on the same day. Shaw followed him to New York, and learned that the man for whom he had been purchasing tobacco had failed, and that H—— had taken passage upon a steamer for New Orleans. Beyond the suspicions created by his departure and visit South, there was nothing upon which to base a case against him; but Shaw had a wonderful imagination of his own, and came to the conclusion that H—— was the thief. I was handed the photograph which had been brought for the purpose of identifying the person called for in the requisition, and not four hours after receiving it I chanced to see the face of the original among a crowd collected at a horse auction. I stepped around, and, tapping

H—— upon the shoulder, explained the nature of my business with him. We went into a nearby restaurant together. Here I gave him a thorough quizzing, and soon came to the conclusion that he was not a thief. When I took him to headquarters, I told Colonel French, the provost-marshal, that Alonzo H—— was innocent of the crime for which he was arrested, and it was an outrage to lock him up. Mr. Shaw, after leaving the photograph with me, had started on a trip to Baton Rouge to see a friend. When he came back, he was quite indignant on account of H—— having been permitted to go at large.

I had detained the young man in a room at headquarters for a few days, and until I became so thoroughly convinced of his innocence that I took the responsibility upon my own shoulders of paroling him, with no other security than his word of honor, which proved to be good. Young H——, when taken to South Deerfield, Mass., and brought up on his preliminary examination, ascertained there was n't even the shadow of a case against him, and he was discharged. The young man had been brought up in the State of Vermont.

About eight or nine years afterwards, when I was Chief of the Secret Service of the government, and while on my way to Philadelphia on a railway car, I was quite surprised to be

accosted by Alonzo H——, who had now grown to be a fine-looking man. I was introduced to his wife, a very pretty lady, and the daughter of a Philadelphia millionaire. Her father acquired his wealth by compounding a popular expectorant. I assume that Alonzo H—— and his wife are both living to-day, and I trust they will not misconstrue my motive for writing a bit of history relating to the vicissitudes of life. The most remarkable part of this story, however, is the fact that the \$2600 supposed to have been stolen was afterwards found in the pocket of an old coat that had been worn by one of the drivers. It hung in a closet for several years before it yielded up the indisputable evidence of the innocence of Alonzo H—— and the mistake of Shaw.

DEACON FRY.

Everybody not in the army, who visited the South during the war, appeared to be on the make; and some were not particular how. A little incident occurred which developed the fact that a good old Deacon Fry caught the speculation fever, and left his Connecticut home for the South to extend his already plethoric pocketbook. The old chap will be exhibited as he appeared at home and abroad. I was sitting in the office of a river steamboat on my way to Baton Rouge, and was conversing with the clerk

at a moment when he was suddenly confronted by an old man whom I afterwards discovered to be Deacon Fry, of the State of wooden nutmegs. The deacon, a large, spare-built man of much energy, especially when aroused, was bare-headed and in his shirt-sleeves and pants, also bootless and greatly excited. He had been assigned to a stateroom with another person, but had not seen his room-mate before entering his room early in the evening. It was now about ten o'clock at night. The deacon had gone early to the stateroom, and taken possession of the lower berth. While he was dozing happily, his room-mate came in for the purpose of turning in also. The deacon was lying on the outside of the cover, partly undressed, just as he afterwards appeared at the clerk's office, and in an excited manner exclaimed:—

“There is something wrong with my room-mate. He is acting very strangely, and may be crazy. Why, the fellow came into the room, looked around wildly, and pulled out a great big revolver, cocked it, and laid it on the wash-stand. I believe the fellow is a lunatic, as he said something about a spell that was coming over him. I got out of that room just in time to save my life. I believe the crank would have murdered me had I remained a moment longer.”

The matter looked a little serious. The

clerk and several others started for the deacon's stateroom. I went along with the rest. The door was thrown open by one of the bolder ones, who jumped to one side; as he did so I chanced to see the supposed lunatic, as he was lying in the lower berth so hastily vacated by the deacon. What was my astonishment to see in the scarecrow no other than one James Fitzpatrick, an Irish detective! Jim was a good one, and up to all sorts of dodges. I tumbled to this one at once.

"Step back," I said, addressing the crowd. "Give me a chance and I will enter this room alone. It is n't best to excite the fellow."

I drew my revolver to impress the crowd with the importance of my mission, and, stepping inside of the room, I had a low conversation with Fitzpatrick, who said there was not much in the scare, "but the old cuss had got the start of me, and captured the lower berth. So I just put up a job that sent the old man out in a hurry." I went to the stateroom door and advised the crowd to go quietly to their rooms, and let me manage the crank. I said he had been taken with a fit. "Give the deacon my stateroom and I will stay here." I set the old man's valise and clothes outside. The next morning, some time before the boat landed at Baton Rouge, I had a talk with the old deacon. He appeared very *grateful* to me for what I had done, and

said I was a brave man. There was no need of explaining the joke.

The deacon said he was engaged in a little speculation, and he tried to impress upon my mind that he was an important man when at home in Connecticut, and that many of the noted men of the country were his personal friends. He had come to Louisiana for a season, and had rented a large government plantation a few miles below Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi River. It was known as the Judge Conrad plantation. The judge was a very wealthy man, and had abandoned his vast estate to cast his lot with the Southern Confederacy. His property had been seized by the government, and rented to Deacon Fry. The deacon appeared to be greatly taken with me, especially when he learned that I was a government officer.

"I want to stand in with you," he said, "and I will give you a thousand dollars to make an occasional call at my plantation. Can't you sleep there once in a while, so that I can give it out that the government has sent an officer of the secret service to protect me?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I will call on you as often as I can."

At the provost - marshal's office, in Baton Rouge, I learned that complaints had been made against the deacon. He was charged with sell-

ing whiskey to soldiers and negroes, and buying contraband cotton and stolen mules. I told the provost-marshal I would look after the deacon a little. I went to his plantation two or three times, and was welcomed by the deacon with honeyed lips. He said he had sold a few gallons of whiskey to be used in curing the ague, and bought mules and shipped them to New Orleans, but did not know they had been stolen. As for buying contraband cotton, he did not think it any harm, as it could be shipped as a product of his own raising. It was against military orders to buy and sell cotton in the deacon's locality in those days. I afterwards visited the deacon's town in Connecticut. Here I learned his worldly ways had been those of a contractor and builder of houses and such like. He had started out poor, but had by shrewd management and close economy amassed quite a fortune. As the deacon of a church, he laid claims to glorious treasures in the world beyond the skies; but some of the poor people thereabouts might have opposed the entrance of the boastful deacon into the kingdom of the blest, upon the ground that he was a hypocrite and a sly old cheat, and that his pretended piety was a mockery and a snare to delude and entrap the unwary. Some of the people of the church of which he was an honored member, deemed him *a pattern of godliness and propriety*.

The deacon was an easy conversationalist, aptly posted on all biblical and religious matters, and could quote Scripture like a parson; he could also repeat poetry and sing soul-stirring hymns, and as he prayed and sang he dexterously applied his clean bandana to his eyes to check the flow of tears chasing each other out of those wicked peepers of his. The deacon was one of the keenest old hypocrites that I ever fell in with. He had come to Louisiana to make money,—just how, he was not particular. He asked blessings over mush-and-molasses, and well-watered chiccory, and smacked his lips as he swallowed the vile trash. One of the deacon's sharp games was to get up at two o'clock every morning and ring the old plantation bell to awaken the sleeping darkies and call them to prayers, and beseech them to labor early and late in the fields.

"You must render faithful service to the government, and find grace in the eyes of the Lord," he said.

In this way he managed to secure about sixteen hours' labor each day out of the simple-minded darkies. The shortcomings and wily tricks of this pious old knave had become pretty generally known to the people round about. His fame had even extended across the stretch of neutral ground inside of the Confederate lines.

A few miles back from the Mississippi, numerous bands of guerillas roamed and found a hiding-place. The deacon had an idea in his head that these marauders might call and pay their respects to him some night. The house that was occupied by the deacon was strongly built, and of large dimensions. The lower part was used as a storeroom, and was the place where contraband cotton was sacked. The upper part of the house was occupied as a dwelling. The window shutters had strong fastenings, but the deacon, ever on the alert, with his eye to the windward, had cut a hole through the floors, of the upper and lower rooms, and adjusted a rope so that he could slide to the floor below, and thence underneath the house. An opening through the underpinning had been made for an escape to the outside if necessary.

This secret passage was known only to the deacon, and was prepared for an emergency should it come.

There were two ways of entering the story above,—one through the lower hall up the main stairway, the other by the way of a flight of back stairs leading on to a veranda level with the second floor. From this the upper hall could be entered. I slept at the deacon's place occasionally, and kept standing at the head of my bed a large double-barreled shotgun heavily loaded with buckshot. I was aroused from a

deep sleep one night by some one pounding on my room door. It was the overseer of the plantation, who came to ask me to get up and drive off a lot of fellows, who claimed to be United States soldiers, who were at the upper outer door demanding an entrance. I jumped out of bed, and, seizing my shotgun, stepped into the hall.

The men at the door were at this moment threatening to force an entrance. They had been parleying to get in, under the pretext of being United States soldiers who wanted a little whiskey for sickness. The old deacon thought the men what they represented themselves to be, but was nevertheless badly frightened and sorely puzzled.

I did not know who they were, nor did I have time to inquire, as the question of an entrance was settled in less than a minute from the time I reached the hall. The door was dashed in with a rush. The deacon had fixed a stout bar to hold his door securely shut, and we had just time to step into this room and bar the door before the hall was filled with armed guerillas. They were a pretty tough lot of fellows, and had come to annihilate Deacon Fry, or anybody else that might get in their way. The house was ransacked from cellar to garret, and some of the cutthroats finally came to the door of the room *in which* we were. I heard some one say,—

"Cap'n, there's three or four armed men in that room, and I think we had better keep out."

No attempt was made to force an entrance to the room we were in that night.

A number of the gang were kept busy gathering up the mules on the plantation. These were loaded with cotton sacks filled with provisions, and everything else worth stealing. It was nearly daylight as the part of the gang in the upper rooms started to go down the outside stairs. I had stepped into a connecting room, where I could peep through the back window and see the ruffians plainly as they were going down. I raised my double-barreled gun and pulled the triggers in rapid succession, and sent about fifty buckshot twirling through their bodies. One or two pitched head foremost to the walk below, and they all scampered off as though the devil was after them. I think they did not know where the shots came from, but they left the premises in short order, taking the mules and their bleeding comrades with them.

I had called the deacon in a low tone of voice several times while the guerillas were about, but I got no answer. He had slipped down through his secret passageway, and had crawled out among the weeds and in under an outbuilding. *It took the negroes some time to release*

him from his sad predicament. He said he intended to get into the cane-field, but the guerillas were so thick he made a flank movement on them, and crawled under a little building. He somehow lost his hold and slipped into the cellar of the building, where we found him.

I was a considerable loser by the raid, but I managed to get square by making a counter-raid into the country with a company of Illinois cavalry.

Some time afterwards I called on the old deacon for the thousand dollars he had promised me.

He put me off, and gave me a due-bill for the sum. He had now had all the fun he wanted on the government plantation, and had adjourned to New Orleans preparatory to returning to his home in Connecticut. He agreed to pay the note he had given me before leaving, but he doubled on me like a fox. Putting his baggage on one steamer he took passage on another, leaving me in the lurch. I visited the old deacon at his home, and presented his note for payment.

"My dear sir," said he, "that note was given without consideration, and is not worth the paper it is written on. If you think you can collect it, go in and try it. These houses all belong to me," said he, pointing to several of *them*.

The deacon was sued at Hartford. On the day set to try the case, I passed through the little town where the deacon lived, on my way to court. Somehow the old chap got sight of me. I don't think he was looking for me, but I was there when he came down to get on board the train. He changed his mind, and remained at home. When I arrived at Hartford, I met the deacon's lawyer; he had just received a telegram from his client directing him to pay the money into court at once, and save further trouble.

I always thought the deacon was afraid that some of his transactions in Louisiana would be brought out in court. The money being paid, I cared no more about the deacon.

The lives of detectives during Butler's régime in the Department of the Gulf were fraught with many painful and romantic incidents. Butler's administration of affairs was unique and severe, and for some cause he was relieved from his command of the department and sent to another field. The hanging of Mumford for tearing down the federal flag over the Mint, and hundreds of other instances of Butler's summary way of putting down the rebellion, had been heralded and denounced by the enemies of the United States government everywhere. *General Butler had swept the streets of New*

Orleans, and cleaned out the canal that drained the city into Lake Pontchartrain, thus giving its inhabitants immunity from yellow fever. He had restored order out of chaos and set the wheels of commerce in motion, and, like Robin Hood, had seized the wealth of the rich to bestow it upon the poor; and many of the Confederates respected him for it.

It was now only necessary to mention the name of Butler to insure a prompt yielding up of hidden wealth or surrender of person. Many of the thugs and thieves that had so long roamed the streets of New Orleans to terrorize the better elements of society had been laid away in the tombs, or locked up in the various prisons. Foreigners, residents of the city, who had either participated in or sympathized with the rebellion, were called upon by General Butler to take the prescribed oath; and they took it with the same alacrity with which they had taken the oath prepared for them by the Confederates a few months previous. They were, in fact, parties to the rebellion. The madness which had characterized many of the deeds of Southern people at first had now subsided. There had been an unparalleled indignation in the hearts of citizens against Butler and his officers, and foreigners had been constantly encouraging the belief that their governments were about to intervene and *take sides with the South*. Men of this kind

received Butler's attention in a manner that brought them to their knees.

Butler and his officers had but few friends among the women of New Orleans. There was a malignant satisfaction in what they termed the humiliation of "Old Cockeye." They clapped their hands and rejoiced when they heard of his removal from their midst. The aristocratic demagogues had formed themselves into a Jacobinical association. They had in reality been freed from the thralldom of assassins, but were too deeply possessed of prejudices against the North to realize it. They preferred the rule of thugs, assassins, thunder and lightning, anything, to the yoke of the Yankees. The masses of the people were deceived. Many of them would have been susceptible to kindness, but somehow they appeared to forget that their country and its symbols were ever dear to them; consequently there was no respect for their true deliverers.

General Nathaniel P. Banks, who was sent to take command in Butler's stead, proved a gentle breeze in the pathway of a tornado when placed in comparison with Ben Butler. General Banks brought his smoothing-iron with him, but in the New Orleans laundry he found a class of work quite different from any he had before encountered. There were ruffles, frills, and tucks to iron, and *work* confusing to his brain.

AM COMMISSIONED AS MAJOR IN THE U. S.
ARMY.

General W. H. Emory, the commander of the defenses of New Orleans, said he thought my kind of work dangerous, and that I ought to be protected by a commission in the United States army. He urged me to accept a captaincy in the 5th Louisiana regiment, then being formed for the purpose of defending New Orleans. I respectfully declined the proffered position. The general was a bluff old fellow, and always very much in earnest. He sent for me one day shortly afterwards and said, —

“I am going to give you the majorship in the 5th Louisiana regiment.”

I replied that I knew nothing of military tactics.

“A major is like the fifth wheel to a coach, the easiest place in the regiment. You will never have to serve with the regiment anyhow, but should you be captured by the rebels, you will receive protection as a United States officer, and I want you to take it,” was his answer to my objections.

I could no longer resist, and agreed to accept the position and was commissioned. I was mustered into the service on Saturday. On the following day I received an order from military headquarters directing me to report to the 7th

Louisiana regiment for duty. The order was peremptory and forthwith.

Orders of this kind were new to me. The regiment was stationed on Company Canal, just across the river, and a few miles above New Orleans. I paid my respects to General Emory on Sunday morning, just as I was about leaving to join the regiment. The general declared that "the colonel of the 7th regiment did n't amount to a d—n anyhow." He said the lieutenant-colonel had been detailed to serve in the office of the military governor, and was a good clerk, but no military man.

"Go over," said the general, "and straighten that d—d regiment out; and if they don't come to time, you can get up a shooting match."

I found upon inquiry that the officers and men of the regiment had been doing pretty much as they pleased. I arrived at the camp about noon with the blue book (the army regulations) under my arm. It probably had not been made for the volunteer service, but I did n't know it, and gave it a literal construction, governing myself accordingly, and making a nice mess of it. The regiment was made up of Creoles of all colors. Many of them were toughs from the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, and had been permitted to join the army as a compromise. I called up the line officers of the regiment and gave them *a talk, and read a portion of the blue book*

to them. They promised everything, but performed nothing. The fact of it was, the enlisted men were in command. General Emory had provided me with a letter to the commander of the post at that point. I consulted him, and he moved an Indiana battery within reach of my regiment. I selected a captain of the 7th, and ordered him to make a detail from his company to police the camp and fix up some outhouses. He said the men would not work.

"Well, then, try them," I replied.

The captain came back and said the men refused to work, and insisted they had enlisted to fight, not to dig, and would rather quit than do the dirty work of the camp. I told the captain to send a sergeant and a detail to report to me. The sergeant and his men came to my tent shortly afterwards. I had a list of the refractory fellows. Three of them were arrested and brought to my tent. The prisoners acted as though they thought their arrest a good joke, and told me plainly they had rather quit than work.

"You see that battery," I said, pointing towards the big guns; "it's trained on this camp, and if resistance is offered to my commands you will all be blown to h— in short order."

I then ordered the sergeant to hitch the three refractory men up by the thumbs. Two of

them begged after being tied up for a short time, but one swore he would rather die than give in. He changed his mind after he had fainted away twice. I had stationed a guard about the camp to prevent desertion. The line officers finally came to my tent in a body, and said that a great many of the men had volunteered to do the work I required. I told them to put the first detail made, to work.

This was the last and only trouble I had with the 7th regiment. They were about the best men to work I ever saw, but not good soldiers, as, in my opinion, a greater part of them would have thrown down their muskets and drawn their bowie knives in case of a fight. They did not know much about guns, but were experts in the use of a knife.

The rebels had just made a raid from Bra-shear City, along the Opelousas Railroad, to within twenty-four miles of New Orleans, and had torn up much of the track and destroyed the culverts. The 7th regiment rebuilt the road in short order, and proved themselves to be loyal citizens on all occasions.

After remaining with the regiment three months, I was detailed for special service again. I parted from them with some regret.

At this point it seems proper to say that *from my knowledge of the condition of slavery*

as it existed in the South up to the breaking out of the rebellion, and of the state of affairs in the South before and since the war, the negro race has not been immediately benefited by the emancipation proclamation, and by the privilege to vote. The race question has problems yet to be solved. Superior intelligence will in the end determine whose right it shall be to rule. There are numerous localities in the Northern States where a ruling majority of negro voters would be the signal for a war of races. I had many interesting adventures, and saw much of the superstition and simplicity of the ways of the colored people of the South, and it is a fallacious idea to suppose that such a race as this can be brought to a standard enabling them to cope with white men.

ON SPECIAL SERVICE.

At the close of the war, in the spring of 1865, I was sent to Brownsville, Texas. At this point, and at White's Ranch and Brazos Santiago, a large amount of government supplies had been collected. I sold the entire paraphernalia of the army collected at the points mentioned. The greater part of these materials were purchased by speculators for the account of the Mexican liberal organization then seeking to free their country from the rule of Maximilian, *the Austrian usurper*.

I never knew precisely what object our government might have had in view when it accumulated such vast war supplies along the Rio Grande. It may have been for the purpose of obtaining a better market; yet there was always a suspicion, deep down in my boots, that our Uncle Samuel had been keeping the eye of his long-rangey mind upon the usurper who was attempting to establish an empire within the very shadow of the flag of the freest and mightiest people on the face of the earth.

Be this as it may, the most powerful influence of Louis Napoleon was withdrawn at an early day, and, unsupported by the man who had been foremost in the conspiracy, Maximilian was soon driven from power in Mexico, seized, and shot like a dog. Then came the wrecking of the mind of the Empress Carlotta, who had accompanied her husband across the ocean to assist in the hopeless task of enslaving a people who had drawn a breath of liberty across the border of a grand republic.

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN.

While on the Mexican border I became somewhat acquainted with one of the bravest and most successful cavalry officers of the war of the rebellion, General Phil Sheridan. He was a stumpy, compactly built, round-headed Irish-American, *with handsome black eyes, possess-*

ing a keenness and spirit that seemed to say welcome to a friend and death to an enemy. On one occasion at Brazos Santiago, I accompanied General Sheridan on a short fishing excursion. We were in a small boat, and, as is usual with fishermen, out of luck ; I chanced to catch two or three small fish, but Little Phil could n't get a bite. He insisted he was a Jonah, and suggested that I should pitch him overboard. But I told him it would be useless, as there was n't a whale in sight to swallow him. The general was jolly and happy as a boy who had just returned home from school. He told stories and bobbed his fish-line, but nary a bite.

We finally gave up the task, and we were pulled ashore by the two soldiers who acted as oarsmen. The general might have been a little disappointed at the result of the trip, but it did not seem to weigh very heavily on his mind.

On one occasion he invited me to accompany him on a steamer to New Orleans. I did so, and had a jolly good time. The general was a brick in his way. He could deliver a joke with apparent seriousness, and never crack a smile ; but there was something about the corners of his mouth that indicated fun.

When I had completed my mission on the Rio Grande, I returned to New Orleans. After remaining there for a short time, I received *transportation* to the city of New York.

THE STORY OF A CHAPLAIN.

There was a chaplain on board the steamer on which I took passage, who was returning home after two years' service down South in some Rhode Island regiment. He was just a nice old man, and was very, very smooth; a perfect stickler for prayers on retiring for the night, carrying his piety around with him under his arm in the form of a psalm-book. He asked the blessing at the ship's table, and kept up the religious end of the work along the voyage, moral in his speech and exemplary in his conduct.

One day, while sitting at the table in the cabin, my attention was drawn to a conversation that was going on between a long, lank rebel and the Rhode Island chaplain. The ex-rebel, who had been furnished transportation to his home in some Northern State of the now extinct Confederacy, had come into the cabin, taken a seat, and picked up a deck of cards that was on the table. He shuffled them over, and asked the chaplain if he understood the wonderful affinity of the ace of diamonds for the ace of hearts.

"Why," said the rebel, "they will get together somehow. A strange phenomenon, is n't it?"

He cut the cards and put the aces into the

deck separately. The chaplain was looking on with a gaze of wonderment, and evidently thought the rebel was a little off in his theory; but the latter picked up the deck with his left hand and commenced pulling the cards from the bottom, one at a time, until he came to the ace of diamonds.

"Now," said he, addressing the chaplain, "the next card drawn will be the ace of hearts."

As he did so, he turned his head slightly, and, as if by accident, gave the old chap an opportunity to see the lower card. The rebel was positive in his assurance, as he swung his head back, that the card at the bottom of the pack was the ace of hearts.

"You are mistaken, my dear man," said the chaplain.

"I can't be," replied the rebel with much apparent earnestness.

"Oh, yes you are," said the chaplain, mildly. "I am willing to lay a hundred dollars on it."

"All right," replied the long-faced rebel. "I am willing to convince you; so just put your hundred dollars on the table."

"My dear man," said the chaplain, "you shall be undeceived," at the same moment drawing his wad from his pocket and unrolling two fifty-dollar compound-interest notes, which he laid upon the table.

The reb's eyes looked a little curious as he

turned to me and asked the loan of a hundred dollars.

"I am dead broke," he said, "but a sure winner."

I thought so too, and handed him the hundred dollars. This was laid on top of the chaplain's compound-interest notes. The rebel's long fingers reached under the deck and threw out the lower card. It was the ace of hearts!

The good old chaplain sprang for the money, but he was too slow in his movements. The trash was picked up as dexterously by the nimble fingers of the rebel as the ace of hearts had been pulled from the bottom of the deck. The chaplain seemed to think the whole affair a joke.

"Why," said he, as he saw the two compound-interest notes going into the pocket of the rebel, "I was just trying to convince you that you were mistaken."

"Never mind that," replied the rebel, as he marched up the gangway out of the cabin.

The chaplain appealed to me for sympathy. I assured him that I considered it a fair bet, and advised him to pocket the joke. His face turned red, however, and he became greatly excited as he rushed on deck and appealed to the captain of the ship. The captain declared he would allow no gambling on his ship, and ordered *the rebel* to return the chaplain's money.

"Not by a d—n sight!" replied the rebel. "I won the money, and I am going to keep it."

"I will put you in irons," said the captain.

The reb's lip curled and his eyes lit up with a fiendish glare as he bade the captain defiance.

At this moment I stepped up to the captain, and gave him my opinion of the transaction.

"Here," I exclaimed, "is a preacher, a moralist, who has been trying to rub his pretended godly ways and hypocritical cant into every one's face aboard of the ship. I think this affair will teach him a good lesson. He can now preach more intelligently about the wicked ways of the world when he gets home."

The captain cooled down a little, and told the chaplain to have the fellow arrested when he got to New York; but when the ship bumped the wharf at the great metropolis, the bloody rebel had disappeared. No one knew just how, but he had gone. The chaplain looked disgusted; there was a worldly look on his face; he had dropped his cloak for the moment.

I saw the rebel about two years afterwards at Washington. He was standing on the sidewalk opposite the door of a faro bank on Pennsylvania Avenue. He recognized me at a glance, and invited me inside. I went in, looked around, and walked out. The surname of the fellow was James, a well-known gambler about *Washington*.

INTERNAL REVENUE FRAUDS.

AFTER leaving the steamer at New York, I went to Boston, but I soon got tired of visiting my wife's relations, and, becoming homesick for something to do, I turned up one fine morning in Washington. I carried a big bundle of recommendations with me, — one from Colonel French and one from General Butler, and about a score from other parties. I wanted an appointment as special agent of the Internal Revenue Bureau. I somehow thought it could be had for the asking. I was not much posted at that time in office-seeking. When I found my way to the anteroom of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, I saw a hundred or more people sitting around waiting for an opportunity to interview the commissioner. I suppose they were all there as office-seekers, but some of them might have had other business. The fellow with a fierce-looking moustache, who stood at the entrance of the commissioner's private office, refused to present my card. He said the commissioner did not have time to see everybody, and advised me to call another day.

"I have come a great way to see the commissioner on important business," I argued.

"Everybody has important business," replied the doorkeeper.

It was no use to insist further, so I stepped back and took a seat not far from the entrance I was seeking. I had been waiting there some time when "Moustache" stepped a few paces away from the door to regale himself with a glass of ice-water. As he did so, I darted through the door into the commissioner's office in a hurry. As I approached the desk of the neat, old gray-haired commissioner, as if to speak to him, he looked up and began to fumble among the cards lying on the desk. I suppose he was looking for mine, but I was there to announce myself. I drew my bundle of recommendations, and, selecting the one written by General Butler, handed it to him. The letter was short but to the point. The commissioner read it, and said that Butler was a friend of his.

"Now," said he pleasantly, "just step right into the appointment clerk's room, and tell him what you want."

As I entered the room adjoining the commissioner's, I saw an important-appearing, red-headed sort of cuss, but I mustered up courage and told him what I wanted, handing him my papers. The conceited cuss glanced at me, as he motioned his hand towards the door which *led from his office into the anteroom*, and said,

"There are fourteen hundred applications on file for the same position you are looking for. It may come your turn some day."

I did not go out through the door the appointment clerk seemed to want me to, but wheeled and stepped at a lively gait right back into Commissioner Rawlins's private office. I presented myself at his desk, and delivered a little speech. I tried to make the old gentleman believe he needed me bad. I told him the country was in a terrible shape, and about whiskey being sold for ninety cents a gallon upon which the government was supposed to collect a tax of two dollars per gallon, and that the people of the country would hold him responsible for the existing condition of things.

"What can you do about it?" said the commissioner. "Do you know of any particular cases?"

"Particular cases?" I replied. "Why, Mr. commissioner, frauds are lying around loose everywhere. Your officers are made blind by the whiskey ring."

The commissioner threw himself back in his chair and looked me over. I told him that I was ready to work for the government, and was willing to pay my own expenses, and that if I did earn a salary I would make no charge for my services. I tried to say this in an impressive way.

Mr. Rawlins told me to come to see him at eight o'clock that night.

"Will that fellow with the moustache be at the door?" I inquired.

The commissioner took the hint at once, and picking up a card wrote, "Admit the bearer to my office at any hour," and, signing it "E. A. Rawlins," handed it to me.

The hands of the clock pointed to the hour of eight almost to the second as I entered the commissioner's office that night. He was there ready to receive me.

"I have made up my mind to give you a sixty-day commission and try you. I want you to go to Kansas."

"Any place will suit me," I replied.

AMONG THE WHISKEY THIEVES.

My commission was filled out and signed, and I was directed to go to Atchison, Kansas, to look after certain frauds. I obtained the commissioner's permission to go West by way of Boston. I left Washington the same night, and got up early in Philadelphia on the following morning and strolled out on the streets. I knew but little about Philadelphia at that time, but as I passed a large rectifying establishment I noticed two drays backed up to the curbstone. They were loaded with whiskey in barrels. I *made a hasty examination*, announced my *authority*, and undertook to seize the loads.

The drivers jumped on their drays and drove off at a rapid rate. I jumped aboard of one of the drays, but the other got away. I ordered the driver to take his load to the office of the collector of internal revenue. I did not know where it was, but he did, and drove where I told him to. The whiskey had been removed surreptitiously from a distillery, and had not been inspected as the law required. I put the matter into the collector's hands.

Somehow during that day I learned that a large amount of whiskey was about to be shipped to Boston on the steamer San Roman. I went to Boston, and tarried there a few days. Upon the arrival of the before-mentioned steamer, I caused the shipment of whiskey, consisting of seven hundred and seven barrels, to be seized by the collector of internal revenue. The case was afterwards compromised, and I got my moiety. It was a pretty good week's work.

A few days later I fetched up at Atchison, Kansas, where I had been ordered by the commissioner. There was a whiskey distillery at this point, and things were running pretty loose. The whiskey thieves were gobbling up everything, and the government was n't in it at all. I manipulated the cases I came to work for a couple of weeks, and fetched the owners of the distillery, the rectifier, and the United States *deputy collector* up with a round turn. The dis-

tillery and all the whiskey in sight was seized, and all persons connected with the frauds arrested. I was not acquainted with Colonel Moonlight, the collector of the district; consequently I went to Lawrence, Kansas, and consulted the United States district attorney, Hon. Samuel Riggs. The assessor of the district, T. J. Sternberg, was authorized by telegraph from Washington to do the seizing. The parties arrested were taken to Topeka.

My mission in Kansas for the time being ended, I went to Chicago, taking in Peoria and Pekin by the way. At these places there were large distilling interests, and many fraudulent transactions found.

At Peoria I for the first time met Bob Ingersoll, the inexplicable. He was then acting as counsel for the whiskey men. My recollection of this great genius brings to my mind a red-headed, rosy-cheeked beauty, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, — a regular stunner in his way. From these points I went to Chicago, and stayed there about six months. I think the whiskey and tobacco fellows who were then engaged in cheating the government will remember me.

While at Chicago I formed the acquaintance of Hon. Philip A. Hoyne, one of the original landmarks of that grand city of progress. "Uncle Phil," as he is now familiarly called, is an *Irish-American*, and at his birth was endowed

with an unusual flow of the milk of human kindness. If all men were possessed of his generous qualities of head and heart, there would be little use for detectives. Uncle Phil has started many a rogue on his way to the penitentiary while acting in the capacity of United States commissioner, but his benevolent countenance always betokened sorrow when he wrote out the poor devil's commitment.

Chicago had always been a pretty lively locality since its discovery, and there was no lack of energy among the whiskey and tobacco thieves at the time I visited it. A lawyer of considerable note, who was employed by the whiskey ring, one day knocked at the door of my room in the Merchants' Hotel. I invited him in. He said he had come to pay his respects to me. The lawyer was a pretty slick man, and a deep drinker. He conversed with me pleasantly and told stories for a time, but finally reached the point he had evidently come to talk about. Putting on a comical smile, for which he was noted, he inquired how much it would cost to pay my fare to my home.

"Oh, about \$25," said I.

The lawyer reached out and marked \$25,000 on a piece of paper, and, shoving it towards me, remarked that when I got home he wanted me to stay there. He may have been trying to bribe me, but he did n't have the money with him,

and I did n't take the hint. He left after a while, and I remained in Chicago until I was ordered away.

After this I was ordered first to one part of the country, and then to another, wherever my services were required. My commission was not limited now. The commissioner had evidently concluded I was useful. Things drifted along until the spring of 1868, when I went back to Kansas, to assist in trying some of my old whiskey cases. The high old judge of the United States Court at Topeka at that time was Mark Delehay, a well-known character of his day. The judge could weave around among the chairs, climb on to his seat in the courtroom, and stare at the lawyers. There was no prohibition in those days. The United States attorney, I heard, one day pulled a pamphlet out of his pocket in court. The little book was a late edition of the revenue law. The attorney attempted to read a section to the court.

"What have you there, sir?" said the judge.

"It's the revenue law, your honor."

"Never mind," said the judge, thrusting out his long bony arm, "just put that little pamphlet in your pocket. You can't ring in a cold deck on this court."

The courtroom smoked; the judge said it was a good day to hunt prairie chickens, and adjourned.

About this time a telegram was received by me from General Grant, who was then Secretary of War *ad interim*, requesting me to come to Washington at once. It was a little irregular, but I dropped the whiskey cases and struck out for the nation's capital. I had previously been engaged in trying to gather information to be used for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. General O. O. Howard was, I believe, in charge of that branch of the service. It was rumored, and pretty generally believed among the knowing ones, that there was a plot among the rebels, Andrew Johnson's friends, to get possession of Washington; but General Grant was in the war department, and he was there to stick; so, whether the report was true or not, nothing came of it, except a close call for Andrew Johnson.

The telegram I had received in Kansas was for the purpose of securing my services in Georgia to investigate the first great Ku-Klux outrage that had been perpetrated up to that time. I reported to General Meade. I will not go into any particulars in regard to the case. I was sent there to discover the murderers of the patriot George W. Ashburn. That I succeeded is proven not only by the bitterness of the rebels whom I brought to trial for that foul deed, but by the hearty indorsement given me by General Grant and General George G. Meade.

EXPERIENCES AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

In the early spring of 1869, after General Grant had been elected President and Columbus Delano appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, I was sent to the fifth district of Virginia to look after the moonshiners that were said to abound there. I had special seizing authority from the commissioner, a letter to certain government officers in Richmond, was made a deputy United States marshal, and was supplied with a goodly number of United States commissioners' warrants signed in blank. I went to Lynchburg. Here I met a fellow by the name of Dawson, who had written many letters to Mr. Delano, offering himself as a guide to show up the haunts of the moonshiners. I secured two United States soldiers, both of them Irish rather; also a young man named William A. Fernald, a clerk in the office of the collector of internal revenue.

Our little party pulled out for Patrick County. The first night we lodged with an old Dunkard and his family. It was raining heavily at the time, and had been for several days. The streams were up. The old Dunkard volunteered to go with us to the bank of the river which we expected to cross that morning. It was the Staunton, I think.

When we reached it the Dunkard exclaimed,—

"The river is dangerous, and you must not try to cross it."

This piece of news was confirmed by another Dunkard who lived close by. I turned to Dawson the boastful Virginian, who had said he could whip three or four moonshiners, and said, —

"Dawson, you have got the best horse" (we were all mounted); "go in and swim the river first."

He shook his head, and replied that he would not risk his life in the attempt. At this moment young Fernald volunteered to take the lead across the river.

"Go it," I said, "and we will follow suit."

The river was raging, and the tree-tops were swaying to and fro in its current near the banks, but I thought it a mighty tough stream that a horse could not swim safely, if properly handled.

As a result of our trial, all landed on the other side in good order. One of the Irish soldiers got very wet. His horse, somehow, did not act just right, but the soldier knew his business and slipped back over the horse's rump, and took him by the tail, and was landed on the bank on the right side of the river.

It was no great feat to discover illicit stills in Patrick County, as they were very plenty there. The moonshiners were running things to suit *themselves*. They stewed apples, made

apple-jack, and distilled rye and corn without interference from the revenue officers. In fact they did n't know much about Uncle Sam's revenue laws, nor did they care for them. We raided the country south and east along the North Carolina line, and cut up and destroyed over thirty stills of various kinds. We dodged from point to point with such rapidity, that the moonshiners had hardly time to catch their breath before we were on to them. We would ride up to a distillery, jump off of our horses, pick up an axe, dislocate and thoroughly destroy the copper boilers and worm-pipes, making a clean knockout as fast as we came to them.

At one place we rode down over a mountain on a by-path. We could look almost down the chimney of the distillery that was located at the mountain's base. We dashed up suddenly, and found about a dozen men standing around with jugs in their hands. It was raining a little that day, and the neighbors had come to get their supply of whiskey. Our visit was as unlooked for as it was sudden, and the Virginians there seemed to be astounded. One fellow dropped down low and slid out. I hollered, —

“Look out for my soldiers down there and don't get shot.”

But he kept on running with his jug in his hand. Turning to the crowd of moonshiners, I *said*, —

"Boys, I have you surrounded by United States soldiers. There are over a hundred of them. All of you step up here and give in your names. I want you to report to Richmond."

There was a big darkey in the crowd. I told him to take an axe that was lying on the ground near by, and chop up the boiler and worm of the still. He said, —

"For God's sake, boss, don't make me do dat thing; I'll be killed."

"You will be killed if you don't." I repeated the order with emphasis, and added, "Cut up that still, or you will be shot on the spot."

He picked up the axe and went at it. He was pretty weak in the back, and did not work fast enough to suit me. I seized the axe from his hands and did the chopping myself, while the soldiers held their guns on the crowd of moonshiners. If the moonshiners were as glad to get rid of us as we were to get out of their company, they were pretty well pleased. Our party mounted their horses and rode rapidly to the westward. After we had ridden a short distance we turned north, struck a by-road, and fetched up at a farmhouse and a distillery just a little before night. The still was n't running, but a couple of moonshiners were. They lit out in fine style for the brush. As we rode up, the old gentleman who owned the place came out *to meet us*. He was a typical Virginian

of bygone days, hair straight-cut, and lantern jawed; he looked to be between seventy and eighty years of age, and was spunky enough to be independent anyhow. He was a regular old "be Gawd, sir."

He said "He was a Virginian, sir, and owed no allegiance to the United States, sir, and would see that government damned before he would quit making apple-jack, be Gawd, sir!"

I rather liked the old fellow's style. He was honest and meant what he said, but too old to monkey with. I told the old gentleman my party would like to stay all night at his house, and promised to pay him liberally for it.

"I reckon you can stay," said he, "if you can put up with home coffee, corn dodgers, and ham meat."

Our horses were unsaddled and sheltered, and we all followed the old man into the house. The people were very hospitable. The old woman and the two girls welcomed us. Once inside, the old man became quite talkative. He was n't half as bad as he first appeared to be, but seemed curious to know what we intended to do. Dawson, who was a great liar, told the old man that I was an army chaplain. I noticed for some reason that the old fellow suddenly became very respectful towards me, but I was not posted up in what Dawson had said about *my being a chaplain*. The old lady finally took

me to one side and told me her daughter Millie was going to be married that night if the minister came. She said everything was all ready, and the wedding must come off. Could I do the business if the minister did not come?

"Oh, no," I said, "I never do any marrying."

She winked a little, and said, modestly, she guessed I could try.

They had killed the old speckled rooster, and the bashful girl in the corner, with a blue petticoat on, inquired if we liked chicken.

"You bet," said one of the soldiers. One of the fellows that slipped out of the back door on our arrival was the groom to be. The old lady said he had just gone out among the neighbors to invite them to the wedding, and that the other fellow was a friend who went along to help him extend the invitations. Shortly after early candle-light, a little weazened-faced minister put in an appearance, and a dozen or two of the neighbors gathered in. Millie, the bride to be, was out of sight behind a bed-quilt, an excuse for a door leading into another room.

When the time came to perform the ceremony, she stuck her head out from behind the quilt, but refused to enter the room. She was as obstinate as a mule, and could not be coaxed into the main room where the guests were. The *groom* finally reached behind the quilt and

took Millie by the hand. She thrust her head out, but the quilt was between them.

The ceremony performed, a large table was hustled into the main room and loaded with the very best viands the country afforded. There was a jug of apple-jack on the table that old "be Gawd, sir" said had been stilled by his father in 1800. He said a barrel of it had been sent to William Henry Harrison when it was forty years old. It was now sixty-eight, and had no hair on it. It was very oily. Half a pint of it would booze an old soldier. The table fairly groaned with luxuries. There was roast rooster, boiled ham meat, and lots of cake, but no pie. I did not know but that it might be possible some of the guests at the wedding had heard of the mission my party were on, so I gave the old patriarch a two-dollar note, and we moved on. I did not cut up his still myself, but I think Dawson was mean enough to do anything.

We pranced around the country for a while, knocking everything endways, and fetched up finally at the town of Liberty, after a hard day's ride.

Some of the men that I had served warrants on, within easy reach of this town, came to consult Foote Johnson, a lawyer. He told his clients the warrants served on them were illegal, *as the officers carried blanks and filled in any*

name to suit themselves. He advised his clients not to go to Richmond.


Late the next day I arrested the assistant assessor of internal revenue, who was living at Liberty. He was a native Virginian, and had a large number of friends in the town. We were holding him in one of the upper rooms of the hotel. A crowd gathered within a short distance of the house, composed mostly of negroes and boys.

The mob sent for the landlord of the hotel where we were stopping, and told him to tell them damn Yankees that if they did n't let that assessor go, they would come into the hotel and take him away from them. I replied, —

“Go tell your friends that if they offer to come up these stairs to interfere with us, the prisoner will be shot and thrown out of the window.”

It was a bluff, but it answered the purpose of keeping the crowd away, and it dispersed soon afterwards. The assistant assessor was sent to Richmond, where he gave bail for his appearance at the next term of court.

I picked up a newspaper at Lynchburg a day or two afterwards, and read in the telegraphic dispatches that Major H. C. Whitley, then in the fifth district of Virginia, had been appointed chief of the Secret Service division of the *United States Treasury*. I had not asked for



the place, but I wanted it just the same. Once at Washington, and my report in regard to the internal revenue affairs in the fifth district of Virginia completed and handed in to the commissioner's office, I tendered my resignation, as special agent, to Mr. Delano. I laid it before him while he was sitting at his desk. He arose and took me by the hand.

"Stay in this bureau," said he. "I have got a special fund, and will pay you any reasonable money to remain with me."

I replied that I had rather be chief of the Secret Service than President of the United States.

This settled the matter. Mr. Delano accompanied me at once, and introduced me to Hon. George S. Boutwell, the Secretary of the Treasury, and paid me a high compliment.

"This," said he, "is the most active man of my bureau."

My report was very severe upon Captain Lacy, the assessor of the fifth district, and he was immediately removed from office. It seems that Mr. Bingham of Ohio, who was then in Congress, was Mr. Lacy's backer. This gentleman went to the President and demanded Lacy's restoration to office. I was sent for by the President. My report was on his desk, and the passages bearing against Lacy were marked. *The President asked me many questions. Re-*

fore he got through, however, I made up my mind that Mr. Lacy would stay out. General Grant inquired, —

“Is there any one down there in the fifth district that you can recommend for assessor?”

“No, Mr. President, I am unacquainted at that point. The sharpest and most earnest man I met while there was the young fellow Fernald, who first swam the river.”

“I read about that,” replied the President, “and I think he would make a good assessor.”

“He is not quite twenty-one years of age,” I said.

“I will waive his age,” said the President, tapping his bell.

A messenger appeared and was handed a card.

“Take that to the appointment clerk.”

William L. Fernald, the boy that first swam the river, was appointed assessor and duly confirmed by the Senate. He proved to be a good officer.

THE SECRET SERVICE.

As chief of the secret service, I stepped into an entirely new field. The open-mouthed rebel, the internal revenue defrauders and blockade-runners, were almost like Christians when compared to the brutality of the Ku-Klux Klan or the subtle ingenuity of the counterfeiter. Many of these classes of criminals had up to that time fairly baffled the skill of the best detectives. I soon learned that the sort of criminals I had to deal with were not only brutal in their acts, but adroit and persistent in their efforts to commit crime. New York was the headquarters for a large part of the counterfeiting. It is probable that more crime of this character had its origin there than in all the other cities of the United States put together. In that city were also to be found swindlers, forgers, thieves, and burglars of every species. There the millionaire and the beggar, the honest man and the thief, the divine and the defaulter, all touched elbows as they passed along the great Broadway of the world. All were in the swim together. I was at first astounded at the legions of unprincipled leeches *fattening* upon the government at every avail-

able point. There were thousands of rogues, many of them seemingly religious creatures, who rolled their eyes heavenward every Sunday, thanking God for the blessings and privileges of the week, breathing a fervent amen when the good minister eloquently prayed for the continued prosperity of the country, and robbing the government or anybody else at every opportunity. I now had a field of operations for detectives of which I had never before dreamed. It would be quite impossible for me to describe the many interesting cases that came under my personal observation during my long service, but I will relate some of them.

The war had demoralized many, and gigantic frauds were being perpetrated upon the customs and internal revenues. The federal treasury had been systematically robbed of millions of dollars, and rascality had been reduced to a perfect science during Andrew Johnson's pernicious administration. The active prosecutions that followed resulted in great good to the government. I mention these facts as they then existed. I shall confine myself largely to my own experience with the various violators of the United States laws. From this time to 1875, in the city of New York, the fine-spun threads of crime were picked up that led to many captures. During my six years as chief of the service, more than *three thousand* persons were arrested for

various offenses, and at least one half of them convicted and sent to prison. In giving the number of arrests, I do not include the operations of the secret service division against the members of the Ku-Klux Klan in the South.

Against this infamous organization alone we secured over two thousand indictments. In those days, forgers and counterfeiters carried on their business with an effrontery that would have been ludicrous in any other country in the world. Millions of dollars of counterfeit money was captured, and over a hundred complete sets of plates, dies, rolls, and other counterfeiting apparatus, were seized; and citizens and officials of all classes and parties united in expressing their appreciation of the government detectives who had so successfully made war upon thousands of dangerous criminals, who had so long set all law and justice at defiance. Operating against the basest class of criminals, we had those to contend with who played the rôle of detectives in the employ of rascals. These fellows were valuable auxiliaries to thieves and counterfeiters. Their plan was to furnish false information to the government detectives, to learn as much as possible of their movements, and to keep their own employers posted on any contemplated action of the officers against them.

My offices in Washington and New York were *almost* constantly besieged by this class of ras-

cals, and at times it was a most difficult matter to determine just which side these fellows intended to victimize in the end. To sift the chaff from the wheat, the government detectives were frequently obliged to resort to subterfuges. A unique sort of diplomacy was many times brought into service. Almost any measure seemed fair in a war of this kind. It was homely talent and good intentions pitted against dyed-in-the-wool rascality. Some of the tricks that were played to outdo these stool-pigeons and entrap their employers could hardly be upheld by the teachings of Holy Writ; but it was thought the object aimed at fully justified the means resorted to. The good resulting therefrom certainly furnished an ample reward. Plans laid by the government officers sometimes resulted in the capture of as many as thirty counterfeiters, all members of one gang. There were millions of counterfeits afloat. Some of them were almost exact fac-similes of genuine notes. There were instances where counterfeits were redeemed by the government. Nearly all the towns and cities in the United States were more or less flooded with these spurious issues. The history of the crime of counterfeiting in this country, could it be written in its completeness, would be a marvelous revelation of what can be accomplished with ingenuity and money when possessed by *unscrupulous men*.

The check to all classes of crime lies in the Secret Service system as applied by the United States government. It requires duplicity to counteract duplicity; subtle plotting to undermine skillful plotters; and the very keenest talent to strip crime of its pretended virtuous coverings. It would astonish those not acquainted with the subject to know the means necessarily resorted to by the detectives for the purpose of successfully grappling with counterfeiter. The modes of detection depend entirely upon the circumstances of the case in hand. A freed state's prison fledgling will oftentimes sell his soul for a little money. Such men can only be made useful by the detectives as an entering wedge into the society of the counterfeiter. It sometimes requires a year or more of manœuvres and counter-manœuvres to work up a gang of counterfeiters and land them in the penitentiary.

Let lawyers, judges, and sentimentalists say what they will, rogues can only be fought successfully with their own weapons, and any strategy resorted to by the officers to bring them to justice is in my judgment perfectly justifiable.

It was my duty to detect and put an end to the roguery of a horde of unprincipled vampires who were living by robbing the government and the poor people. It may not be necessary to *say to those familiar with the facts that there*

was a reign of terror in the hearts of the criminal classes during my service as Chief of the Secret Service.

A GANG OF BOODLERS ENTRAPPED.

Not long after I had received my appointment, and before I had time to fairly grasp the situation, I was sent for by Mr. Boutwell, the Secretary of the Treasury, who, on my entering his office, introduced to me a couple of Philadelphia detectives. They were pretty fly-looking men and carried an expression of great importance in their faces, and an air of know-all-about-it around with them. They had brought from Philadelphia some exhibits of alleged counterfeit five-dollar greenbacks. The two detectives had the face and back of a greenback printed upon separate pieces of paper. This, to their minds, was proof positive that the bills were the work of counterfeiters. The specimens were passed to me by Mr. Boutwell to examine. At that time I possessed very keen eyesight, and could easily see the smallest dot or line on a bill. I drew a five-dollar greenback from my pocket and carefully compared it with the alleged counterfeits, and ventured the opinion that the bills brought by the detectives were genuine. I saw a smile of sarcasm hanging about the lips of the two detectives, who said they could furnish me any amount of that kind

of money at fifty cents on the dollar, and they knew what they were talking about.

Seeing that I was unable to prove my assertion to the satisfaction of Mr. Boutwell, it was decided that I should go to Philadelphia with the detectives, and be introduced to the party who was acting as the agent for the alleged counterfeiters. This agent would furnish a few bills as samples at fifty cents on the dollar, but would not make a deal beyond that for less than ten thousand dollars. It was therefore agreed that I should take with me five thousand dollars in good money. I was satisfied that the two detectives did n't know good money when they saw it. So I took from the safe of the Secret Service division a package of five thousand dollars in hundred-dollar counterfeit greenbacks, and with this I accompanied them to Philadelphia, where, after taking a room in the hotel, I was introduced by the detectives to an elderly gentleman, he as a broker, and I as a cattle-dealer from Texas. After a long parley it was agreed I should see the agent of the so-called counterfeiters in person.

On the same evening I was visited by a tall, good-looking, and elegantly dressed young man, whom I should judge to be about twenty-five years of age. He was what they call down South "a right smart chap," and understood his business exceedingly well. I played off on

him, and expressed great fear of being caught with the counterfeit money on my person. To convince me, he pulled out of his pocket ten new, crisp, greenback five-dollar bills.

"There's a sample of the stuff," he said; "it will go in any bank. If you like, you can take it for twenty-five dollars, and I will give you a chance to try it in a bank."

I bought the stuff, giving him twenty-five dollars in good money. I then opened my valise and flashed my package of one-hundred-dollar bills, remarking at the same time that I would take them down and put them in the hotel safe. The young man's eyes fairly watered when he saw the package; he did not for a moment seem to doubt my sincerity, and I was altogether too green to suspect his.

The young man came the next day at the appointed time, and we arranged for a deal. I was to give him five thousand dollars of my good money, and receive ten thousand dollars of his bogus stuff. I was to meet his man casually at a certain place upon the street. We were then to step into an open stairway, near the place of meeting, and make the exchange. Of course, everything was to be on the dead square, you know. The dealer, the young man said, was perfectly reliable in every particular, but had to be very cautious in all his movements, *as he knew if he was caught by the detectives,*

he would have to go to state's prison. I went to the place designated, and stepped up on a flight of stairs facing towards the street. I was a few moments afterwards in the presence of a stranger, who carried a large bundle nicely done up. I also had a bundle. I at first rather questioned the intentions of the party to make a square deal. He had the package so arranged that he could throw open one corner of it; as he did this the bundle in sight looked like money. I suddenly stepped up a stair higher and drew my revolver.

"You are my prisoner, sir, and I am the Chief of the government Secret Service."

The fellow turned slightly pale at first, but finally smiled.

"Look here," he said; "the government can't hurt me. I was only trying to boodle you. Put up your revolver, and I will go anywhere you want me to." And he did.

We went to my room in the hotel, where I first learned the full particulars of the great boodle game that was so successfully played afterwards in most of the large cities of this country. The man before me was Andrew J. Wightman, one of the smoothest confidence men in the country. He was a full-fledged sharper, of no mean legal ability, who had the faculty of walking along upon the outer verge of *the precipice* of crime without committing

himself so far as to be brought within the clutches of the law. He was the originator of the famous boodle game, and it had been started but a short time before. It was afterwards practiced with considerable success.

The precious package which Wightman carried, and for which he hoped to obtain five thousand dollars in good money, was nothing more nor less than strips of white paper cut to resemble bank notes in size. The top package at the corner of the bundle had a five-dollar greenback on the outside, arranged for the purpose of victimizing the man whom he supposed to be a greedy speculator, and ready to purchase counterfeit money. The sudden presentation of a revolver with the muzzle pointing towards Wightman's head was an unlooked-for and powerful argument with him. He was n't one of the shooting kind. His business was to get possession of the green one's good money, pass up the stairs, and slide out on the opposite side of the building he had chosen as the best place to carry out his swindle. My acquaintance with Wightman did not end here, as will appear later on in this work.

The two detectives were not posted up in Wightman's scheme, and were simply victims in the case. My explanation of the affair to Secretary Boutwell was quite satisfactory, *more particularly so* as I was able to prove to

him that the back and face of the greenback were split from one note, and pasted upon paper, making them about the same thickness as that upon which genuine money was printed. It was a very skillful piece of work to accomplish and very hard to detect, but it was nevertheless frequently done by experts.

It is true that I had already seen enough of the corrupt ways of certain classes of people to open my eyes a little, at least far enough to lay the groundwork for a more extended education. I had seen New Orleans with its rebel hordes, its thugs and its thieves. These were not altogether slow, and I had had my experience with internal revenue violators, and my brain had at last become tattooed here and there with a glimmer of the underground passages of life. I was yet in the dark, however, in regard to the deep and devilish tricks of bogus detectives and counterfeiters, and the revelations that followed were a great surprise to me. The crimes perpetrated during and following the war are, I think, without a parallel in the country's history. A large part of the people were on the make. Money and cussedness seemed to fairly tip the scales of justice. The bad outweighed the good.

Andrew Johnson's administration was far too weak in the back to cope with these demoralized conditions, and they had become the inheritance of General Grant. He entered the

residential chair, and called a halt in the mad career of the unscrupulous all over the land. Among other things, a crusade was begun against the Ku-Klux Klan. These midnight rascals were then running riot in many of the Southern States, but were put upon the defensive everywhere. Prisons were filled, and hundreds of them fled to other and more congenial climates. They left without taking the advice of their doctors. The labors of government detectives were broadened to the extent of meeting frauds everywhere. I do not wish to appear that I am endeavoring to secure for myself all the glory for the successes that followed, but I am entitled to at least a portion of it, if for nothing more than my choice selection of men to operate in every part of the country.

Among these officers who did good work I will mention several of the most prominent: C. Nettleship, A. B. Newcomb, Thomas E. Morgan, W. W. Applegate, James Fitzpatrick, Colonel Harry Finnegan, Dennis and Maurice Sullivan, Mike Bowers, William Kennock, and Louis Del Homo. These were among the ablest and most valued of my assistants. There were numerous others who took an important part and rendered good service to the government almost every nook and corner of the country. I shall speak of some of these cases in this

work, but I can write best in detail of matters in which I took a personal part. I write almost wholly from memory, and fear I shall not be able to give many of the secret service officers the credit they are properly entitled to. I will say, however, that the incidents herein contained occurred substantially as I relate them.

New York at this time was the real headquarters for rascality. I took the ground that, if I was expected to do up the devil, I might as well attack him in his den. I had no difficulty in finding the burrowing places of this redoubtable gentleman in New York city. His footprints were to be found in almost every street and alley. Cussedness was actually lying around loose, and it did not require an expert to find it. The United States custom house at this port was overgrown with barnacles, and reeking with corruption. It was an open secret that this port of entry had been for years the theatre of stupendous frauds, and the very hotbed of the basest peculations. Steamship companies, perjured importers, and apostate officials were all combined together to swindle the United States government. The records of the federal courts of New York did not show a single conviction for the crime of smuggling for years prior to 1869.

It needed a bold and steady hand to tear *away* the flimsy veil that covered the black-

ness and rottenness that everywhere existed. Many of the custom-house functionaries were actually in the pay of both the smugglers and the government.

Moses Grinnell was then collector of that port. This eminently respectable old man seemed to be sleeping the sleep of a Rip Van Winkle in the granite building known as the New York custom-house. He was too feeble in health and innocent in his ways to know anything of chronic plunderers, who worship in magnificent sanctuaries on Sunday and rob the nation during the rest of the week. While this good old man was dozing in the gentle quietude of his elegantly furnished office, there was scarcely a department of that great bureau of commerce, over which he was supposed to preside, that was not the scene of daily corruption.

Hovering around the federal court building in Chambers Street, there were numerous professional bondsmen ready to give bonds of straw for a price. A criminal was no sooner arrested and taken before the United States Commissioner than one of these professional bondsmen would step up, sign a worthless bond, and release him. They were only required to swear to their imaginary riches.

During the first six months of my experience in New York there were not less than thirty *counterfeiters* and customs defrauders turned

- loose in this manner. I made a raid on these bogus bondsmen, and arrested several of them, thus frightening them out of the business. The detective officers at this time were greatly aided by the efforts of the "New York Sun," which was engaged in showing up the doings of big and little thieves everywhere. I think this great journal is fairly entitled to letters patent upon the searchlight, not for its invention alone, but for the streaming rays of light it throws into the dark corners and by-places of thieves and counterfeiters upon every occasion.

DRAWBACK FRAUDS.

Drawback frauds of great magnitude had been perpetrated upon the government at the port of New York. One ring of conspirators alone succeeded in obtaining over a million dollars from the treasury by means of fraudulent drawback papers, and drafts made payable to fictitious names.

This piece of rascality was perpetrated through the assistance of Samuel T. Blatchford, a deputy collector in the New York custom-house. Mr. Blatchford was a cousin of the late Judge Blatchford, of the United States Court, and a high-roller in his way. He and Richard B. Caldwell, a wealthy New York broker, were the principals in the transaction. This worthy pair, *having sniffed danger in the breeze*, fled to Can-

— a friendly refuge for all sorts of renegade
ndrels, traitors, deserters, and murderers
ng the war and thereafter. Once in the
en's dominions, Blatchford and Caldwell fan-
themselves safe; but our deeply wronged
le Samuel was not easily baffled in this case.
December 3, 1870, I went to Montreal, where
cated Blatchford at the Ôttawa House. By
use of a little sharp practice, he was induced
ave the jurisdiction of the Queen of Eng-
l and was delivered in New York, where he
e bail. On account of his eminent respecta-
y, I suppose, he was never tried. I was not
e so fortunate in securing Caldwell, who was
a residing, and carrying on a business, at
scott. He had acquired considerable influ-
e at this place, having married a Canadian
r of respectability. I swore out a warrant
re a judge in Montreal, and Caldwell was
sted at his home late at night and taken
re a judge, and remanded for examination.
case was ably fought by Caldwell's counsel,
ney Devlin. The ground upon which the
harge was sought was the lack of jurisdic-
. A judge in the Province of Quebec, it was
ied, could not grant power to arrest a person
he Province of Ontario. Therefore the ar-
of Caldwell was claimed to be illegal. Judge
delet decided the arrest to be legal, and said
ffect *that the extradition treaty with the*

United States was a broad measure covering all of the provinces of Canada. This decision having been concurred in by two other judges, I supposed the case would then come up upon its merits. But Caldwell was not sparing of his money, and Canadian lawyers, like a flock of greedy buzzards, eagerly scented the spoils. Lawyers of a certain kind always hover around and follow in the track of great criminals. Their palms seem to itch for the almighty dollar.

A writ of habeas corpus was obtained, and the prisoner taken before Judge Coursol, who promptly released him.

Caldwell sprang out of the door of the courtroom, and jumping into a sleigh drove off. The sleigh had been held ready for him, as though the fact of his release was fixed beforehand. Behind a pair of fast horses he soon afterwards crossed the line between the two provinces. There was quite a sensation in official circles. The *modus operandi* by which Caldwell made his escape was not without interest. Canadian justice in those days could be easily stretched to fit a case in hand. But Caldwell's Nemesis was on his track. He was finally arrested and taken before a magistrate at Toronto. His property had been attached at Prescott, but as his money was flowing like water I was satisfied it was impossible to extradite him until he *had been* stripped of his wealth.

The legal battle that ensued between able lawyers was one of great interest throughout the country. The difficulty was to make a case of forgery against the prisoner in accordance with English law. That an offense had been committed against the statutes of the United States, and that the revenue laws had been violated, there was no question; but the fact was that the names put upon the drafts upon which the drawback claims were based were all fictitious. Hence the inability to establish a real forgery before a Canadian judge. The trial waxed warm. Caldwell was repeatedly committed for extradition, and as often released before some other judge upon a writ of habeas corpus. This condition of things continued during the entire winter of 1870-1871. Caldwell would be held for extradition one week and released the next, but when his funds gave out his case weakened at once. Uncle Sam could print his own money, and was able to stay with him.

One of the cases presented against Caldwell involved the name of a Jacob King. In looking over the New York directory I discovered the name and place of business of what might have been the Jacob King meant in the papers. I approached Mr. King's bookkeeper, who had been with him for a number of years. Upon calling his attention to the signature signed upon the *back of the draft* upon which the money had

been drawn from the sub-treasury, he declared at once it was a forgery, and a poor imitation at that. After a little gentle persuasion, the clerk agreed to go to Toronto and testify to the facts in the case. Upon the production of this testimony before the Canadian judge, he at once said, "Gentlemen, you have now made a clear case of forgery under the English law;" and Caldwell was again committed for extradition and hustled on board of a locomotive. He reached Uncle Sam's territory just a few hours in advance of another writ of habeas corpus. I took him to New York and lodged him in Ludlow Street jail, where he remained nearly two years. He was released at last. I do not know the particulars.

There are many obstructions everywhere occurring in the pursuit and arrest of criminals, even in our own country; "but for ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," I think the Canadian lawyers and detectives are entitled to take their share of the cake. State lines and the lack of comity between the officers of different localities frequently contribute to defeat the ends of justice. For this reason I believe it would be far better that the pursuit and capture of train-robbers, burglars, forgers, and other great criminals should be placed in the hands of the general government.

Government detectives do not always pay

attention to State lines. They take a criminal where they find him, and land him where he is most wanted. The shortest cut by which criminals can be extradited from Canada is known as the "shanghaing process," which means that a refugee from justice might be smuggled across the line for a consideration. This was a measure occasionally resorted to in my time. Of course I only suspected this, as I never assisted in an affair of this kind. No locality should be made an Arcadia for the retreat of rogues. Why allow them to rest upon a bed of roses? Let such men ever bear the toughest kind of a thorn in their sides, an essential ingredient of their every-day life.

AMONG THE COUNTERFEITERS: CLEMENT HERRING AND ITALIAN JOE.

Acting upon information acquired by detectives, I one day went to a point in New York city, just above the Harlem bridge, with three of my officers, to arrest old Clement Herring. Two of the detectives went inside of the Herring house and arrested the two young men we were after. The officers did not interfere with the old man, as it was not known that he was mixed up in the case we were working. As the officers stepped into the house, the old chap stepped outside. I was standing near the front door as *he passed*.

When he had gone a few steps from me, I barely caught a glimpse of his hand as he pressed it to his face. For some reason which I can never explain, I suddenly fancied he had put something in his mouth. The thought ran like a flash of lightning through my mind, and almost as quickly I had seized the old man by the throat. We had quite a tussle, and I was trying to choke him, but I don't know whether I could have succeeded in securing what he had in his mouth had I not obtained assistance. It seems as though something always turned up in my favor at just the right time. The old man's daughter, a very bright and pretty girl of about eighteen or twenty, just then ran out of the house towards us and exclaimed, "Spucks aus fatter; spucks aus fatter."

She then stepped up and put her fingers to the old man's mouth. The result was the delivery of a piece of paper closely folded. This the girl voluntarily handed to me. Upon examination it was found to be an express receipt given for a package that had that day been sent to some party in St. Louis. This little bit of paper, though inoffensive enough within itself, yielded information that from first to last caused the arrest and conviction of more than a score of counterfeiters. The two boys before mentioned and the old man were handcuffed *together* and sent to my office in Bleecker

Street, where they were held for a time. The pumping process was being applied to the old man, with rather indifferent success, when his daughter again put in her appearance. She begged the privilege of speaking with her father in private. The interview was granted. Twenty minutes afterwards I was called into the room, where I beheld the old man in tears (crocodile, of course) and the daughter holding his hand. He appeared to be badly rattled, and at once admitted that the package for which I had obtained the receipt contained counterfeit two-dollar notes. He also gave the true name of the party to whom it was sent. The telegraph had already been put to work, and the government operator, John Egan, at St. Louis, was laying for it at the other end of the route. I have been told the Herring family had at one time acquired considerable property; they had been in the rubber business, and in some manner became involved in a lawsuit. If my memory serves me right, the controversy was with the Goodyear Rubber Company. It was claimed that the Herring boys had taken up the whole manufacture of counterfeit money for the purpose of acquiring means wherewith to contest their case in court. The old man, who was old forger and counterfeiter, was the one who directed the printing of the bogus notes, and one of the boys did the engraving of the plate. The

old man told me where the manufactory was located. It was in a house not far distant from where his family lived. My men went to the place designated, and hauled away the whole plant. There was nearly a wagon load of it,—plates, presses, paper, and everything else necessary for a well-regulated counterfeiting establishment.

Old Herring squealed on everything and everybody that he had ever been connected with in the counterfeiting line. He said he had been selling his bogus stuff to an Italian who kept a tobacco and cigar shop on Ninth Avenue, New York, and that the purchaser was known as Italian Joe, but his real name was Joseph Provanzino. Joe had been arrested several times by the police for shoving the queer, but he had somehow managed to keep out of state's prison. He was a very sharp, slippery fellow, and I was warned to look out for him. Just how it was, I can't exactly say, but I at once took it into my head that Joe was the kind of fellow I wanted to have a personal interview with. So I just sauntered into Joe's place of business in a quiet sort of way. As I did so, a keen-appearing fellow, rather below the medium size, stepped behind the cigar case, thinking, I assume, that he had a customer before him. Of course I did not know Provanzino, so it can be readily seen why I adopted a ruse to make him out. Had I

made the direct inquiry, and the man before me had not been the one I was in quest of, or even if it were Provanzino, he might have denied his identity and put me off the track.

I stepped around towards the end of the counter and began to examine the government license that was required to be kept posted in places of this kind. At the same time I remarked that I was a government revenue officer, and I was around inspecting licenses.

"Your license is irregular," I said; "it does not contain your name in full."

"Oh, that is all right; my name is Joey Provanzino."

"It should be Joseph," I said. I was now satisfied that my man was before me, but I was at a loss just how to proceed. I turned towards the door, as if to go out, but facing partly around again I said, —

"Let me speak with you a moment."

Herring had posted me on the fellow I had to deal with. I knew he would be hard to catch if he once got the start.

As Joe approached to speak with me, I swiftly threw my right arm about his neck, at the same moment drawing a pair of handcuffs with my left. It was my intention to snap them on his wrists, but it was somehow a misfire. Joe was about as quick as a cat, and pretty *nervy*. At first he tried to slip out of

my hands by squatting slightly and springing forward, and he took me along with him a few feet, when I succeeded in throwing him. We had a pretty lively tussle. He was about all I had bargained to bother with. Somehow, during the scuffle, he managed to throw a roll of what afterwards proved to be counterfeit money into the cellar, through a trap-door that stood open near the back part of the shop. I saw the movement, but it was done so quickly that I could not prevent it.

The scuffle had been going on perhaps a minute, when Joe's wife made her appearance.

I had struck Joe several blows in the face, and he was bleeding. The woman took in the situation at a glance, and dashed behind the counter with a rush. I knew what that meant. She was after a weapon of some kind. I let go my hold of Joe in a jiffy. As I did so I fetched him a terrible blow with the pair of handcuffs which I still held in my hands. This made him lie down for a moment. I jerked out my revolver, and, springing back so as to command a view of the pair, I pitched Joe the handcuffs and ordered him to spring them on his wrists. The woman still stood behind the counter. She no doubt had a weapon in her hand, but my revolver kept her quiet. Joe had raised himself on his knees. I don't think either of them *liked my looks*, as I stood there eying them.

Perhaps they thought my revolver might go off. An Italian will face a knife, but he has no use for a revolver. Joe began to beg like a coward, and offered to go with me anywhere, but he hesitated to put the handcuffs on his wrists. I said, "Put them on and get up, or I will shoot you." He saw there was no use in making further resistance and snapped them on.

I backed to the front door and opened it, stepped into the doorway, and succeeded in hailing a passer-by. Several finally came up. I explained the situation, and showed them my badge of office.

One gentleman stepped down into the cellar and picked up the roll of counterfeit money. I took his address, in order that he might be used as a witness when wanted. I had no further trouble with Joe. We started off, leaving the woman still standing behind the counter. Joe was locked up at police headquarters for safe-keeping. A few hours after being locked in one of the cells, Philip Farley, one of the New York police headquarters detectives, met him on Houston Street. Phil, who was as sharp as a needle, recognized Joe at once, and, reaching out his hand, made a grab for him. Joe started and ran. The detective was after him in a jiffy, and soon overhauled him. He was taken back to headquarters and again locked up. It was *found upon investigation* that he had managed

to slip out behind the turnkey, who of course could not see behind him.

Joe was convicted and sent to Kings County penitentiary for a term of three years, — a light sentence. When Joe's time expired, I had almost forgotten him; although people sometimes turn up when least expected, I was somewhat astonished at Joe's appearance in my office at 57 Bleecker Street over three years after I had arrested him. He had served his time, and had come to the conclusion that I was the first man to whom he would pay his respects. I was busily writing at my desk, as Joe came in unnoticed by any of my clerks. I looked up and saw Provanzino before me. I did not pretend to recognize him, although in fact I knew him very well. His first words were, —

“Do you knowee me, Colonall?”

“Oh, I have met you somewhere,” I replied.

A revolver was lying on the shelf under the desk, and its handle was in my hand in an instant. My first thought was that he had come to get even with me. So he had, but in an altogether different manner than would be supposed by people who have read of the revengeful dispositions of the Italians. Joe went on: —

“Me gittee out now; me be goodie man. I likee you.”

“Oh, you're joking me,” I replied. “What *do you want, anyhow?*”

"Me deade brokee, — me gottee no monee ; me now go to workee and be a goodie man."

"All right, Joe ; I am glad to hear it. If there is anything I can do to help you, let me know."

He then repeated that he was dead broke. I handed him a ten-dollar bill, and told him to come again. He appeared to be grateful, and honest in his intentions. At the time I was not quite certain of it, but afterwards became satisfied he meant just what he said. He had been completely knocked out and turned into a decent citizen.

It appeared from Herring's statement that the express package sent to St. Louis was addressed to a fictitious name, but the party who applied for it was the notorious Miss Anna Copani. Anna was a full-blooded Irishwoman, young and rather good-looking. She had married an Italian named Copani, a shover of the queer and all-around thief of note. When Anna applied for the package, she was watched, and at the moment she was delivering it to her husband both were arrested. The rooms where they lived were searched, and considerable counterfeit money of the same kind and denomination was found there. The result was that Copani and his wife were both convicted, and sentenced to serve a term in the penitentiary at Jefferson City, *Missouri*.

Some time afterwards I received a letter from Mrs. Copani, requesting an interview on matters of importance to the government. I sent a capable detective to interview her, as I could not very well go in person. She proposed to give valuable information, act as stool-pigeon, and make deals with a large number of Italian counterfeiters in the South. She would do this in exchange for a pardon, first for herself, and afterwards to include her husband. If she accomplished what she had promised, I agreed to recommend her husband's release. At my request her pardon was granted at once, and she was placed in the charge of a shrewd Italian detective. The pair started together down the Mississippi River. I will not go into details in regard to what followed, but it may be quite sufficient to say that Mrs. Copani and the detective raised particular hell with the Italian coney men all along the route, and that they finally trapped a big gang of Italians engaged in shoving counterfeit money in the city of New Orleans. In fact, Mrs. Copani accomplished much more than she promised, and it is hardly necessary to say that the government carried out its part of the contract.

Mr. and Mrs. Copani made their appearance in New York after a short time. Both rendered valuable service to the government. Copani *was finally caught* in a house robbery and sen-

tenced to the penitentiary. His wife again did good work for the government. I will mention something about her farther on.

AN ISRAELITE NOT WITHOUT GUILF: A DANGEROUS GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS BROKEN UP.

One J. L. Oberworth, a young Israelite, came to my office one day to obtain employment. He bore the appearance of shrewdness on his face, and I concluded to try him. He proved a fortunate find. He was a very smooth talker, and a complete surprise to rogues. He had a genius for setting up a scheme, and could play a fine hand among the counterfeiters. While prowling about the city, he succeeded in getting a clue that finally led to the capture of more than a bushel of finely engraved plates for the manufacture of bogus revenue stamps of various denominations, and two finely executed steel plates, one for the printing of United States five-twenty bonds, the other for printing ten-dollar national bank notes. Both of the latter plates were captured before they had been put in use. They were so like the genuine as almost to defy detection. Capture was also made of upwards of a million representative dollars of spurious revenue stamps, printed ready for use, but not disposed of. It was discovered that the sixty-pound tobacco stamp had been counterfeited,

and a large amount of them had been sold to small manufacturers. So well were they executed, that no doubt of their genuineness had been raised in the minds of the government officials. No one seemed to be fully able to determine their real character. Time and chance, however, often perform wonders. The secret in this case was at last unlocked by Oberworth the Jew. He had formerly been in the employ of a tobacco manufacturer in Chicago, and still carried the cards of the factory, and occasionally used them to do a little humbugging with. He chanced to make the acquaintance of one Volney Wright, a frequenter of one of the lager-beer saloons on the Bowery. Volney was known to be a pretty slick sort of fellow, and hard to do up. But he was greatly taken with the appearance of the Jew, who, though a remarkably honest man, had no conscientious scruples in making money where it could be done with reasonable safety. Wright somehow became quite confiding with his new acquaintance. One evening, while the pair were filling up on lager-beer at the Jew's expense, Wright drew a sixty-pound tobacco stamp out of his pocket, and told Oberworth it was genuine, but he had a friend, a clerk in an internal revenue collector's office, who could furnish any amount of them at fifty cents on the dollar.

The intimation was that they were to be

stolen. The Jew said he thought it was the kind of a snap he was looking for, and was ready to purchase the stamps, as he could use them at his factory in Chicago, and that he never objected to turn an honest penny whenever it could be done with safety. "I will take the whole lot," he said. The stamps were all right; it was no fault of theirs, and it was no harm in sneaking them from a rich government. "Bring on the stamps," said Oberworth. "I am the man you are looking for."

So it was arranged that Wright should furnish his new customer with a lot of them. The deal was to take place early in the morning opposite a certain number on Sixth Avenue, not far from Bleecker Street. The dealers were to meet each other on the street at the designated place, and make the exchange of tobacco stamps for money, of course. Both were on time as agreed, Wright standing on the west side of Sixth Avenue, and Oberworth standing nearly opposite him on the other side. Four detectives were also in the same square, — two at either end of it. The detectives appeared stupid, and attracted little or no attention. I was there looking into a window on the corner next to where Wright stood. Oberworth gave the signal agreed upon with Wright. It meant the coast was clear, and he was ready to "make the deal"; it was also a signal to the detectives to close up on their man.

Somehow Wright acted as though he had begun to smell a mouse, and moved past me towards Bleecker Street. I moved towards him, intending to give him the collar; but as I approached him he quickened his pace, and almost in the same moment broke into a run. He was a tall, athletic young fellow, and a pretty good looper, and not altogether a novice in crime. I afterwards learned he was well known at police headquarters as a crook. I was pretty good at a foot-race in those days, as was evidenced by the fact that my three assistants were soon lost sight of. I was pretty close on to Wright's heels as he jumped on to the rear end of a street car that was making good time towards Broadway.

I caught up with the car and jumped aboard, but as I did so Wright ran out of the other end of it and jumped off. I ran after him, and he turned into Broadway, making good time. He was now partially hidden from my view by the crowds of people moving along the sidewalk, but I caught an occasional glimpse of his plug hat. He entered the Grand Central Hotel. I followed in close upon his heels. As he was ascending the stairway to the floors above, I grabbed him by the leg and he gave up at once. He did n't object to being arrested after I had once reached him, but he wondered what on *earth* I had against him.

I took him to my office and searched his person, but found nothing to criminate him. He then gave me the laugh, and said if he had known I was a government officer he would not have run. He affected to believe that some fellows were trying to put up a job on him. A lame excuse, he thought, was better than none. He had to say something, I suppose. It turned out that he had dumped the bundle of counterfeit tobacco stamps, which he was carrying when I started after him, under the seat of the street car as he passed hurriedly through it. The driver of the car picked up the package, and it was finally turned over to me. These stamps proved an eye-opener to the government officers. As the manner in which they were arranged upon the printed sheets was quite different from the government way of issuing them, there was no longer any doubt about the stamps being counterfeit. Wright was a pretty fly one, and knew just enough of the law to make himself believe he had the best of me. Consequently it took me a long time to get a squeal out of him. I succeeded, however, at last in convincing him that it was for his interest to make one deal with the party from whom he purchased the stamps for the special benefit of the government, in order to square himself.

He accomplished all he agreed to. From this *beginning we succeeded* in breaking up one of

the largest and most dangerous gang of counterfeiters that ever infested this country. Several of the conspirators were men of capital and promise. Colonel Robert Clarke, of the 14th New York Volunteers, Marcus B——, Hart L. Pierce, John Rippon, R—— C——, Captain Wm. Kempton, and Benona Howard were among the number. Robert Clarke was a gallant colonel, highly connected and well to do. Marcus B—— was a man of wealth and leisure, and an ardent church member. Hart L. Pierce was an engraver of much experience. For many years he was in the employ of Tiffany & Co., the most noted jewelers of New York city. He had also been in the employ of the American Bank Note Company. John Rippon and Captain Wm. Kempton were brothers-in-law. Kempton had been a sea captain. Rippon had for a long time been attending strictly to business in the counterfeiting line. Benona Howard was a large match manufacturer. I think he was mostly noted for his piety. One C——, residing at Cambridge, Mass., was also an active participant in the conspiracy. The total number of persons arrested was seventeen. Pierce and C—— were the persons who did the engraving, and they were altogether the most important men in the affair, as both were skilled in executing fine work. C——'s vignette-cutting and *Pierce's lettering* were good. In fact, they were

about as expert in their line as the best engravers in the employ of the government. I arrested Pierce at his office at 39 Nassau Street. Every movement of his had been carefully shadowed by my detectives for some time previous to his arrest. A shrewd officer had been introduced to him through the courtesy of the Hon. Volney Wright. I entered Pierce's office, and as I stepped in front of him I exhibited my badge of office. Without ceremony I put my hand into the inside vest pocket of the almost paralyzed man, and took therefrom a nicely engraved bed plate of a manifest stamp, an exact imitation of the one made by the government for printing three-dollar revenue stamps. The plate was quite warm when I took hold of it. It had been tempered but a few minutes before I entered, for the purpose of transferring it to a roller, preparatory to making the final transfer to a set of plates to be used for printing stamps in large sheets. To say that Pierce was astonished on account of the sudden turn in his affairs does not do the subject justice. A corpse-like pallor spread over his face, and great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. I was almost frightened myself when I placed my hand upon his face and found it as cold as marble. He tried to speak; his lips moved a little, but there was no sound. He then sank to the floor in a death-like faint. *He was soon revived, however.*

With the assistance of two secret service officers who accompanied me, he was raised into a seat. The arrest came upon him with the suddenness of a clap of thunder. He evidently thought himself secure from the hands of the prying detectives, but had made a miscalculation and was caught in a manner to completely unnerve him. I came pretty near pitying the poor devil myself, notwithstanding I knew he had been doing a great deal of work on the sly for counterfeiters. He was one of the most repentant sinners I had ever met with. He owned up everything he knew in regard to his confederates. He was taken to my office, and I spent hours with him. It is hardly necessary for me to say the information he gave me was put to its full use.

I was now more than ever convinced that I had started out upon a crusade of no small magnitude. The developments were almost past belief. "Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "can it be true that Robert Clarke, the gallant colonel of the 14th New York Regiment, has, like the youth of Actæ, got his foot in it? Is it possible that a man of his experience can so far forget his station as to pattern after the folly of a youth? Has he been seeking Diana and her nymphs in a sunny pool? Has he got to be run down and torn to pieces by his own dogs?"

Colonel Clarke's nearest friends became at once his most dangerous foes when they saw him

in his true character. In his greed for wealth he had concocted a conspiracy that would, if undiscovered, make him the possessor of millions; but, alas! discovery came to bring ruin to him and all engaged with him. It was a pity that Pierce's statements were found to be true. Indeed, they were more than true; one man could not tell it all, as there were several parties engaged in the conspiracy who were known only to Colonel Clarke.

When he was taken into custody by a government detective, who was lying in wait for him at Pierce's office, he appeared as haughty as a prince. The evidence of the colonel's guilt was found in the rooms he occupied up town. It was there in profusion, too. The officers found it in almost every bureau and stand drawer, and in trunks, boxes, and valises. One box contained the plate for printing the sixty-pound tobacco stamp heretofore spoken of. Plates were found for making almost every stamp authorized by Congress. Hundreds of sheets of stamps, printed and ready for issue, were also found.

When Colonel Clarke was brought to my office, he proved to be an altogether different sort of man to deal with than those I had usually met. He was totally unlike Pierce. He held up his head, looked me square in the face, and denied every charge brought against him, swearing by *all the saints in Christendom* the whole thing

was a put-up job to ruin him. He was a good one. He had faced the cannon's mouth upon the battle-field, and cared no more for detectives than he did for the shot and shell of rebels. He fought like a tiger when arrested. It took several men to persuade him to submit. He badgered me in my office, and in the court-room before the United States Commissioner. He said it was a put-up job, and he was bound to be revenged for the wrongs done him. He was committed to Ludlow Street jail. While awaiting his trial, he planned a scheme to do up the detectives. But alas, for man's ingenuity! he made a failure, and put his foot in it again. He arranged, through letters written by himself to outside parties, to produce witnesses to swear the counterfeit stamps and plates were carried to his room by the detectives. Somehow I got on to his scheme. His letters fell into my hands. Statements were cooked to suit him, and signed by fictitious names. He made a long affidavit corroborating the fictions furnished him. To these he affixed his signature, and, swearing to them, he was ready for the detectives. The statements furnished him were a tissue of falsehoods, but he had written them out himself, prompting the supposed persons as to what they were expected to swear to in court. The affidavit made by Clarke in corroboration of the false *statements* of the mythical parties outside, to-

gether with all of his letters, were brought out on his trial, and he was so completely entangled in the meshes of his own net that his lawyers advised him to plead guilty and throw himself upon the mercy of the court. But he now attempted to play the insanity dodge, which proved about as successful as the one tried by Ulysses when he ploughed the ground with a horse and an ox and sowed it with salt; and his madness was just about as easily detected. The colonel was examined by experts, and, having been found to be sane, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to serve seven years in the State's prison. He had made a fight as fallacious as it was transparent, but it showed him to be a man of nerve. He had profaned the temple of justice, had been struck by lightning, precipitated into the waves, and left to perish. There are two classes of fools on earth. There is but one in Tartarus beneath. The colonel finally broke down and owned up, but his confession was made too late to be of any service to the government. His whole scheme had already been torn out by the roots.

AN ENGRAVER OF COUNTERFEIT PLATES.

I learned from Pierce that one C——, a resident of Cambridge, Mass., was the engraver of the three-dollar manifest stamp plate. He had done *all the work except the lettering*;

the latter was the work of Pierce. I also learned that C—— was then engaged in cutting a 5-20 United States bond plate, and that he had just finished a ten-dollar national bank plate. Pierce had done the lettering on the latter plate, and declared that it was the finest and the most complete piece of counterfeiting in existence. He did not know the parties who had employed C—— to do the work, but he said they were way-up fellows, and were wealthy. After I had learned all the little details possible to be gleaned from Pierce about the affair, I jotted the items down in my notebook.

R—— C—— had his office in Boston. I learned from Pierce that he had been in New York at 39 Nassau Street, where the former was arrested but a short time before, and that while there, he had taken an impression of the manifest stamps upon paper. After doing so he held up the impression, and, scanning it carefully with a magnifying glass, turned to Pierce and said, —

“It is a perfect beauty. We have got it, line for line, and dot for dot.”

These were C——’s exact words, and they served a good purpose; and I was now ready for a tussle with him. I started at once for the City of Notions. Arriving there in the morning, I took my breakfast and went directly to

No. 11 Bromfield Street, where C—— had his office and did his work. Entering a room upstairs, I found a man busily engaged in engraving upon a steel plate. The plate was to be used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co., for printing passes. It was a legitimate piece of work. The engraver was a rather nice-looking man, of perhaps thirty years of age. As he turned to speak to me, I observed that he wore a calm expression upon his countenance. I summed him up hastily from his make-up and the tone of his voice, and set him down as a weak man. He did not appear at all like a criminal. This can't be C——, I thought. It must be an innocent employee of the rascal I am looking for. I braced up, however, and said, —

“Good-morning, Mr. C——; have I made a mistake?”

“Oh, no, sir,” was the response. “I am the proprietor of the place, and my name is C——.”

“You are an engraver, I believe?”

“Yes,” he replied, in an effeminate voice. “I am working principally for Messrs. L—— and B——, but am always ready for a good job.”

The firm of L—— and B—— was one of the best in Boston. I learned afterwards that this firm had a high opinion of C——, and they believed him to be an honest man. So he was, at one time in his life, but like many another

nice young man he had fallen, and had permitted himself to be seduced from the path of an honest life. For a price he had sold himself to a gang of New York counterfeiters and forgers, a coterie of rascals ever on the alert for victims to do their bidding.

These fellows had somehow learned of C——'s artistic ability with a graver, and had tempted him with a power oftentimes more potent than the laws of Heaven or the fear of worldly punishment. C—— had Christian parents, and had been brought up to go to church and been taught to pray, and to sing in the choir. But his Christian education was to little purpose. His thirst for money was the foremost yearning of his heart; hence he fell into the dust of iniquity.

"Mr. C——, my name is Whitley. I am the chief of the secret service of the government. I came to this city especially to see you, sir." I spoke as forcibly as I could, as it was my intention to create an impression on the man before me, and I think I succeeded. He seemed to grow smaller as I stood looking him in the eye. He sat on his stool and stared at me.

"What is the matter with you? you seem to be upset. Were you not on the lookout for men of my stripe?" His reply was scarcely audible.

"I guess you are talking to the wrong man. I don't know what you mean."

"Come, come, now, old fellow, don't make strange of this visit. You have heard of the arrest of Pierce, and you know what I want."

Assuming a milder tone of voice, I told him in a confidential way that I felt sorry for his friend Pierce, as he had told me the truth from the beginning. "It is now your turn to do what you can to square yourself with the government. I want the plate of the Merchants' National Bank of Chicago, and the 5-20 bond plate."

By this time he had rubbed up his senses a little. He denied all knowledge of these things.

"You are on the wrong track," he said. "I am well known in Boston, and have been an honest, hard-working man all my life."

This statement caused me to straighten up a little, and walking towards him, and looking him straight in the face, I said, —

"Look here, sir, don't you call me a liar to my face. I was looking over the transom of the door from an adjoining room when you took the impression of that manifest stamp at 39 Nassau Street, and saw what you did with my own eyes, and heard what you said, with my own ears. You are the very man, so come right square down."

I repeated the words to him which I had *learned by heart.*

"Now give up the plates, or I will slap the handcuffs on to your wrists and take you to New York. There is no time to bandy words."

He fairly wilted at once.

"Suppose I can get the plates, will you let me out?"

Then, becoming quite lenient in my manner towards him, I told him I was sorry to find him in such a predicament, and if he would surrender the plates I would do all I consistently could for him, but he must turn up every piece of counterfeit work he had in his possession.

"I'll do it," said he, "but I can only give you the 5-20 bond plate, which is not quite finished. The ten-dollar national plate has been delivered to a man in New York."

"Will you tell me who that person is?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes; I have known him for some time, and I have been at his house in New York. I know his real name."

He then told me all the particulars connected with the ten-dollar plate, and many other transactions he had had with the New York man. He said, if the bills printed on the ten-dollar plate were in circulation, he did not believe they could be detected.

I went with C—— to his home in Cambridge, and received from his hands the 5-20 *bond plate*; also the one thousand dollar gen-

uine bond from which the plate was copied. The coupons had been clipped from the bond, and retained in the possession of his New York employers.

It was now arranged that he should accompany me to New York. He went voluntarily. I kept him in hiding there for a time, and finally locked him up in Ludlow Street jail. He furnished me with valuable information. I think, if I remember rightly, he remained in jail nearly two years. He was afterwards indicted by the grand jury. I went to the house of Judge Woodruff, of the United States Circuit Court, and gave him a full and complete account of C——'s crimes, and of the service he had rendered the government. The judge consented to give him a light sentence. He was then taken before the judge and sentenced to thirteen months in the King's County penitentiary. If my memory serves me right, he never saw the shadow of the inside walls of this institution, but was retained in jail for a few months, and pardoned by General Grant at my request. I found C—— to be a man of fine sensibility and really possessing a keen perception of right and wrong. For this reason, and the services rendered, I thought the punishment he suffered would prove a salutary lesson, and I believe it did. At any rate I had faith in his *promise to lead an honest life*. If he has

since been engaged in any wrong-doing, he had not been caught.

A NEST OF COUNTERFEITERS.

There were important parties still at large connected with the great conspiracy in hand. The mill where the counterfeit revenue stamps were ground out was situated fifteen or twenty miles from New York, on Staten Island. On a bright and beautiful Sunday morning seven men, including myself, started for Prince's Bay to the point where the printing was supposed to have been done. The place was located out of sight of the lighthouse; otherwise it was somewhat remote from human habitation. It was well selected for the perpetration of dark deeds and silence.

It was ascertained that a schooner-load of household goods, machinery, and mysterious boxes had been shipped to the point we were about to visit, several months before. A trail of half a mile through the brush brought us in sight of the house we were in search of.

The locality was carefully reconnoitred. The men first advanced, and entered the house cautiously. I followed the two detectives inside. The rest of the detectives surrounded the premises. We found in the house John Rippon, a plate-printer, and William S. Kempton, a retired *sea captain*, and Rippon's wife and three children.

dren. In this case the gray mare was the better horse, as the woman ruled her husband. The inmates of the house soon learned the nature of our business. All denied any complicity with counterfeiters, and appeared indignant because of the invasion of their home, especially on the Sabbath day. We searched the house. Two rooms were locked; one down stairs and one up. A demand for the keys elicited a prompt refusal. We were on the point of forcing the doors, when Mrs. Rippon came forward and surrendered the keys. In the room below we found a large amount of paper, such as is used by the government in the manufacture of revenue stamps; a supply of inks, oil, and jugs filled with gum; a die for making three-cent silver pieces, and dies containing all the letters of the alphabet and numeral figures. No plates for printing stamps could be found in either room, but there was a perforating press for punching the holes between the stamps on the printed sheets; also a large hand printing-press. Both of the men shut their mouths as close as a clam. They would give no information. They pretended to know nothing of the plates and printed material or anything else. After conversing with the two men in a casual way, I invited Rippon into a room by himself. At first he refused to answer my questions. He appeared as *harmless* and silent as the moderator

in a Quaker church. The argument I used to bring him to a squealing point was the very best I could command, and in keeping with the day.

I preached a sermon on the wicked ways of men, not forgetting to set ajar the door that led to a partial condoning of the crime of which he was accused. I pointed out the fact that self-preservation was the first law of nature. I insisted upon a clean confession, and the surrender of all the plates and counterfeit stamps in his hands.

I had almost reached his heart, and his lips began to move, at least he had weakened enough to give me hope, when at this moment his wife burst into the room. She had evidently been listening at the keyhole. I cannot describe the woman, but had I ever looked into the eyes of a fiend incarnate, I might be able to tell the reader how she then looked. Her eyes glistened like those of a snake; they were small, and as black as midnight. She fastened them for a moment upon those of her husband, at the instant placing her forefinger across her lips. I saw the man was cowed. The woman was silent, but her glance was terribly effective. I requested the woman to leave the room. She refused, and had to be put out. After an hour's talk or more, I again brought Rippon, as I *thought*, to the point of yielding, but almost at

the very moment the woman, with the seeming intuition of the Evil One, sprang into the room. She squared herself before her husband and gave him one of her looks. This seemed to settle him at once. I saw that my preaching was of little avail against the powerful influence of this remarkable woman, and directed the officers to take her into custody and hold her in a remote part of the house. For the third time I appealed to Rippon with all the power I was master of. I suppose I had grown quite eloquent by this time. He at last reluctantly consented to expose the hiding place of the material we were in search of. Taking a spade, he proceeded to the garden, where he jabbed it into the earth in several places within a space of ten feet, but appeared too weak to do much digging. The spirit of the poor devil had been crushed by his wife. One of the officers came up and took the spade, and after digging vigorously for a while, a large tin box, about two feet square, was unearthed. When the covering was ripped from the box, Rippon handed me the key. The box was opened, and it revealed the transferred one-cent revenue stamp plate with two hundred and ten impressions upon it, the bed piece and transfer roller, and thousands of printed sheets ready for use. The plate was the work of R— C—, and was almost *equal to the genuine*.

After Rippon had surrendered the plates, he divulged the fact that he was supplying these bogus stamps to a large match factory in Jersey. On the following day the officers made a raid upon the factory, arrested the proprietor, and seized a large quantity of bogus stamps. It cost the manufacturer his liberty for several years, and the confiscation of his factory.

Rippon was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary. By the irony of fate, Mrs. Rippon was deemed to be under the influence of her husband (?) and was discharged. The judge, I suppose, was a believer in women's rights, and therefore excusable. Kempton forfeited his bond and left the country.

There was another match manufacturer, one Benona Howard, who had a few years before been connected with Rippon. He was a wealthy manufacturer in New York city. He had been strongly suspected of defrauding the revenue by the use of counterfeit stamps before he closed out his factory. A partial investigation of his affairs under a former revenue collector, who held office during Andrew Johnson's unhappy régime, failed to discover the fraud or the counterfeit plate used in printing stamps. Howard, it seems, having the plate done up in a heavy coating of beeswax and tarred cloth, had cast it into Prince's Bay at a certain point, where it *might* be recovered when wanted. Each match

stamp in those days contained the name of the maker. The wealthy match manufacturer supposed himself safe, but no rogue knoweth the day nor the hour when the detective's hand will be placed on his shoulder. The sea generously gave up the bit of steel, that the wicked might be brought to punishment, and the avaricious rich man be brought to see the error of his ways. A humble oysterman named Stoeys, in pursuing his vocation, accidentally fished up Howard's match plate with an oyster rake. Stoeys sought to turn the prize to good account, and had just begun negotiations with Howard, whose name he saw upon it, when I got an inkling of the precious find, and the fact that Stoeys was likely to fall through temptation. The fellow was about as moral as people usually are, but he needed money, and had frightened Howard into offering a round sum of money for the possession of the plate by threatening to show him up. But, alas for man's duplicity ! before the bargain between Howard and Stoeys was fully completed, a new bidder appeared in the market. It was a government detective. The last bidder may not have proffered so much in cash, but his offer was infinitely more potent in its influence. The innocent Stoeys and the guilty match manufacturer were both arrested. The stamp plate was turned over to a relentless competitor in its purchase.

The resurrector of bivalves, finding himself arrested, at once yielded his innocent title to the plate. His little game of attempted blackmailing caused him much anguish of heart. It was a phenomenal find, but a troublesome foundling to have in the house. If he had been really honest, or if he had been sharp enough to drop it back into the water, he would have been much happier. Howard said afterwards he thought the detectives were in league with his infernal majesty ; but he was mistaken in this, as it was not Howard's friend that was so earnestly engaged in dragging all sorts of dark things to light. It will be seen that even the depths of the sea will give up a secret when it is essential in furthering the exposure of pious, well-cloaked rogues. Howard was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years. Stoeys was released after he had been held for a time, and given an object-lesson.

It had now become apparent that we had struck a conspiracy with extended ramifications. Threads had been picked up that were leading to the arrest of persons in other parts of the country. Detectives sent to Richmond, Va., reported the capture of no less than nine persons engaged in the tobacco business who were using bogus sixty-pound tobacco stamps. We also arrested several parties in North Carolina who *were implicated* in the same proceedings. The

officers of the secret service division now had their hands full, as they had struck a lead calling their attention to Staten Island, where it was discovered much of the stamp-printing had been done.

A FIFTH AVENUE VILLAIN.

I will tell my readers about my visit to the bedside of a man whom I will call Marcus B——. His real name has never appeared in print to my knowledge, and for the sake of his innocent family I will not give it now. He was the person for whom C—— engraved the ten-dollar and 5-20 bond plates. I have often beheld with astonishment and a shudder of pity the ruin of innocent women and children through the crimes of the husband and father, which, though most shocking to humanity, should not be visited upon the heads of the innocent. The crime of counterfeiting admits of neither excuse nor justification. When every obligation which the law imposes has been duly violated for years, and the day for punishment has at last arrived, hardened criminals many times plead for mercy to their families, asking the officers of the law to do what they themselves have never done. The sense of wrong-doing brought home to them by the sentence of the courts sometimes has more effect upon the minds of these men than the *knowledge of their sins and their obliga-*

tions towards their families. They may not yet have heard the still small voice that should thrill through their hearts and souls, and, as it speaks, give happiness or torture to their minds, — the voice of conscience, the voice of God. It is reserved for that incomprehensible tribunal so to speak as to induce penitence, and to furnish ground upon which God may pardon.

Marcus B—— was the man who employed R—— C——, and the person to whom the ten-dollar national bank plate had been delivered. This man lived in a stately mansion not remote from Fifth Avenue, New York. His elegant establishment, from its locality and appearance, should have been quite above suspicion. It was only the occasional resort of counterfeiters. Of course the genteel neighborhood suspected nothing. But these are sometimes the least discerning in the world. Marcus B—— was a man of wealth, of fine address and high social standing, and yet a precious scamp. He was ill of slow consumption at the time I had resolved to see him. He was one of those rigidly moral hypocrites, outwardly sanctimonious, inwardly rotten. He had been successful in deception, and was able to hide his sins under the cloak of piety most effectually; not even his nearest and dearest friends dreamed of his depravity. To all appearance he was a model *gentleman*, a veritable pillar of the church of

which he was a fashionable member. In his sickness he became the object of many eloquent prayers among the brethren, as he was looked upon by all as a bright and shining light to follow. But the facts in my possession made it necessary for him to be interviewed by a carnal-minded detective. As he reclined on a pile of foam-white pillows in the last lingering grasp of consumption, the faint tinkle of his door-bell did not reach his ears. It was a very quiet ring, only loud enough to bring up a servant from below stairs to open the door. I told the servant I had taken the liberty to call, as I had special business with Mr. B——. The servant looked puzzled; he had been instructed to admit no one to his master's chamber. He evidently did not know where to place me; he did not seem to be quite certain whether I was a lawyer, doctor, or condoling friend. My countenance was solemn enough for a minister's, but as I lacked the clerical suit I suppose I was assigned a place among the legal profession. I was admitted to the parlor.

"Please inform Mr. B—— that a gentleman is most anxious to see him on very important business."

To offset the denial he felt constrained to make, and convince me that he was telling the truth, he answered me, with the politest of bows,—

"It is quite impossible for you to see Mr.

B—— at this time ; the doctor has ordered strict quiet. He is very sick, sir, and cannot live long at the most."

"Tell your master that I must see him at once."

The command was stern and still, and the servant retreated in vague alarm.

"If your business is so very important, I suppose you must see him; you will find him a shadow, sir. Take a seat. Your card, if you please."

"Tell him a gentleman wants to see him."

The servant started up stairs. I followed him with steps as soft as any cat. He put his hand upon the door knob and hesitated. I opened the door, crowded past him, and announced myself. The servant was surprised, Mr. B—— evidently amazed. I turned to the servant and said, —

"You can retire now."

I think Mr. B—— was not quite unprepared for a visit of this kind. C——'s arrest had been published. I think the man had put his faith in money; it was occasionally a pretty sure way to cool off the detectives. So he slowly turned his shrewd, bright blue eyes towards me, and with a look that plainly said, "You are an impudent man to intrude in this style," he spoke out and said, —

"Who are you, and what do you wish?"

His quaking soul must have answered the question. The sick man assumed a haughty air, and waited for me to speak. I did not feel awed in the least.

"Excuse me, Mr. B——, my business with you is imperative" —

"And impertinent," he replied.

"Oh, yes," I said, helping myself to a chair and unbuttoning my coat. "You may have anticipated my visit, and it may be hardly necessary for me to state the nature of my business."

I gave him a glance at this moment that I thought contained a world of meaning.

The sick man had faced danger before; he stared at me as though studying my character and estimating the price of my silence. His looks bespoke dignity, but not humility.

I told him that if I had not been certain he was beyond escape, he would have been several days before locked up in Ludlow Street jail.

"Your language is offensive. Who are you, sir?"

"Well, sir," said I, "your business is much more offensive to the statutes than my language is to you."

He again asked me who I was.

"I am the chief of the government secret service, sir; and I want you to deliver to me that

ten-dollar counterfeit plate that you received from C——."

"Sir, ejaculated B—— in a tone of insulted pride.

"Come down," I said; "your offended dignity does not disturb me in the least; I have got a sure twist on you."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Perfectly well," I said. "You are Marcus B——, one of the most unscrupulous dealers in counterfeit money in the United States. You have financiered in queer, and evaded the law for years. You have amassed a fortune for yourself, and you have ruined scores of men who, but for you, would have lived and died honest. You have brought want and shame and sorrow to happy homes. You have lured honest men from honest trades to do your unlawful work, while you have screened yourself behind religion, and assumed the garb of praiseworthy morality. Your talent to deceive the public is admirable; in fact I have never seen it surpassed. High in the church, you chant hymns and mumble prayers, while your pockets are stuffed with bogus money. High in society, you look down with contempt upon the vulgar masses, and fairly curl your virtuous nose at the mention of crime. But, by the Eternal, you have baffled justice long enough. I know you *to be a thorough scoundrel from the crown of*

your head to the soles of your feet, — a double-dyed, perfectly finished, unmitigated scoundrel."

I had uttered this benediction in a forcible and positive manner. It cooled the sick man at once. He now said he was helpless and unable to refute my charges, and had to endure my insults.

"I want the plate, sir! you know where it is, and it must be forthcoming."

"You don't know that," said he.

"I have the positive proof," I answered, "and it is undeniable."

"Who holds this evidence?"

"I do," I replied.

"Has it been made public?"

"No, sir; not a whisper has been divulged beyond my single control."

The questioner seemed relieved and said, —

"Why were you silent?"

"Oh, because I knew you were sick and could not run away."

"Upon my word, I have not the plate you wish."

"But you can get it, as you know where it is," I ejaculated.

He then said, in a low tone, "What will you take to let me off? I mean, what price do you put upon your silence?"

"The plate," I replied.

"I have never failed among the detectives, and I had rather have you on my side than against me. All men have their price; name yours and be done."

"The plate is my price; and if you don't deliver it, to jail you go, sick as you are."

The sick man then appealed to my feelings.

"My wife and children," he said, "are innocent, and for their sake spare me this disgrace. It will kill them. The law cannot hold me long at most."

"Don't come at me with your wife and children. You have deliberately jeopardized their good name yourself; you have lived year after year in the shadow of the State's prison, knowing all the while that discovery and disgrace were liable to overtake you at any moment. You ask me to spare the good name of your family. I have nothing to do with them; I have not ~~hazarded their~~ good name, and I am not responsible for their troubles. You have willfully hedged them in with shame and grief. If you did not care enough to keep a misery of this kind from your home, how can you expect me to? You have a fortune, and your children a mother. One of those men in jail, less guilty than you if he is the engraver, has a little motherless daughter left to — God knows what. Pierce has a wife, as good as yours, perhaps, *and as innocent*, with three or four children.

You have periled your own family; you and they must suffer the consequences."

The sick man turned his face and said, "If you have no mercy for the living, respect death. Can't you see that I am dying?"

"Yes, your career of crime is almost ended. I will let death have you without public censure. I do not want to grapple with a half-dead man, bad as you deserve it; and I really have some sympathy for your family. As you will shortly be beyond disgracing them, give up the plate I ask, and everything else you control dangerous to the government, and you may die and be buried like a good Christian, for all of my interference. Give up the plate quietly, or compel me to arrest you. Take your choice; but the plate I will have."

The sick man mused a moment, then said, —

"The things that you want are not in the city."

"How long will it take you to get them?"

"Perhaps two days."

"Don't you try to deceive me, sir, as it will only make matters worse."

"You need say nothing more," replied he. "Leave your address."

Three weeks after this interview I picked up a morning paper, and read in the death column, —

"After a long and painful illness, borne with

Christian meekness, Mr. Marcus B——, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. ‘He giveth his beloved sleep.’”

B—— had kept the promise made to me, and the plates were in my possession. So the government was as square with him as it could ever get. I thought I would attend his obsequies. The organ was rolling out a funeral dirge when I entered the church, and while the music wailed through the holy edifice, a velvet-covered, silver-adorned, flower-bedecked casket was slowly borne along the aisle, and deposited at the foot of the altar. A group of crape-robed mourners followed. A little girl with flaxen hair and wandering blue eyes clung to the hand of her sobbing mother. The mourners settled in the seats reserved for them, as their long, sombre veils hid their wet faces. They little dreamed how thankful they ought to have been that the father and husband and brother and son was dead, and not left to pay the penalty of his crimes. The church was crowded, and all was silent as the tomb. The minister arose, and his text, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,” was uttered in a manner appropriate to the occasion; but it required a considerable stretch of imagination to apply it to Mr. B——.

The discourse was touchingly eloquent, and ended by advising all present to follow the *upright example* of him who had entered into his

rest, who had kept God's ordinance on earth to find his reward in heaven; and comforted the mourners by assuring them, if earth were the poorer by their sad bereavement, heaven was richer in another glorified spirit, — which I sincerely trust may be the case. I might, however, reverse the matter, and contend that Mr. B—— was expiating his offense in another place remote from Paradise.

The history of this man's life was only known to three of the men present, and for the sake of humanity they, I trust, will forever hold their peace. This is but one of the many strange incidents that come to the knowledge of a detective. It was a case of fraud and deceit kept up and concealed to the very last breath of earthly existence.

DEFALCATION OF J. F. BAILEY.

One of the most sensational cases that came up in New York during my administration was the defalcation of J. F. Bailey, collector of the thirty-second internal revenue district. Bailey had long been known as the model collector of the internal revenue bureau. He had suddenly abandoned his office at 83 Cedar Street. Rumors were in circulation implicating him in some crooked transactions. Upon examination I found sufficient grounds upon which to base an *affidavit against him*. I charged him with

misappropriating a large amount of government money, and at once took possession of all the government books and everything in his office. The affair was the theme of much comment and conjecture in all business and political circles. Bailey's enemies were exultant at his overthrow, and ready to swallow any story told against their prostrate antagonist. The government officers at Washington were astounded at the developments made. Bailey had been more active in prosecuting revenue thieves than any other officer in the United States, and his virtues were many. Even the secretary of the treasury thought his excessive zeal had prompted him to use the government funds in his hands for the furtherance of the public service and the prosecution of offenders. The people at large and the newspapers, however, said he was far too shrewd and selfish for any such Quixotic folly. His books brought to light frauds that silenced his strongest friends in the department at Washington. The commissioner of internal revenue and the secretary of the treasury had dined and breakfasted with him on several occasions, and had approved of his actions in detecting frauds, giving him facilities for carrying out his plans, but they were deceived at every step. While it was supposed he was doing great service to the government, he was in *fact the greatest thief of all*. It was believed

there was a deficiency of nearly half a million dollars in his accounts. The investigation was somewhat difficult, as his friends were active in their efforts to cover up his offenses, and make it appear that the frauds he had perpetrated were known to the authorities at Washington. A large amount of the money paid to Bailey as collector of the fourth district was recorded in his books as uncollected. By this peculiar means he was enabled to retain large sums of money which should have been paid into the treasury.

The sureties of Bailey offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for his arrest. Several of Bailey's deputies were implicated with him. They stood their ground and were arrested, but the main criminal had disappeared for parts unknown. It was impossible to tell just how much money had been stolen, and the real facts for a long time were concealed from the public. The whole truth, perhaps, was never arrived at by the government. The assessors' list furnished no check upon such peculations; and as many of the supposed delinquent tax-payers had disappeared, it became almost impossible to measure the full magnitude of the fraud. Bailey was not slow to take advantage of the golden opportunity afforded him. He made raids upon the whiskey men everywhere, and opened up broad fields for blackmailing pur-

poses. It was also discovered that he had levied tribute upon almost every class of merchants who were engaged in defrauding the government, and such as they were numerous. Many of Bailey's deputies had taken checks payable to their own order for stamps to be printed on tin-foiled packages of tobacco by the authorized printers. Not one half of these collections were ever turned over to the government. The model collector and national fraud had proven to be one of the boldest pirates that ever pounced upon the government revenues, or that had ever been discovered in this country. He was forced to flee his country. He went to some point in South America, where he could not be extradited, and has, I believe, never since set foot upon United States soil.

The fundamental principle upon which criminal acts are based is weakness. No person with a whole intellect has ever been known to totally abandon himself to fate. Many, however, become so completely committed to a life of crime as to possess but few redeeming qualities. The anarchist, dynamiter, and murderer are not worthy of an abiding-place upon God's earth. It is nevertheless true that these wretches are ever ready to meet death in order to carry their point. The immolation of Jephtha's daughter brings to our minds no greater evidence of *folly and wickedness* than the numerous self-

sacrifices offered by misguided cranks. Men such as these have no conscience to appeal to; but it is different with other classes of offenders, many of whom are not rogues by nature. A sudden temptation or a great necessity for money has often led people to lose their balance and cause them to step aside from the paths of rectitude. These, once arrested and publicly exposed, are at once precipitated into the great sea with criminals, and are almost compelled to enter into the swim with villains.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

George M—— was arrested in New York city for engraving a counterfeit plate upon which postage stamps were to be printed. When brought to the headquarters of the secret service division, he begged to be allowed to assume a fictitious name.

“My arrest will kill my poor old mother, and break the heart of my sister; and there is Miss ——” (no name escaped his lips). “She will know all about this. I have been haunted ever since I began this nefarious work. Discovery has come at last. The dread of it has hung over me like a funeral pall from the beginning. I feel better now, since I know the worst. I believe the fear of danger is more terrible than the dread reality.”

George confessed everything, and said he

would not put the government to the expense of trying him.

"I will plead guilty and pay the penalty," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Here was a man of considerable culture, and seemingly a person altogether different from the usual criminal I had to deal with. He did not attempt to justify his lawlessness, nor seek to obtain mercy, as he evidently had no hope in this direction. From the moment he opened his mouth to give a history of the transaction he had been engaged in, I felt convinced he was telling the truth. Colonel Robert Clarke was the seducer in this case, as in many others. George was held in my office for several days. On the second day after his arrest, a comely young woman entered my office and sought a private audience with me. All were on the *qui vive* to learn the errand of one of so much beauty and seeming intelligence. She was actuated by a spirit of great devotion for the frail man who was then in the custody of an officer in another room of the house. Her eyes were sunken, and her face was furrowed with deep lines, as if from long suffering. I had not sent M. to jail, because I pitied him and hardly had the heart to do so. The woman who visited my office was wonderfully pretty, and her beauty was only surpassed by her intelligence. She *was neither bold nor subservient* in her man-

ner; hers was a maidenly modesty, buoyed up by a spirit fully equal to the occasion. She had by some means learned of the arrest of George M., who was her lover, and it was in his behalf she came to see me. She brought a letter of introduction from the president of a large engraving company. It certified to her worthiness. The writer, I think, knew her business with me. I listened patiently to the recital of her story. She said she had been employed since fourteen years of age to assist in keeping the books of the engraving company whose president had signed the letter. It was at this place that she first formed his acquaintance and became engaged to George. He was at the time in the employ of the same company, and had thus earned the reputation of being an honest man, industrious, and devotedly attached to his widowed mother and young sister, who were dependent on him for their support. He had been looking forward to the time when he might save enough money to marry Emmeline. For some reason he suddenly left the engraving company, against their wishes, to engage in other employment. The fact was, he had become involved in debt to the extent of several hundred dollars. Colonel Robert Clarke was his creditor. It was to pay this debt, and to earn enough besides to enable him to marry the woman he loved, that caused him to become a tool in the hands of the great criminal.

Emmeline said George possessed many good qualities of head and heart, and that he had denied himself the luxuries and even the necessities of life that he might contribute more liberally to the enjoyment of his mother and sister. It occurred to me that a man so self-denying and dutiful could scarcely be a bad man at heart. It was true, he was guilty of a kind of crime which, having once begun, held him in the power of his confederate. Emmeline proposed to furnish security for the future good behavior of George. She loved him, and was willing to do anything in her power to secure his release.

Here was an opportunity to do a good act and to make several deserving people happy, and I had no idea of dividing the pleasure of its consummation with any other person. I took the responsibility, and settled the case according to my own ideas of justice. I requested Emmeline to call at my office on the following day and receive my answer. I interviewed George, and made a proposition for his release. He acquiesced at once, and was overjoyed to accept the terms offered, as it would give him his liberty and a wife. I prepared an agreement for him; he read the paper, then looked up as if to speak. His eyes were full of tears. He asked me if I was really in earnest, and meant what I said.

I replied, "If you will fully comply with *those terms*," pointing to the paper he held in *his hand*.

"I will," said he, "but I am not prepared to be married within a week."

"Oh, yes, you are."

He said he had n't the necessary funds, even if Emmeline would consent to accept him after all that had happened.

"I am certain she will not refuse; and as for a week, that's a long time to wait in a matter of this kind, and I will loan you a sufficient amount to pay expenses and take your note for it; besides, I have secured a place for you to go to work with your old employers. They know all about this matter, and will reëmploy you and give you good pay as long as you wish to remain. I have taken a great liking to Emmeline, and I want to see her happily married before I leave for the West a week from to-day. Now, if you don't make her a good husband after all she has done for you in this case, you are a much worse man than I now believe you to be."

The reader may think it a rather strange proceeding on my part. Indeed, so do I; but George signed the paper and remained in my office until a certain hour on the following day. Emmeline was on time. I spoke with her privately, and explained to her how matters stood. She was agreed. The parties soon afterwards left my office together, with three hundred dollars in money, and I had a note.

Four or five days afterwards I attended their

wedding at a private house up town. The bride was neatly and becomingly dressed, and more lovely than ever. The bridegroom was attired in a genteel suit of black, and did not look a bit like a criminal. There were twenty or thirty persons present, friends of the bride and groom, among them the president and secretary of a large engraving firm. Everything went off smoothly, and to the satisfaction of everybody present, I presume.

Some months afterwards I was the recipient of a letter from Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, setting forth that a certain engraving firm who was doing government work had in its employ a notorious counterfeiter named George M——. He suggested that I should look after the person in question at once. In my reply to the letter of the honorable secretary I gave a succinct and truthful account of the arrest and release of George M——. I made the best argument I could in support of my action in the case. My course was fully approved of. In fact it was commended. So far as I know, George has remained an honest man and a good citizen, and Emmeline one of the best of wives; and she was just as pretty as ever when I saw her ten years ago.

Persons of almost every nationality are *continually* landing upon our shores. They flock

mostly to the large cities. Many of them are felons of the Continent to-day and citizens of the United States to-morrow. Each year brings its accession of anarchists, counterfeiters, forgers, and thieves. These emigrants crowd in everywhere. Our large cities all contain thousands of the ambitious poor who enter upon a style of living far beyond their humble means. Many localities are wholly occupied by those who are totally abandoned to shame and wrongdoing. Poverty and disease has its localities, but crime creeps in everywhere. To many, the Italians are the great bugbear. They have become the dark-lantern brigade of this country. Many of them, it is true, are bad, but taken as a whole they average far better than some other nationalities. They are not altogether so bad as they are painted. I employed some of them as detectives. They were true to their calling, steadfast and loyal to the government. Speaking many languages, they were useful especially among their own countrymen.

Louis Del Homo was a unique and successful strategist, an adept in capturing smugglers, internal revenue thieves, and counterfeiters. He one day strolled aboard an Italian barque hailing from Naples, lying at a pier in Brooklyn. He had heard the officers of the ship were engaged in smuggling. Del Homo, in his inimitable *suave* manner, introduced himself to the *supercargo*, Michael Aiello.

Of this unsuspecting smuggler he purchased four hogsheads of wine, to be delivered on the following morning between six and seven o'clock. The wine was taken from the ship on trucks, almost under the eye of a custom-house official, carted to New York under the direction of the supercargo, and actually delivered at my office door, the supercargo little suspecting the trap that had been set for him.

Del Homo met him at the appointed place, and accompanied him upstairs to my private office, where he presented his bill and demanded payment for the wine. The poor victim was at once taken into custody. He was astonished, but submitted gracefully, and was taken before a United States commissioner, and sent to Ludlow Street jail.

The casks contained about four hundred gallons. It caused the seizure of the ship and the dismissal of the custom-house officer for his bat-like blindness. He probably could not see in daylight. A warrant was taken out for the captain of the vessel, but he managed to keep out of sight of the officers until the vessel put out to sea under command of the first mate. The revenue cutter was sent after her, and she was towed back to New York and libeled.

A poor Cuban patriot was once introduced to me at my office by Del Homo. The unsuspecting victim came to strike a bargain with me

for a thousand unstamped cigars, which he was willing to sell cheap.

"Vell, ze me habe mucho fino segaros un mill. You want 'em, you take 'em for cinquenta pasos," said Española. "You see, me gits zem contraband, and zey muy fino."

"I see, old boy," I said. "I'll take the cigars and yourself."

The arrest was explained to him by Del Homo.

"Sante Marie Dios!" said the Cuban refugee. He had to be hustled to jail to keep him from kicking himself to death.

The Italians were rather more given to counterfeiting coin than paper, but they took a hand at both. There were scores of them in New York who lived wholly by their wits. They were believed to be dangerous parties to grapple with. Upon the principle that dog eats dog, I considered it the more effective way to break into their secret dens with detectives of their own nationality.

That this plan was successful in the end, there can be no question. The Italian counterfeiters of New York at last became more fearful of their own countrymen than they were of outside detectives.

As a result, many were made sufficiently suspicious to intimidate them from entering schemes *that required confederates*, as the very

fellows they were operating with might be working to entrap them, in the interest of the government.

A gang of these rascals, engaged in counterfeiting at 451 Columbia Street, Brooklyn, were unfortunate enough to find a purchaser for their bogus stuff in the person of the astute Del Homo. Plans were at once laid to capture the gang. A few days afterwards my officers rushed into the house on a run, taking the front door to the premises along with them. They surprised and bagged five Italians. Upon searching the premises there was found a beautiful die, of the date 1854, for coining three-dollar American gold-pieces (it was almost as fine as the one used in the Mint); many pieces of counterfeit American silver; a die for making nickels, and one for stamping Peruvian fifty-cent pieces; and all the paraphernalia necessary for manufacturing these coins. It was a very clever arrest. The Italians were all caught off their guard. They were armed with knives and pistols, but were so suddenly surprised by the officers, carrying revolvers in their hands ready for use, that they quietly surrendered without bloodshed.

Cases of this kind were of almost weekly occurrence. The Italians got about enough of it after a while. Many of them fled the city; *others* were sent to the penitentiary.

The Italian detectives were sent to other parts of the country, where they met with equally good success. They were valuable auxiliaries in the work in which I was engaged, and always proved faithful to the government.

One of the most extensive schemes of swindling that has ever been known in this country cropped out in 1870. The managers of this scheme made their headquarters in New York, where swindling was as much of a fine art in those times as it is in the present day.

The sawdust trick was an improvement on the boodle game, and has now become known as the green-goods racket. It is the same old cuss under an alias. Thousands of gullible individuals and would-be customers for counterfeit money have yielded up their good dollars to these landsharks for a box of sawdust.

The boodle-players, sawdust and green-goods men, have long pretended to be dealers in and distributors of counterfeit money. Probably few of them ever touched a counterfeit bill in all their lives. The word "boodle" is detective cant for counterfeit money. Society is divided into classes. Many who would otherwise live and die honest yield to temptation through an inordinate desire for rapidly acquired wealth. This kind of fish is easily made gudgeons of; they are ready to snap at any bait that is well covered and denotes riches. The sawdust swin-

dlers had obtained an unenviable notoriety as early as 1870. Of all the small thieves that ever infested our country and attacked the vitals of society, I think the pretended counterfeiters have been the most successful. Many of them have realized a large fortune. For a long time they plied their vocation with impunity, undisturbed by the government or local police, as there was no law to reach them. It is now an offense to use the United States mail for swindling purposes; therefore the green-goods men of to-day have been forced to seek other channels through which to find victims. I assume their trade at this time is less profitable than it was before the government took a hand. One of the ways adopted by these swindlers was to insert a mysterious advertisement of the following nature: —

“WANTED — Smart young men to engage in a secret and lucrative business. Large fortunes to be made. None need apply but those who mean business. Address,” etc.

Another would read, —

“WANTED — Two or three young men up to snuff.”

Craftily worded circulars were directed to the addresses of all classes of people, in every part of the country. Old fools and young ones, business men and even preachers, received these *circular letters*, offering counterfeit money for

sale. They were always confidential. It was the real counterfeiting that first suggested this adroitly planned swindle. It has been held by some that these pretenders were a useful class of people, as they nipped only those who were would-be frauds and ready to buy counterfeit money at the first opportunity. The headquarters of one of these swindling concerns was at one time located at 688 Broadway, New York. It was a pretty heavy concern, and carried on a thriving business in the sawdust line. The police had pulled the head of the firm several times for victimizing certain green ones; but as the law was defective, and both parties would-be swindlers, the courts considered the cases a stand-off. It was no more of an offense to sell sawdust than it was to offer to purchase counterfeit money. Circulars offering to sell counterfeit money were pouring in through the mails to the White House and Treasury Department by the bushel. Many persons to whom these circulars were directed supposed they had discovered a gang of real counterfeiters, and actually claimed a reward for their honesty in turning these circulars over to the government.

All this fool-business was turned over to me by the Washington authorities. I at last became tired of it, and concluded I would undertake to put up a job to frighten the sawdust *men out of the business*. I selected a circular

that had been addressed to a Jersey man, and sent a detective to the point where it had been taken from the mail, with instructions to drop a letter to the sawdust men and enclose five twenty-dollar counterfeit bills. The letter set forth that the party writing it was anxious to purchase certain denominations of counterfeit money. A tracer was put upon the letter, and the moment of its delivery at the headquarters of the sawdust swindlers at 688 Broadway was known to the detectives.

About half an hour afterwards a raid was made upon the place by the government detectives. In the office was discovered several cartloads of boxes in wrappers containing sawdust and small pieces of wood. These were marked C. O. D., and addressed to different parts of the United States. Several large boxes of circulars, offering counterfeit money, were also found. Upon searching the money drawer, the detectives were astounded to find five twenty-dollar bills of the same description mentioned in the circulars. I saw the books of the concern contained a large number of names to whom the goods were to be consigned, and others had made payments to the firm. The swindlers, whenever money was remitted to them for the purpose of purchasing counterfeit money, promptly dispatched to the honest consignee a box filled with *sawdust*. Upon the receipt of the prize the de-

ceived one would generally write a letter to the swindlers threatening arrest, etc., and would probably get a reply telling him not to be discouraged, as the box sent was only a blind; precaution was necessary to fool the detectives who were watching them; and telling the victim he was liable to get his package of counterfeit money at any time.

The boodlers were arrested, and the boodle captured and taken to secret service headquarters. The finding of the counterfeit money at the swindlers' place was looked upon as a very serious matter, and the firm of sawdusters, consisting of seven or eight persons, were locked up in jail. Several days elapsed before bail was obtained.

The swindlers were of course never tried, as the charge of having counterfeit money in their possession was only a job set up for the purpose of frightening them out of the business. I don't think the true inwardness of the thing has ever before been told; but as it was quite a joke on the sawdust fellows at the time, I will now give them the benefit of it.

Up to 1872, Andrew J. Wightman, the leader of the great boodle conspiracy, had been able to escape arrest. He frequently boasted of his ability to do the detectives, but he put his foot into trouble where he least expected it. A genteel-looking woman came to my office in Bleecker

Street one day, and said she was the keeper of a fashionable uptown boarding house, where none but genteel and responsible people were entertained.

She had in an unguarded moment lifted the cover of the trunk of one of her gentlemen boarders, as the trunk had somehow excited her curiosity ; and she just peeped in, you know, not thinking of any harm. What was her amazement to find it full of money ! It flashed across her brain that the money was counterfeit, and she at once concluded to inform the chief of the government detectives and have the affair looked into. She did not want to be known as the informer. I dispatched an officer to the boarding house. The trunk pointed out was found to be locked, but the detective got it open somehow. Its contents at a casual glance looked like money done up in packages like those handled by banks. The trunk was brought to the detectives' headquarters. A person known to the genteel boarding house as Wm. Cooper was soon afterwards arrested. I was a little surprised to meet in this person Andrew J. Wightman, the boodler. He was a little excited, apparently, but he gave me the laugh. I extended my hand to him. He smiled blandly, and remarked that he was glad to see me again.

"You have made another mistake in arresting *me*, have n't you ?"

The trunk upon examination was found to be filled with strips of paper cut the size of government notes. Upon the ends of these strips fac-similes of the money of the United States were printed. There was the goddess of Liberty, the denomination 5, and the work below it; on either end the words "United States" printed across the face in good style. Black and green inks had been used in an appropriate manner. Between these fac-similes of the government notes there was an advertisement for some business house down in Georgia. Taken as a whole, it was pretty good flash money, and its possession clearly in violation of the law.

"Look the stuff over," said Wightman, "and send the trunk back to my room. You have no use for them, but I have. I want them in my business."

"I need them, too. There's sufficient evidence in that trunk to send you to state's prison."

To this he demurred. Drawing from his pocket a pamphlet, he read the law which he said covered the case. I took the book and turned to another section which he had undoubtedly failed to find. He now learned for the first time that it was an offense to have the above described notes in possession. The law made it a crime to engrave, print, or have in *possession any notes in the likeness or simili-*

tude of the notes of the United States, or of any of the parts thereof.

Wightman said, "Let these men go out of the office; I want to talk to you in private."

He had evidently taken a tumble; he was not quite as well posted as he had fancied. He drew his chair close to me and began, —

"Colonel, you can probably cause me a great deal of trouble. I might beat you in the end, but I don't want to go into the courts. I can square this with you if you want a good thing. I am at this time operating with a gang of real counterfeiters in Philadelphia. They are getting ready to flood the country with counterfeit beer stamps."

He had touched the matter gingerly, and had somehow worked in as a silent partner. His idea was to keep far enough upon the outer verge to give him a chance to step out from under should the conspiracy be discovered. There were several parties in the transaction, and Wightman said he knew every one of them, and was ready to give them all away if I would let up on him.

I agreed to his proposition, and arranged with him to have the printer supply me with a large lot of the counterfeit beer stamps which were ready for delivery. I furnished him with a man to be introduced to old John Hart. This man I *knew to be* an old counterfeiter and state's prison

bird. The pretended purchaser, a government detective, on the delivery of the stamps bargained for, was to arrest Hart with the bogus stuff in his hands. The plan was carried out to a nicety. Shortly afterwards, on a stormy night at about the hour of eleven, old Johnnie Hart was caught on the street in Philadelphia. He walked right into a circle of detectives with a carpet-bag filled with the bogus beer stamps, and was grabbed instantly. Old Johnnie appeared as cool as a cake of ice. He did n't seem to mind his arrest at all. He acted as if he might have expected it. I took him to my room in the Bingham House, where I spent the remainder of the night in trying to induce him to squeal on the rest of the gang. Wightman did not know the engraver of the stamp plate, and I could learn nothing from old Johnnie. He was obdurate, and declared he was no squealer. He had no confidence in the promises of detectives any way. He knew he had been sold out, but by whom he had not the slightest idea, and I did not enlighten him.

I was there to acquire information, not to give it. After pointing out the dangerous position he was in, and preaching the law of self-preservation and salvation to my heart's content, I found him as wicked as ever. Detectives were in very bad odor with him, and the old scoundrel swore by all the prophets in heaven he

would never squeal. He would rather lay in the penitentiary until the ants carried him out through the keyhole. In fact, he said he rather liked to stay in prison. His family was alluded to in some manner ; this somehow seemed to touch a tender spot with him, and I at once took a new tack. It was now long past daylight. A carriage was ordered, and I told Hart I must take him to jail. With as kindly a look and tone as I could assume, I said I had resolved to let him see his family before locking him up. This seemed to please him. Following Hart's directions, we were a short time afterwards in front of a large tenement house. Everything about the structure betokened poverty. We entered the front door together, and went up the main stairway. After several knocks, we were let into a room by a woman. It was the wife of the prisoner. A squalid sight presented itself to me. On a mattress lying upon the floor in one corner of the room I saw the faces of two children peeping from beneath the tattered bed-covering, but their curiosity got the best of them at last, and both crawled out of bed and came near me. The old woman had on only an excuse for a night-dress ; her hair was straggling over her shoulders, and she looked the hag all over as she squatted right down in front of me on an empty box. Chairs were scarce in the room. She put her hands up to her face, and

began to talk in a whimpering tone. It was a sad picture to witness. I could but pity their sorry plight. One of the little girls at this moment came within my reach. I took her upon my knee and patted her head. She nestled close to me. The woman dropped her head and whined, "Oh dear! what shall we do? John is arrested, it's winter, and there is no money to buy coal, or food for the children, nor to pay the rent." Then she boohooed right out loud. This was a little too much for me. The old woman looked the humbug, and I really took little stock in her crocodile tears; but the sad faces of the little girls were too much for me, and my heart was really touched. I put my hand in my pocket (it was my opportunity, and I did not feel in the least hypocritical) and pulled out a roll of money, and handed the old woman two twenty-dollar bills of the government's money.

"There, my good woman, take that; it will help you."

I gave the children each a five-dollar bill. I really pitied these ragged children.

"These girls must have some clothes with this money," said I to the mother. I was playing a valuable part, but I did n't know it.

As I looked up, I saw I had won my case. The old counterfeiter was in tears, and they *were genuine tears*, too. I had touched his soft

spot, as he now came forward with outstretched hand, and, speaking as gently as a lamb, he said, —

“Look here, you are the only decent detective I ever saw. By G—! I will tell you all about it!”

The old woman chipped in too. In a few moments I knew for a certainty that she, too, was a criminal.

“Come along,” said they both, as they started towards the room door that led out into the hall. I followed into another room. Here was a printing press, paper, ink, and everything else necessary to do the printing of the beer stamps. Hart had worked off a large batch of these stamps on what is known as the bed-plate. It had not yet been transferred, so he only printed one stamp at a time; but upon the transfer he might have printed a dozen or more at each revolution of the press. The reason he did not have a transferred plate was because sufficient money had n’t been put up to pay for it. The plan was to work off a lot with the bed-plate and make a raise.

The engraver had been employed by Hart. Wightman did not know him. It was agreed that a portion of the first issue should go to pay for the plate. They had been lucky enough to find a customer in the government itself, but *the trade* brought no money. Hart came right

down to business with me now, and agreed to put the engraver into my hands; so it was planned that he should take the bed-plate back to the engraver with the pretense it was not cut deep enough, and give me an opportunity to find it in his possession. Hart met the engraver at the Camden Ferry, and told him that the plate needed a little retouching. It was agreed that the plate should be ready at eight o'clock the same night, as it was wanted in a great hurry. Upon receiving the plate that night, Hart agreed to pay the engraver three hundred dollars, which had been agreed upon at its completion.

Promptly at eight o'clock that night Johnnie was on hand at the place designated, and several detectives took their positions near the front door of the upstairs entrance to the engraver's place of business on Chestnut Street. Johnnie stood at one side of the entrance, I squatting right behind him and partially hidden by a column. The engraver came down on time, stuck his head out of the doorway, and said, —

“Icht all richt?”

It was a German; I knew it by his speech.

“All right,” said Johnnie; “I have the money.”

The cunning Dutchman had left the plate on the stairs behind him, and had looked out to *see if the coast was clear*, and satisfy himself

that Johnnie was there with the money. He now turned back, picked up the plate, and was in the act of passing it to Hart, when I rose up and grabbed him by the neck. He had the money in his hand.

"Gott in himmel! vat ish dish?" he exclaimed.

"This is the United States government," I informed him, "so come along with me," and he came. Other detectives were there, but I did the collaring myself. The man arrested was Maurice Traubel, an engraver who had been doing business on the quiet while posing as a respectable citizen. He was, I believe, the worst frightened and most repentant man I ever saw. He said he was ready to go to heaven at once, and begged me to shoot him.

Finding that I would not comply with his wish by blowing his brains out, he insisted that I should take him to Texas, and put him in some prison where he never could be heard of by his family. He cried and took on like a child who was about to be whipped. It seemed almost too bad to arrest such a baby. His family were highly respectable people, living in Camden, New Jersey. When they learned of the affair, it quite broke their hearts. Traubel admitted that he had been doing crooked work for nearly thirteen years, but it was the first *time he had been arrested*. He did not attempt

to conceal his crimes, but owned up to everything.

The United States District Court was then in session in Philadelphia, and in order to hasten matters, I went before the grand jury, the next morning, and took Traubel in with me; here he told his own story, and was indicted almost instantler and taken before Judge Cadwalader, of the United States Court. On the same day he pleaded guilty and received a sentence of five years in the penitentiary.

On this occasion I was for the first time introduced to that peculiar specimen of other days in the personage of Judge Cadwalader, a man of threescore and ten. He somehow reminded me of the picture I had seen of William Penn and his associates. As a judge he was a regular stem-winder; his face looked as stern and cold as though chiseled in marble, but his hands were animated with sufficient life to make up for his lack of voice. He kept his mouth almost shut when he talked, and for aught I know may have had a touch of lockjaw. He managed to give me a little lecture on court etiquette, as I backed out of his presence. I tried to appear to be deeply impressed with what he said, although I succeeded in donning my usual smile shortly afterwards.

It was the old story with John Hart,—repent *to-day* and *sin to-morrow*. He had been in

crooked business so long, he had acquired a genius for rascality. In less than one week he was again in the hands of the detectives. Some of the other parties to the conspiracy had been offering bogus beer stamps to certain brewers. A detective had been put on the track of these would-be dealers, and they had agreed to sell him a lot of stamps. The deal was planned to take place in New Jersey. Jersey justice in those days was swift of foot. The pretended purchaser said he was afraid to do business in Philadelphia, as he had committed some offense there, and was shy of the government detectives.

Who should turn up with the stamps in Jersey but Johnnie Hart! He had been sent with them by his partners, it appeared. These last stamps had previously been delivered to Hart's partners. It was now Hart's turn to receive a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary.

Maurice Traubel was, I believe, fully sensible of the enormity of his crime and of his deserved punishment, and it brought with it repentance. But Johnnie Hart belonged to the regular army of rascals, which he had joined almost at his birth. It is difficult to convert an old sinner (so long standing; he had always been pro against the entreaties of detectives. I suppose I touched his only soft spot when I reached his heart through his wife and children. Punish

ment seemingly had no more effect on him than does the tread of a fly upon the horn of a rhinoceros.

The men engaged in the last transaction with Hart were Colonel L. J. Sherman, William B. Grover, and Frank Mackey. All were caught dead to rights in the city of Philadelphia. Sherman and Grover were partners of Wightman in the great boodle game. Wightman knew their connection with the beer stamp business, but had taken the precaution to leave them out of his pretended confession. He was willing to sacrifice Hart, but did not expect the case would reach Sherman and Grover. His calculation miscarried. It is only when an endangered accomplice through personal fear seeks to screen himself by divulging the secrets of his confederates that justice gets what belongs to it. The shadow of the State's prison looming up brought out all that was selfish in the heart of Andrew J. Wightman. He came as an extinguisher, willing to turn out the lights of his fellows to save himself. In his career he fleeced scores of men, but it became his turn at last to serve his country in State's prison. He breathed free air for a time, but was finally landed in Sing Sing prison for a robbery.

Out of the trials of Sherman, Grover, and Mackey there grew a little unpleasantness between United States Attorney Aubrey Smith

and myself. Mr. Smith wanted to let Color Sherman out, and use him upon the witness stand. I thought the government did not need him. A letter procured by me from Attorney General Williams settled Mr. Smith, and Sherman was convicted. Smith then wrote a letter to President Grant, complaining of my interference in his affairs, and threatened to resign his commission as attorney if I was not kept out of his district.

In a short conversation with General Grant about the matter, he simply said to me, "There are lots of district attorneys in the State of Pennsylvania." This remark, from a man of General Grant's character, to my mind settled the case. At any rate, I heard no more of the affair from any quarter. We succeeded in making a clean sweep of the entire gang engaged on the bogus beer stamps. All were sent to the penitentiary at this time, except the wretched Wightman, who got his deserts shortly afterwards.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the much admired poetess of passion, has advanced some strange theories. In her poem entitled "Distrust," she soars high above this wicked earth, and gathers flowers pleasing to the sight and smell, and deliciously sweet to the imagination. She speaks of the world as it ought to be, perhaps; but *think*, when this poem is viewed in its proper

light, it will be found to be quite misleading, false, and dangerous : —

"Distrust the man who tells you to distrust.

He takes the measure of his own small soul, and thinks the world no larger.

He who prates of human nature's baseness and deceit looks in the mirror of his own heart, and sees his kind therein reflected.

.

Be not afraid of nectared love, of friendship's strengthening draught,

Nor think a poison underlies their sweets.

Look through true eyes, — you will discover truth ;

Suspect suspicion, and doubt only doubt."

As a word-painter and theorist, the poetess of passion appears a phenomenal genius. The conception and language of the poem have a bad effect upon the minds of the young, and turn their thoughts in the wrong direction, as its doctrine is wholly inapplicable to this world of stern realities. When we view life as it is, the theories of this gifted woman are seen to be in direct opposition to nature and the immutable laws governing men. Love and confidence, when wisely bestowed, as they ought to be when two minds and hearts are linked together for common interests, should leave no room for distrust. But the guileless, unsuspecting man or woman who steps forth to engage in the battle of life with the selfish, cold-hearted hypocrites *to be found in all places and in all seasons*

should be sure to carry their distrustful thoughts around with them. Otherwise they will find themselves the victims of pretended friendship. Therefore 't is better to admonish the young to be suspicious ; and it cannot be impressed too deeply upon the minds of all that they should beware of strangers, beware of false philosophy, and falseness everywhere. Let it be understood that the smoothest-tongued people are the best equipped to deceive, and therefore the most dangerous. Let the young keep their eyes open, and never cease to distrust the motives of those who proffer apparently disinterested friendship. Don't forget that cussedness is coiled at every corner of the streets, and that it is always ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting. The every-day circumstances of life give the lie direct to the theory advanced by the poetess of passion. Sentimental poetry may sound well to the ear, but it does not always speak the truth. The earth is everywhere studded with the graves of the unsuspecting unfortunates whose untimely deaths were the results of misdirected and misapplied confidence. Enter any one of the numerous cemeteries of our country, select a mound of earth, and read the inscription upon the marble tablet there erected. You cannot read the true history of the sorrows that befell the now inanimate *form* beneath it, as it is not engraved in letters.

I will read it for you : "Here lie the remains of an unsuspecting woman. In life her form was beautiful and her heart was pure. Her hair was brown, with eyes to match, and her exquisite lips, rosy cheeks, and dimpled chin bespoke the happiness within. She had read the poem written by the poetess of passion, and it so nearly accorded with the promptings of her own true heart, that she adopted its sentiment as her own. Her heart was filled with love and charity. A meek-appearing man came one day. He quoted poetry aptly. It was the story written by the poetess of passion. The trusting girl turned her soulful eyes towards him, and her heart was filled with gladness. There was a sweet wooing, — a happy spring, a joyous summer, and a terrible fall. One irretrievable step, one murder, one suicide, that's all."

As a further evidence of the subtle ingenuity of man and the necessity for distrust, I shall offer the reader —

SAM BROWN AND HIS WONDERFUL CANE.

The story of Sam Brown and his miraculous cane is a good illustration of the fact that all men are not what they seem. Samuel Brown was a man of seemingly godly ways. Although he moved in good society and possessed a polished education, it is wonderful that he was so

long permitted to tread the paths of apparent decency, and pollute the society of good men and women with his wicked presence. Smooth, prayerful, and tearful when necessary, endowed with the vocabulary of St. Paul, with a face as frozen and sanctimonious as that of an undertaker, he managed to pull the wool completely over the eyes of the truly good philanthropist and the man of every-day ways. Even the shrewdest detectives were at fault in regard to the deceptive ways of Samuel Brown. He lived in fine style. Well domiciled and elegantly dressed, he attended with his wife and daughters one of the popular churches of the great metropolis. His income was considerable. He loaned money upon small properties in many parts of the country, or at least he claimed to.

Under pretense of attending to business, he frequently made long trips to the far West, sometimes taking a circuitous course, as he said he so much liked to travel, and meet the good people, and inspect the beautiful cities, villages, and hamlets to be found on his route. Before starting out on his contemplated trip, and from point to point as he traveled along, he would write letters intended for himself, but addressed to an assumed name. When he reached a town where one of these letters had been sent, he would make his way to the post-office and *inquire* in an assumed innocent way for the mis-

sive (that he had himself written, of course), giving the name of the person to whom the letter was addressed. The old fellow always took the opportunity to remark to the postmaster that he was looking for a letter from one of his daughters, with some money in it, as he did not think it safe to carry too much cash around with him. The letter, being handed out and opened, usually contained a twenty-dollar note. Would the postmaster be kind enough to give small notes for the large bill? Postmasters are always obliging, and were generally ready to accommodate the genteel old gentleman. Although the bill received from Sam was invariably counterfeit, the good-hearted postmaster would rarely discover the fraud that had been perpetrated upon him until some time after the pious old gentleman had left town. In case the postmaster did not have the change, or was suspicious of the bill offered, old Sam's countenance would look as blank and impenetrable as a rock with no moss upon it. He would then trudge out and present the bill at a dry-goods or grocery store. Should he be arrested for attempting to pass counterfeit money, he could easily prove by the postmaster that he had that day received a letter, and the contents of it would be in perfect accord with the theory that he was wholly innocent. It is surprising that *a racket of this kind* could have been worked

for years on the unsuspecting people without being detected. But, as I said before, Sam Brown was a remarkably smooth-appearing man. In fact there were few people who would have dared to suspect him, let alone making an open accusation against him.

He had been slightly paralyzed in one of his hips, but had accumulated a considerable fortune by robbing the people, and finally came to the conclusion that traveling to a distance was tiresome. He always carried in his hand a large hickory cane. It had a broad crook for a handle, and was trimmed and nicely finished, to be in keeping with respectability. Should a friend, in conversation with Mr. Brown, offer to take the cane in his hand, the old rascal would fairly topple over, pretending that he could not stand on his feet without it. It was useful and he needed it.

Through some mysterious channel of information known only to detectives, Sam Brown was one day arrested with a counterfeit bill upon his person. The dear old man had no idea on earth where he got the bill. He kept a bank account, and may have received it there, or it might have been paid him by some one of his several debtors. He was nonplussed, and confessed that he did not know a counterfeit bill from a good one. He could not see very well *at best*, and said he was very liable to be im-

posed upon. The detective happened to be one of the distrustful sort. He knew that Mr. Brown was a respectable-appearing old gentleman, but he thought perhaps it might be well enough to figure him up a little. Brown feebly remonstrated against being brought to my office. It was of no use; the greater the objection, the more earnest the efforts of the officer. The dignified and eminently respectable Sam Brown was finally brought to my headquarters. He had been arrested at 93 Forsyth Street, just before tea-time. When the officer took charge of him, he braced up and laid down his cane, but for some unexplainable reason the detective picked up the stick and put it back in its owner's hand. The old man may have smelt a mouse, but he had nothing to say. He did not again lay down his cane, as it might create suspicion in the mind of the officer; so he brought it with him, and leaned heavily upon it as he moved along in a jiggering way.

When he entered my office, I invited him to be seated. I began to cross-question the old chap at a lively gait. He was in a very mild mood, and answered me with much seeming truth. I had about made up my mind to permit him to depart in peace. He was so smooth and easy in his conversation, that I began to think he had been wrongly accused. Here it comes *again*, that ever-present distrust of men. I

reached out and took his cane, and as I carelessly trundled it on the floor I thought it sounded hollow. It looked honest, was of goodly size, and had an unattractive-looking iron ferrule at its lower extremity. I took hold of this ferrule. It unscrewed, and disclosed the end of a string. I pulled the string and brought down a large button, which shoved before it a compact roll of six hundred dollars in counterfeit ten-dollar bills. Here, evidently, was a dénouement entirely unlooked for by the genteel old patriarch, as he seemed surprised.

The whole plan of the cane was simple but ingenious. Canes have been used for many purposes, — sometimes to enclose dirks, billets-doux, whiskey, or to suppress roystering editors, — but this was the first time I had ever heard of one being used as a receptacle for counterfeit money. I now distrusted Mr. Brown's motives, and accused him of being a shrewd old counterfeiter. Well, the old sinner was fairly done up. The hypocritical smiles had left his face, and the tears trickled down his cheeks as he broke down, confessed his guilt, and begged to be spared for the sake of his wife and daughters. Here was the same old story of a life of crime pursued to the very verge of the grave, without a thought of repentance, until the threatening hand of the officers of the law had *been laid heavily upon his shoulder.* The ripe

old hypocrite and life-long sinner put up his trembling hands to receive the handcuffs, and met the fate of many a better man when he received a sentence consigning him to the penitentiary.

A FARCE IN COURT.

Sidney Stuart, who was at one time a successful criminal lawyer in New York city, was made the victim of one of his own clients. He was about seventy years of age, tall, raw-boned, and sentimental. He could shed crocodile tears copiously whenever he thought it necessary to carry a point. I have often looked on in wonderment at the effect produced upon juries by the tragical voice, long gray locks, and tearful eyes of this hypocritical lawyer. Even the judge on the bench and the opposing counsel were frequently seen to turn their heads and press their handkerchiefs to their eyes during the dramatic scenes enacted by this old fellow.

On one occasion, the detectives acting under my authority had arrested an Italian counterfeiter. The evidence in the case was so overwhelming that a successful defense upon legal grounds appeared impossible. Shortly after the Italian had been indicted, Lawyer Stuart came to my office as his representative, and *informed me that his client would plead guilty,*

and throw himself upon the mercy of the court. He said he had been retained to say a few words in mitigation of the poor devil's punishment, and do the best he could for him; also, that his client was humble, and ready to help the government officers by giving them information and assisting them in every way possible.

On the day that the Italian was to be arraigned, Stuart informed me in the court-room that his client had refused to plead guilty, and that, as he had disregarded his advice, he could do nothing for him. When the case was called, the Italian pleaded not guilty, and a jury was organized to try the case. It was a choice selection of philanthropists. The evidence against the prisoner was more than sufficient to convict, and Stuart told me privately that there was no ground whatever for him to stand upon. The government attorney trying the case looked pleased, and thought he had everything his own way, and that there was little need of summing up the case for the government. No one thought for a moment that it would be necessary for the jury to leave their seats to consult upon a verdict, as there seemed to be no dispute about the guilt of the prisoner.

When Stuart arose, as he said, to speak a few words for his client, his face appeared unusually grave and solemn. He turned his strangely *fascinating* eyes upon the jury,—as he raised

his long arms above his head, and said in a trembling voice, —

“My God, gentlemen of the jury! is this poor unfortunate man to be deprived of his liberty upon the unsupported testimony of a lot of hirelings? The government hires these men” — pointing to the detectives — “to set traps, and victimize the ignorant and unfortunate.”

He now placed his hand tenderly upon the head of the prisoner, and bade him arise and stand where twelve honest men could look him in the face. The Italian knew how to play his part of the little game, and the old lawyer went on to say that he had been employed by the heart-broken wife of the poor man to appear and say a few words in his behalf.

“I have received no fee, and God knows I would not accept one. This man cannot tell you his own story, but this is the first time he has been arrested. He can’t read a word, and does not know a good bill from a bad one. He has a wife and several small children.”

The old lawyer stretched his hand towards the motley gathering that surrounded the railing which protected the court from intrusion. A poorly clad woman, with a tearful face, and four half-frightened children hanging to her skirts, now came forward.

“Here,” said the lawyer, taking the woman *by the hand* and turning to the jury, “you see

the wife and children of this poor, ignorant man. May God help them! If this man has committed a crime, it was to save his children and his wife from starvation. He does not want to deny the act he is charged with, but he is innocent of any wrong intent; and those vampires of society, the detectives, know it; and yet they are willing to pursue these innocent children and this broken-hearted mother to the very threshold of destruction."

The old man appeared to be fairly overcome with grief as he begged the jurors to release the protector of a defenseless woman and her helpless children. During this scene the courtroom had put on the silence of a tomb.

The district attorney now arose and briefly reviewed the evidence in the case, and asked for the prisoner's conviction. The judge made his charge, and the jury retired to a side room for a short time, and finally returned with a verdict of acquittal. The judge, the district attorney, and the detectives were astounded, but there was no help for it. The jury had been fairly overcome by the scene presented to them. It was shortly afterwards learned that the family that appeared in court to be used by Stuart were in no way related to the Italian on trial, but were the wife and children of another Italian, who had loaned them for the occasion!

Some days afterwards, as I was hastening

towards the Federal Court in Chambers Street, I met Stuart. In an excited manner, he put his hand into the inner pocket of his vest and drew out a large roll of counterfeit money.

"Here," said he, "Colonel, take this d——d stuff."

I took the package, unrolled it, and saw that it consisted of twenty twenty-dollar counterfeit notes.

"There," said the lawyer, pointing to the bills in my hands, "is what I got for defending that d——d Italian scoundrel. He paid me my fee in counterfeit money, and I came near getting into trouble by it myself, as I paid out several of the bills before I learned their character; and one of my victims brought a police officer to have me arrested. Now, Colonel, you keep the stuff, and catch that rascal again, and we will give him fifteen years in the penitentiary."

I laughed, and complimented him upon his skill as a revivalist and all-around liar; but he thought I ought not to blame him for doing the best he could to get his client out of trouble. The Italian fled to Canada, and was never afterwards seen in New York to my knowledge.

THE GURNEY GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS.

William Gurney, alias Big Bill the Koniacker, for many years a widely known *cracksmen*, *counterfeiter*, and all-around thief, was

born in Saratoga County, New York. At an early age he delighted in reading of the reckless deeds of daring robbers, and the subtle schemes of counterfeiters and forgers.

The glowing descriptions of the hairbreadth escapes and imaginary successes of these men seemed to glorify and exalt them in his mind, and he somehow came to look upon these outlaws as men far above those in the honest walks of life.

The seed thus early planted took root, and expanded until it became an impelling force in his after-life, and caused him to forsake his father's home and country associations for an abode in the city of New York, where step by step he became one of the most daring and dangerous criminals of that wicked metropolis. At every opportunity offered for the exercise of his baser nature, he exhibited a heartless disregard for the rights of others that was truly surprising. The making of counterfeit money was a specialty in that day, and furnished a broad field for exercising the genius of the unscrupulous.

Young Gurney, on account of his subtle ways and manifold schemes, was looked upon as a valuable acquisition to the counterfeiters. Having formed the acquaintance of such men as Jot Miner, Hank Hinman, Tom Ballard, *Hank Hall*, and a score or more of other coun-

terfeiters and forgers, he launched forth upon a fearful sea of crime. Many of those engaged with him had been criminals for over a quarter of a century, but they were nevertheless surprised and astounded at his push, energy, and superior boldness; and they gracefully yielded the palm to one who could open up new and unheard-of ways of fleecing the public.

Plans were now entered into for the purpose of flooding the country with counterfeit money. It was a scheme of great magnitude, involving a large amount of capital, and resulted in scattering millions of dollars of bogus money of every denomination in almost every town and hamlet in the United States. To be the chief distributor of such a combination as this was the crowning glory of Gurney's most ambitious fancy. The nefarious business was quite successful for a time, and for some unknown reason the Gurney gang of counterfeiters were permitted to escape punishment up to the spring of 1869.

Shortly after my appointment as Chief of the Secret Service, I received information in regard to a rather unique affair that took place at one of the drinking resorts on Houston Street, New York. It appears that Gurney invited a large party of counterfeiters to partake of a banquet at this place. There were twenty-four persons *present at the feast*, including three ex-detect-

tives. One of the ex-detectives came to see me on the following day, and gave me a full account of all that took place on the occasion of this remarkable assembly. It was certainly a high old time among the counterfeiters. My appointment as Chief of the Secret Service was discussed, and pronounced a good joke upon the government. Gurney made a speech, wherein he said to the villains assembled that the new Chief of the Secret Service might do for a preacher, or an internal revenue clerk, but that he could never cope with shrewd men like the queersmen.

"Now is our opportunity to reap a rich harvest," said he; and amidst the cheers of the crowd the speaker said he would take the new chief in hand, and keep him stuffed full of bogus information in regard to counterfeiters. "At the same time," said he, looking wise, "I will draw information from him, and keep posted upon all his movements."

Gurney's scheme took well with the crowd, and all agreed that he was a great man. If what I heard of the sayings of this coterie of scoundrels was true, they must certainly have thought me a "green un." They were all assembled around a long table, feasting and drinking wine. They drank my health and hurrahed for the devil. I doubt if the feast of Belshazzar would be "in it" when placed in compari-

son with the one indulged in by this motley gathering. The ex-detectives and counterfeiters bandied jokes and jostled each other as they thought of the good times in store for them. The banqueters laughed and drank wine as they cast their eyes about. If there were any fiery letters of warning written upon the walls, all were too drunk to see them. The detective who came to me on the following day furnished me with a list of the names of the parties in attendance, and I resolved to teach them a lesson. I thought it was best to permit them to wax fat for a time, or until I was satisfied they were thrown off their guard sufficiently for me to entrap and arrest the entire party.

A few weeks afterwards, Bill Gurney called at my office in New York, as he said, for the purpose of paying his respects and tendering the offer of some information in regard to counterfeiters. The artless-appearing fellow said that when quite young he had been foolish enough to engage in counterfeiting, but that he had now washed his hands of the nefarious business, and was there to render such assistance as he could to the government. He had called because he thought he might be of use to me. I affected to receive him with open arms and gulp down for truth everything he had to say. There is no doubt that I made a *good impression* on the great man's mind, as he

was certainly badly caught in the meshes of the invisible net I afterwards wove around him.

Had I not known something of Gurney's character, I might have been greatly deceived by him, as he was a fine-spun and smooth-tongued man. He was over six feet in height, broad chested, and apparently of great muscular strength. There were but few men then walking the streets of New York that could compare with him physically.

His master spirit blazed forth from his piercing dark eyes, lighting up a rather pleasant face. He seemed candid in manner and conversation, and was certainly well equipped to deceive even the best students of human nature. I fancied I saw a lurking deception lying hidden beneath the clever mask he assumed while in my presence, and I made up my mind he was a subtle and dangerous man to deal with, and that few would care to have an encounter with a man of such gigantic proportions and apparent force of character. This was the opinion I formed of him at the time, but I afterwards learned that he, like most other criminals, was a coward at heart; and I was greatly astonished at his utter lack of nerve on the occasion of his subsequent arrest.

My first move against Gurney was to send one Mike Bower, a government detective, to *make his acquaintance*. I had selected Bower

because he bore no appearance of a detective, but was in reality as sharp as a needle. The detective went to Gurney's boozing-ken on East Bleecker Street, where, after loitering around drinking and smoking for several weeks, he one day called Gurney aside and informed him that he was hard up and must have a little money. At the same moment he drew a gold watch from his inside pocket. There was a short piece of chain hanging from the watch, giving it an appearance of having been nipped from some person's pocket in a hurry. Gurney snapped at the bait at once, and intimated with a sly wink that the watch had been stolen. Bower rather acquiesced in Gurney's intimation. This seemed to please Gurney very much, and he bought the watch for about one third of its value, at the same time remarking, "You are all right, my boy; when you want anything, come to me."

A few days afterwards, Bower again approached Gurney, this time with a diamond pin that had been clipped from its fastenings.

"I need some more money," said Bower.

As Gurney's eyes rested on the spark, he exclaimed, —

"You are a good one, old fellow. Did you ever handle any of the queer, eh?"

"I took a hand at it once, but I don't like to *take the chances any more.*"

"Oh, hell!" replied Gurney, "we have got everything our own way now. The government has all green detectives, and there is no danger of getting caught by them unless a fellow goes and gives himself up."

Gurney now produced a twenty-dollar counterfeit note, a fair imitation of the bills of the Shoe and Leather Bank of New York city.

"Here's something good enough to deceive the disciples with."

Bower finally accepted three hundred dollars of the queer for the diamond pin.

After this I instructed him to stay away from Gurney for a couple of weeks. While Bower had been working Gurney at his place of business, Gurney had been coming to my office every few days to work me. He said that he had at one time in his life handled counterfeit money, but had now quit the business and was anxious to assist the government officers in crushing out the crime of counterfeiting.

He thought I believed what he said, and that I looked upon him as a valuable friend. When he came to see me, I assumed as pleasant a smile as I could, and told him that I did not want to arrest people unless I was obliged to, as I did not believe in using harsh measures until they were forced upon me. Gurney appeared to fairly chuckle at my simplicity, and there is *no doubt* that my earnest manner completely

threw him off his guard, and led him to suppose that I was as green as I looked and talked. He thought I was appealing to him for assistance. He would sometimes assume an air of great mystery, and speak of the probable existence of counterfeit plates that might be reached for a large reward. So far as he was concerned, he said he would not accept a dollar for his services, as he had taken a great liking to me and wanted to assist me in any manner possible. I permitted him to blarney me to his heart's content, and he left my office with the impression on his mind, I assume, that he was pulling the wool over my eyes right along. The information that he gave me always proved to be worthless, but I allowed him to play me along to his own liking, as I believed I had a scheme then working that would finally bring him and his gang to justice.

About this time I had secured the services of one Myer, a person who had served a term in the penitentiary for counterfeiting. For a price, he was ready to sell out his old confederates, many of whom were now operating with the Gurney gang. A robust-looking man from one of the Western States was taken in hand by Myer, who in his turn introduced him to several shovers of counterfeit money who made their headquarters at a saloon on the Bowery. *The detective introduced was a pretty good*

shoulder-hitter, and I will call his name Batter.

Batter told the barkeeper at the beer saloon that he had but recently got out of the penitentiary, where he had served a year and a half for shoving a little queer. Some of the counterfeiters and thieves hanging around the place appeared to be a little suspicious of Batter; and while these villains were one day drinking beer in the back room a fight was picked up somehow, and Batter went in with the rest. He stretched out several of the fellows, but got pretty badly beaten before he got through with it, besides being robbed of his pocket-book and watch. When a crowd of thieves have a fight, they sometimes rob one another. Should one of the victims call in the police to assist him in recovering his property, he would lose the confidence of the rogues who had taken part in the fray. But should the robbed one keep silent and not call upon the officers, it would appear that he was afraid to go near them, and be the best evidence that could be secured that his own character would not bear investigation. One of the crowd of crossmen who had been engaged in the *mêlée* suggested police to Bat, but he replied that he was afraid the police would arrest him. This was a settler, and the stranger now became *hail fellow well met* with the crowd, and soon proved one of the most successful shovers of the

queer that had turned up in that neck of the woods for a long time.

During the next seven or eight months the Hoosier detective did good work for the government. In order that my readers may understand these operations, I will inform them that counterfeit shovers, as they are called, generally travel about the streets in pairs. One fellow carries the bundle of counterfeit bills and stays outside, while the other takes one bill at a time, enters a place of business, purchases some trifling article, tenders the counterfeit note, and receives the change in good money. This precaution is taken, as the shover is sometimes liable to arrest in cases where the counterfeit bill is detected by the shopkeeper. It would therefore be dangerous for the shover to have counterfeit money in his possession, as it would indicate a guilty knowledge on his part, and probably lead to his conviction should he be prosecuted. In the case which I am relating, the detective did not actually pass the counterfeit money, as he always kept a good bill in his pocket to take the place of the one he received from the carrier. Having taken the counterfeit bill from this party, he would keep it as evidence against him, and would step into the store and get a good bill changed, thus successfully deceiving his pal who remained on the outside. *During the eight or ten months that Batter was*

traveling with these counterfeit shovers, he acquired evidence against some twenty persons of the Gurney gang, all of whom made a specialty of passing counterfeit money.

While Batter had been busy with this crowd of shovers, Bower had been equally successful in his operations with Gurney, and the time had come when we could arrest the entire party who had drank my health on Houston Street. On one occasion Bower purchased five hundred dollars of the queer money of Gurney, and handed it to me on the street, while I was on my way to take dinner at the St. Clair House. As I entered the restaurant, whom should I meet but Bill Gurney, looking as cheerful and innocent as ever. The rascal met me with one of his blandest smiles, and informed me that he had come up there especially to talk with me, and to tell me something that he had heard about some counterfeiting transactions out West. I took him by the hand and thanked him, and invited him to dine with me. We stepped into the room together, and sat down where Gurney could talk low in my ear. His information was about after the old sort, — all hearsay, with no particular point to it. He said my plan of being easy with the counterfeiters was working like a charm, and, striking his fist upon the table, he declared, "There is no counterfeit money in circulation. Indeed, I haven't seen a bad dollar in six months."

I put on a verdant smile, and complimented and thanked him for the service he had rendered the government. While I was giving him this innocent talk, I had my hand in my hip pocket, where it rested upon the package of counterfeit money that had just been purchased of him by Bower. Bill kept on pulling the wool over the eyes of the "green un," and laughing in his sleeve at his imaginary success. What followed, a few days afterwards, was made still more amusing by the fact that Gurney had frequently told Bower, in a boasting way, of the interviews he had had with me.

"Why," said Bill, in a burst of enthusiasm, "everything about government detective headquarters is known to me before it transpires, and I am looked upon up there as one of the chief's assistants."

The fact is, I had allowed Gurney to play me so long that he actually believed what he said, and had really come to the conclusion that he knew everything that was going on in my office. Bower had now won Gurney's confidence completely, and told him that he was going to take a trip to Texas, and was ready to buy three thousand dollars in counterfeit money if he could get it at a wholesale figure.

"Of course he could; get any amount of it."

It was now arranged that Gurney should supply Bower with the three thousand dollars, and

the transaction was to come off on the New York side of the Fulton Ferry, as Gurney said he did not like to make so large a deal at his own place of business. Bower was to be at a designated spot at a certain time, and Gurney was to pass along, deliver the counterfeit boodle, and receive six hundred dollars in good money in payment.

At the appointed hour, there was a large crowd standing around the ferry landing, waiting to take the boat. A few steps from Bower there was a seemingly honest tinsmith, with a joint of stove-pipe under his arm, and a pair of snippers in his hand, the soot upon his face and clothes indicating his calling to a nicety. Near the tinner, looking in another direction, there stood a man with a belly as round and plump as that of a gourmand. In one hand he carried a hat-box, in the other a valise. Near by there was another man, who was constantly looking skyward. He was tall and reverential-appearing, and his faultless side whiskers and spotless neck-tie, coupled with the ministerial cut of his coat, gave his face a sanctimonious expression. He would pass in a crowd for an expounder of the gospel.

When the ferry-boat struck the dock, Bill Gurney hurriedly stepped off the boat and peered cautiously and carefully around among *the faces* of those who were standing near

Bower. Being satisfied that there were no suspicious parties around, he drew a large package from under his coat, and stepped towards Bower as if to deliver it. At this instant the ministerial-looking man raised his hand as if to scratch his head. The fat man dropped his empty valise and hat-box, the tinsmith his snippers and stove-pipe, and both seized Gurney by the arms, while the ministerial man stepped up and sprang the handcuffs on his wrists. The affair occurred so quickly that Gurney did n't have time to catch his breath before he was securely ironed. The mighty Gurney just simply wilted, and a death-like pallor spread over his face as he gasped for breath. I now learned for the first time that Gurney was an abject coward when brought face to face with real danger. We took him to my office in a carriage. Having removed my side whiskers and made some changes in my clothing, I went into the office and shook hands with the crestfallen and almost paralyzed Gurney. The poor fellow was heart-broken, and begged for a private interview with me.

I replied that he had been interviewing me for over a year, and I thought that game was pretty much played out. But I finally sent my detectives out of the room, in order that I might hear what he had to say.

After a short talk with him, I came to the

conclusion that he might be of some little service to the government, as he proposed to introduce me to Jot Miner, the man from whom he said he had purchased the counterfeit money. Gurney was detained in my office during the balance of the day.

In the mean time I had sent out a large force of detectives to arrest all the members of the Gurney gang that we had secured evidence against. The two ex-detectives that met at the banquet had already been arrested, one at Pittsburgh, and the other at Cincinnati. During the afternoon and evening, up to eleven o'clock at night, the officers had succeeded in arresting twenty of the Gurney gang of counterfeiters, and the right hand of one was chained to the left hand of the other as they were arranged in a circle around the room. Bill Gurney was the centre-piece. Some of the persons arrested appeared to be badly worried and others mad. Several of them had been pulled out of their beds. One fellow among them wore diamonds, and had quite a reputation as a Tammany politician. Another bore the appearance of a dude. He was called Fishball among the girls along the Bowery. Bill Gurney was the most chop-fallen man of the crowd. I was n't prepared to furnish the boys with a banquet and toast them with wine, so I thought best to offer them a few *remarks*. I must say it was one of the most

novel situations that I have ever taken part in, and the scene would have been a dramatic one for a skilful artist to portray. I addressed myself to the arrested parties in a kindly manner, and tried to point out to them that the paths of criminals were beset on every side with dangers, and that detection and punishment were almost sure to follow wrong-doing. I said, —

“It is now over a year since you met together at a banquet on Houston Street to celebrate my appointment to office. You selected your worthy leader, Mr. Gurney, to visit me and humbug me. I want to say to you that Mr. Gurney has done his part of the work well, and I think none of you should find any fault with him in this matter. When I learned that you were so kindly engaged in looking after my interests, I resolved to return the compliment and look after yours; and you will observe that I have been quietly and industriously at work getting up an entertainment for you. The only thing I have to regret, gentlemen, is that I am unable to bring your friends, the two ex-detectives, to greet you to-night; but I can assure you that both of them are securely locked in jail.”

Bill Gurney was terribly taken down when I first informed him of the banquet I had in store for him, and begged piteously to be spared the humiliation of meeting his confederates *under any such circumstances*. I informed him

that the guests had been invited, and that the banquet must come off, regardless of consequences. Mr. Gurney paid strict attention to my remarks on this occasion, while several appeared to take the whole thing as a joke. A number of others were completely broken down, and no doubt felt like crawling into a pretty small hole. The entire crowd were sent to Ludlow Street jail, and in the end convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Gurney was now thoroughly humbled, but I could not quite induce him to make a deal with Miner for the benefit of the government. He said, that if I would go with him to see Miner, he believed we could secure the counterfeit twenty-dollar plates of the National Shoe and Leather Bank. I went with him in a carriage to see Joshua D. Miner, a man whom I knew to be an old counterfeiter, but who, on account of his wealth and political standing, had a good deal of influence in New York. We left the carriage on the Boulevard, and walked with Gurney a short distance up 69th Street towards Miner's house.

Just before reaching it, we met Miner on the sidewalk. Gurney introduced me to him as the Chief of the Secret Service, and told him about his trouble.

"I can do nothing for you," replied Miner.

I then invited him to step aside a little, where

I informed him that I was satisfied that he owned and controlled the counterfeit twenty-dollar plates on the Shoe and Leather Bank. He denied, and I insisted.

As a final result, Miner guaranteed that the plates should be delivered to me. In about a week from that date I received a railroad check for a package. I gave it to a detective, and he went to the depot and returned with an old hair trunk containing the counterfeit plates as agreed upon. Gurney was convicted and sent to Kings County penitentiary for a period of seven years.

One of the gang of shovers arrested with Gurney gave information leading to the arrest of one David Kirkbride. When the latter was brought to my office at detective headquarters, he was searched carefully by the detectives, and as nothing of a counterfeit nature was found upon his person, I was on the point of letting him go. His coat and vest had been removed for the purpose of making the search. While this was going on, I noticed that he held in his hand a large package of fine-cut chewing tobacco. After he had replaced it in his pocket, I reached in and took it out. When it was unrolled it was found to contain one thousand dollars in counterfeit money.

Kirkbride was now fully convinced that he *was completely* in the power of the officers, and

he agreed to make a deal with the person from whom he had purchased the bogus stuff. This deal resulted in the capture of one Steve Payne, upon whose person the detectives found one thousand dollars in counterfeit money. Steve Payne was now used to make a deal which resulted in the capture of Harry Cole with counterfeit money on his person. This is the manner in which counterfeiters are usually traced: The shover, or small dealer, is used as a stool-pigeon by the detectives to arrest the wholesale dealer, and so on until the capitalist, engravers, and printers are reached.

Cole informed us that Miner was the capitalist, and agreed to make a deal with him for some counterfeit plates which he said Miner had for sale. After the arrangement had been made, Cole came to my office and informed me of the time and place at which the plates were to be delivered. The deal was to take place at ten o'clock at night, on the corner of 67th Street and Broadway. The night happened to be dark and rainy, and everything was favorable for an affair of the kind. When Miner came to make the deal, as agreed upon, he was accompanied by another man, who left him just before he reached Cole. A detective followed the stranger and arrested him. When Miner came up to deliver the plates, two officers sprang out and seized *him*. In the tussle which followed, several of

his front teeth were knocked out, and he was badly bruised, but was finally conquered and brought to my office. He was in a sorry plight, but was bold and defiant.

I saw at once that we had no common sort of man to cope with. He was then living in good shape on 67th Street, between the Boulevard and Tenth Avenue. He was a large contractor, and had at the time about one hundred men employed on Ninth Avenue, blasting stone and cutting a street. His capture was looked upon as the most important that had ever been made by the government detectives, and he was heralded by the press of the United States as the autocrat of American counterfeiterers, and the monumental Tycoon of every species of villainy. If one half of the stories published against Miner were true, he should have been wiped from the face of the earth. But he knew how to use his great wealth to the best advantage. When the hair of his head stirred in the blast, judges and juries fell upon their knees to serve him. The peculiar and almost unheard-of ruling of the judge, and the verdict of the jury before which Miner was tried, appeared as a burlesque and a travesty upon the sanctity of justice. As a well-known Tammany politician, a driver of fast horses, all-around sport and briber, Miner was a howling success. As a *specimen of his greed and cussedness, it is alleged*

that he had the heartlessness to sell twenty-four hundred dollars in counterfeit money on the day of his wife's death, and while her body lay in its coffin in an adjoining room. In 1855 he was sent to the Ohio penitentiary for three years for counterfeiting. He somehow managed to make his escape, but was arrested in 1858 and returned to his old quarters, and shortly afterwards was pardoned by Governor Chase.

By many in New York, Miner was looked upon as a well-to-do gentleman who had worked his way through life by honorable means. When arrested in 1871, he was about fifty years of age, of striking appearance, a little below the medium height, and still active in his movements. The conformation of his face and head were peculiar, and indicated a criminal mind. His forehead was bulging, and his eyes, deep set in their recesses, were bright and piercing. His mouth was large, and his lips were thin and tightly compressed. His whole appearance, to those who have made a study of physiognomy, was that of a model criminal. Thoroughly educated in the ways of crime, without respect for sentiment or morality, he had no hesitation in employing any means that would serve his purpose.

His capture burst like a thunder-clap on the city of New York, and the newspapers on the *morning* following rang with the news of the

arrest of the greatest counterfeiter of the age, Joshua D. Miner! The man of millions had been arrested with counterfeit plates in his hands. What next! This was not the first time Miner had been in the custody of government officers, but his capture heretofore had been made in a quiet way, and the great man had always been able to squelch the detectives with his cash.

In 1864 he was believed to have gotten up the famous counterfeit of the one-hundred dollar compound interest note, of which seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars were printed and put in circulation. Hank Hall, Miner's brother-in-law, was arrested for this offense, but was released upon the payment of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The person who appeared with Miner on the occasion of the latter's arrest, on the corner of 67th Street and Broadway, proved to be none other than the notorious Thomas Ballard, one of the most expert engravers and forgers that ever entered the field of crime. At the time Ballard was arrested in company with Miner, he appeared as a total stranger to me, and I knew nothing of the importance of the capture made until I had secured a full confession from him.

I had some difficulty in doing this, but I *attacked him* in such a determined manner that

he finally weakened, and yielded information that took the detectives to 256 Rivington Street, and to 438 West 54th Street. Both of these places were searched. At 256 Rivington Street the officers found two printing-presses, two sets of engravers' tools, and a quantity of fibre paper, the manufacture of which was supposed to be a secret of the government. At 438 West 54th Street were found two presses and many sets of plates, tools for counterfeiting, and a quantity of new fifty-cent currency; also a one-hundred dollar plate in an unfinished condition, a twenty-dollar plate, and a ten-dollar plate, none of these wholly finished. There was also a two-dollar national bank plate, two fifty-cent plates, ten full sets of bed-pieces for making transfer rolls, one valuable transfer press, and a large quantity of type for altering bills; the whole constituting a printing paraphernalia second only to the one owned by the government. There were counterfeit notes of almost every description.

It may seem strange that establishments like these could be run safely in the city of New York for a number of years, but these factories had been started about the beginning of the war.

Miner, it was alleged, furnished the money and the brains to employ the engravers and *printers*, and for carrying out the plans for

supplying wholesale dealers, such as Gurney, Cole, and others. Both Miner and Cole had made considerable money out of the transactions. The arrest of Miner gave me a great insight into the power of money. I now learned more of its subtle influence than I had ever before known. The downright treachery and corruption of officials, the weakness and unfitness of the average juryman, were fully demonstrated in the Miner case.

Scenes transpire in so-called courts of justice, nowadays, that at one time would have thrilled the public with horror.

The peculiar and unheard-of rulings of judges and the schemes and devices resorted to by lawyers are often quite contemptible, and destructive to the best interests of society, as well as an invasion of the sanctity of courts of justice.

When first arrested, Miner was committed to jail without bail, notwithstanding the fact that he offered to furnish it in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. He was subsequently, however, released on a bond of twenty-five thousand dollars. During the time that elapsed before Miner's trial, I was constantly besieged by his friends, some of them begging and others trying to bribe me. A lawyer of note and good standing offered to pay me twenty thousand dollars if I would not press Miner to trial.

Every effort was made to buy up the government witnesses and detectives, but they stood up manfully and refused all offers.

One day, while I was in Boston, I received a telegram informing me of the escape of Ballard and several other counterfeitters from Ludlow Street jail. They all went out in broad daylight. It seems that a hole about two feet in diameter had been cut through the roof. Next to the jail was a tenement house. The prisoners somehow got on to its roof, and, forcing the scuttle, made their way down through the house into the street. A Mrs. Leonard, living on the top floor of the tenement, said she encountered the prisoners on the stairs, but was too badly frightened at the sight of the strange men to give the alarm. The escaping prisoners ran down through the hall, fairly upsetting a group of children that stood in their way, and, reaching the street, took to their heels.

On searching the cell occupied by Ballard, a handsaw, brace, and centrebit, a file and common knife, were found. These things had been brought in from the outside by friends of the prisoners. Suspended from the wall, to enliven the cell, were several pictures. One was of Boss Tweed. It exhibited him in royal attire, with a crown upon his venerable head. Hanging to this picture was a slip of paper, upon *which* Ballard had written the following:—

“ Since laws were made for every degree,
To cure vice in others as well as in me,
Perhaps I 'll have Tweed for company
In the Albany Penitentiary.”

It was believed by the detectives that Miner's money was used to release Ballard and the two other counterfeiters from the jail. I immediately offered a reward of five thousand dollars for Ballard, and a smaller reward for each of the other prisoners that had escaped. Both of the latter were captured and convicted, but Ballard was not so easily caught. His photograph was sent broadcast throughout the country, but no one seemed to be able to identify him. The large reward offered put the local officers everywhere on the *qui vive*, and Ballard, or his duplicate, was arrested at one or more places almost every day.

All seemed to covet the five thousand dollars. The chief of police of the ambitious village of Marshall, down in Texas, was, in his own opinion, the lucky chap who was to draw the five-thousand-dollar prize. He was dead sure he had captured Ballard, for he had compared the prisoner with one of Ballard's pictures, which had been sent to nearly every town and hamlet in the United States.

I was telegraphed to by the chief of police, who seemed to be so certain that he had the *right man* that I concluded to send an officer to

Marshall for the purpose of identifying the escaped counterfeiter. The unique experience of this officer, while on his way to and after his arrival at Marshall, is illustrative of the peculiarities of Texans, and is best told substantially in his own words. When he was in the stage, just before reaching the apology for a hotel at Marshall, he was tapped upon the shoulder and curtly addressed by a young man as follows : —

“Are you the man sent to identify Ballard ?”

After scanning the interrogator from head to foot, the detective replied in the affirmative.

Whereupon he introduced himself as Thomas Alden, chief of police, adding that he wished to have a little private talk. He said he wished to see the detective before other parties saw him. The chief of police had proclaimed his office in a loud voice, and said he had discovered, identified, and placed in jail Tom Ballard; that, since doing so, he had been suspended from office by the mayor, through the influence of the district attorney of Marshall, and that the reason for his suspension was because he had refused to divide the five-thousand-dollar reward with the mayor and the attorney.

Soon after the officer's arrival at the hotel, he was waited upon by the mayor and S. H. Russell, district attorney. The mayor stated that he had got all ready to start to New Orleans to deliver Ballard into the custody of the govern-

ment, as he was the party entitled to the reward. From that moment the detective noticed a coldness on the part of the district attorney. It was a Kilkenny cat fight all around. The suspended chief of police, mayor, and attorney all claimed to be entitled to the whole of the reward, and each served the detective with a notice forbidding him to pay the money to the other. The mayor invited the detective to breakfast with him and the district attorney at their hotel. The detective accepted the invitation, and while breakfast was being cooked, as he fondly imagined, but, as he subsequently found out, had been cooked the day before, he expressed a desire to the mayor to see the supposed Ballard, who was then being held in jail.

After breakfast, the three walked together to the jail, and first entered what was called, through courtesy, the sheriff's office. It was a dilapidated room, and the officer saw two men, one of whom was standing, and the other sitting on a low cot in one corner. One was a desperate-looking character. To describe the other was impossible. The detective declared that he never could forget the look which they gave him when he was announced as a United States officer. These amiable-looking Cerberuses were addressed by the mayor as jailors, and requested to bring out the prisoner Thomas Ballard. They *did not readily* comply with the request made,

but remained glaring at the detective with a fiendish look upon their faces. The men's appearance beggared description. One was a man about fifty years of age, with a face almost completely covered with long, bushy whiskers. His head was covered with coarse, matted hair, reaching down his back nearly to his waist. It did not look, said the detective, as though it had been combed since the firing on Fort Sumter. The fellow's beard reached nearly to the top of a pair of long boots which he wore on the outside of his pants. On either side of him was strapped a huge Colt's revolver. Upon these persuaders he glanced occasionally, as though longing for an opportunity to use them. After waiting for some time, the detective asked him if he would be kind enough to let him see the man that was locked up on suspicion of being Thomas Ballard.

The mayor spoke to the detective in an undertone, and said, "This fellow is a rebel, and will not accommodate any one." The detective asked if he could not give an order which would be obeyed. "No," replied the mayor, "these fellows do as they please."

Pretty soon, however, the boss jailor said he would take the officer upstairs and show him the prisoner. He sprang suddenly up through a hole in the ceiling. The officer followed him, *and was astonished to find himself surrounded*

by several men, armed to the teeth, when he reached the upper floor. As the detective approached a sort of iron cage, these fellows held their cocked revolvers between his legs, over his head, shoulders, and on every side of him. One of the cold, glittering irons fairly touched his face. The muzzle of the weapons covered the door of the prisoner's cell at every point, and it was almost impossible for the detective to keep out of their range.

The supposed Ballard soon made his appearance. It now looked almost like a joke on the detective, as the prisoner presented bore no resemblance whatever to Tom Ballard. He was taller, heavier, and had black hair and black eyes, whereas Ballard was described as a man with deep-blue eyes and brown hair. The detective said, "This is not Ballard." But the fun of it was, the jailor, the mayor, the district attorney, and the chief of police all thought the detective had been paid by one or the other of them not to identify the prisoner as Ballard.

After the prisoner had been sent back to his cell, the detective let himself down to the lower floor of the jail. Here he was finally taken in tow by the mayor, and treated to cigars. After taking a smoke, the mayor said he was willing to run the risk of carrying the prisoner to New York at his own expense, as he thought *the officer had made a mistake.* The detective

was finally compelled to make an affidavit before a judge, stating that he was my lawful agent sent to identify the man there confined, and that he was not Ballard. The detective, thanks be to God! was suffered to return to New Orleans alive and with a whole skin.

Two or three years afterwards, Ballard was arrested while engaged in a counterfeiting scheme at Buffalo, New York, convicted and sentenced to the Auburn penitentiary for a period of thirty years. He at one time escaped from prison and started for New York. On his way he went into a telegraph office, at a small station, for the purpose of obtaining money by wire from Miner. The female operator at the telegraph office had read of the escape of Ballard. Her suspicion was aroused, and she somehow managed to cause his arrest. Ballard was now returned to the penitentiary. Having been thwarted in obtaining his liberty, he became despondent and disgusted with life, and attempted suicide by committing hara-kiri. He was pretty nearly disemboweled, but the devil seemed to protect his own in this case, as Ballard recovered from his horrible self-inflicted wound. I have been informed that he died in the penitentiary.

Having given the reader a brief history of Ballard, I will now tell what took place on the *occasion of Miner's trial*. I secured John Bal-

lard, who had for several years been working with his brother Tom, to appear as a witness in the Miner case. John was a printer, and was employed by Miner up to the time of the latter's arrest. He had fled to Wisconsin, where detectives found him. The officers also went to Cleveland, Ohio, and summoned two deputy sheriffs who had taken part in Miner's arrest in 1855. I also procured a transcript of the records of entry into the Ohio penitentiary, giving a complete description of him. The two deputy sheriffs and the records of the Ohio penitentiary were produced on Miner's trial. The case was conducted on both sides by the ablest criminal lawyers of the New York bar. When the trial began, and during the time it lasted, the federal court-room and adjoining halls were fairly packed with Miner's friends, his witnesses, and ex-detectives. The witnesses and ex-detectives were in Miner's pay. If they had been hired to defeat the ends of justice, they were successful in their undertaking.

It was estimated at the time that the trial cost Miner at least one hundred thousand dollars. There were not less than fifty men in his employ, some of them for months. They were ready for anything that came up. It may be a strange statement to make, but the fact is, Miner's hirelings fairly took possession of the *approaches* to the court-room, and run things

pretty much to suit themselves. The government evidence produced against Miner was direct and positive. The greater part of the witnesses were government detectives, but these were contradicted at every important point by Miner's witnesses.

The judge upon the bench, for the first time in his history, made a ruling that virtually disposed of and set at naught the evidence furnished by the government. It was really the government detectives who were on trial, and Miner and his tribe were there to furnish the evidence to condemn them. The trial, taken from beginning to end, was certainly a most remarkable affair.

Several of the New York newspapers, which had praised the officers on the occasion of Miner's arrest, now denounced them; and the air about the court-house was literally blue with curses and threats of vengeance while the trial was in progress, and everybody seemed to be caught up in the swim with the greatest counterfeiter of the age. Even the jury appeared to think him an innocent victim of the wicked detectives, and Miner was set free.

The dénouement was a stunner; though not a clear vindication of the character of Miner, it was a keen and cutting blow to all the detectives and officers engaged in his prosecution. I had *been able to establish proof of his criminal*

career for over a quarter of a century, and to furnish the very best obtainable evidence for the conviction of counterfeiters. In fact, the evidence against Miner was more than sufficient to convict had it been presented in any other court in the country. But New York was a wonderful place in those days, and that was an age in which hypocritical thieves stalked about wearing the faces of angels, to change them in a moment for the glare of demons. Justice had probably retired to the mountains for a time. The masses of the people were honest, but had allowed their sentimental crankism and false theories to take the place of stern justice and a thorough enforcement of the laws.

The wife of Harry Cole was an active member of the Miner-Gurney gang of counterfeiters, but as she was a woman of remarkable shrewdness, and subtle in her movements, she was a difficult person to entrap. In the neighborhood where the Coles resided, they were viewed as retired people of wealth, and were highly esteemed by all who knew them. The ladies within the circle of Mrs. Cole's acquaintance considered her a desirable companion. As a counterfeiter she was keener and more successful in carrying out details than her husband. After Cole's arrest, his residence was carefully watched by a government detective.

One night he clambered over the rear fence to

obtain a better opportunity to see what was going on in the house. While standing behind some bushes, he saw a woman come out of the back door with a spade in her hand. She walked very close to the officer's hiding-place, and felt about as if in search of some mark. She finally unearthed a metallic box, from which she took a package wrapped in tinfoil. She then replaced the box and covered it with earth, and returned to the house as quietly as she had left it, little dreaming that she had been so near a detective crouching in the shrubbery. The officer stealthily followed the woman, and as she was about to enter the house he sprang forward and grabbed her by the arm. She was badly frightened, and very indignant at the intrusion. The tinfoil package in her hand contained five hundred dollars in counterfeit money. The box in the garden, when dug up and opened, was found to be nearly full of counterfeit money, done up in small packages ready for the market. Dutch Eve was brought to my office, where she made a full confession, implicating her husband, Jot Miner, and one Jack Conrad. She readily agreed to make a deal with Conrad, in order that he might be captured by the detectives.

She wrote a note to Conrad, asking him to bring her one thousand dollars in fifty-cent Stanton-head scrip. When Conrad appeared at *the place* agreed upon, and came up to make the

deal, Dutch Eve dropped her pocket-handkerchief as the signal, and Conrad was at once taken into custody with the counterfeit fifty-cent notes on his person. He was afterwards tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary.

The vigorous campaign made against the counterfeiters by the officers of the secret service of the government during General Grant's administration wiped them out of existence, for a season at least, and the crime of counterfeiting has been virtually dead ever since. But crimes of other classes have come to take its place. Our great dailies, at almost every issue, bear startling head-lines that glare threateningly at the trembling honest masses, while the miscreants who perform the terrible deeds of blood read them with self-glorification and the keenest satisfaction. The lines that make the hearts of honest people shudder are gloated over with a fiendish relish by thousands of murderers and thieves all over the land. Train-robbing has at last come to be almost a daily and nightly pastime.

These marauders go forth from their hiding-places, commit robberies, and then hie themselves back to cover, as did the robbers to the cliffs and rocky places in the days of King Herod. Executive officers are fairly efficient, but the difficulty in the way of punishing criminals is *principally* mistaken sentiment. The *Miner*

case seems to have been a combination of both money and sentiment. It was certainly one of the most remarkable trials that has ever occurred in this country.

A MODEL SNEAK THIEF.

One of the boldest and most successful robberies that has ever been perpetrated in this country took place in General Spinner's cash division. The affair was a startling revelation, and was almost paralyzing in its effect upon General Spinner and his assistants. The person committing the robbery was supposed to be Walter Sheridan, a noted thief and confidence operator. Sheridan's crimes are manifold, and the annals of his life teemed with events which if written would astonish those who are not familiar with the dark undercurrent of vice and villainy.

A number of ladies and gentlemen, who were sojourning in Washington for a brief period, had received a special invitation, through the courtesy of their Member of Congress, to visit the printing bureau and General Spinner's cash division. As the party ascended the steps to the Treasury Building, on the 14th Street side, they were met by a distinguished-appearing man wearing a broad-brimmed Panama hat, who gave them a cordial welcome, and from his manner *led them* to suppose he was some high func-

tionary who had condescended to escort them through the department. The stranger singled out one of the ladies, and, offering her his arm, the couple led the way to the rooms where our Uncle Samuel keeps his wealth. As they passed along, the stranger bowed to his right and left, and cast a pleasant smile upon every one he came in contact with, and somehow created the impression among the Treasury employés that he was the most distinguished personage of the visiting party. The mistake in regard to the status of the man with the Panama hat seems to have been mutual. The group of ladies and gentlemen believed him to be an official of the government, while the Treasury employés thought him to be one of the aristocratic visitors, and paid him marked attention. General Spinner received his guests with unusual courtesy, as he had been notified of their intended visit. The man with the Panama hat was a charming conversationalist, and the ladies hovered around him while he explained everything that excited their curiosity in an entertaining way.

As they moved about from place to place, admiring the wealth of the government, the stranger carried his broad-brimmed Panama hat before him poised upon his left hand. While he was bending over one of the tables, in earnest conversation with the ladies, he sheltered with his hat a package of \$20,000 in ten-dollar green-

backs, and deftly picking up the bundle, he managed to keep it covered. Sauntering along with one of the ladies, he excused himself for a moment, and gracefully waltzed out of the room, past several doorkeepers, into the hall and thence into the street. The feat performed certainly required great nerve and wonderful self-command, and there are but few men who possess the audacity and genius to plan and execute a job of this kind. The robber was never fully identified, but the description given of him tallied very closely with the personnel of the notorious Walter Sheridan.

The package was missed from its place within a very few minutes after it was stolen, but it was some little time before suspicion was fastened upon the elegantly dressed stranger wearing the Panama hat. Everybody was astounded when it was learned that no one present had any acquaintance with this person. The alarm was at once sounded, and every detective and police officer in the city was notified to be on the alert for the robber. It was a most humiliating affair, as the robbery had been perpetrated right under the very nose of the officials, and was probably a more serious annoyance to General Spinner than any occurrence that ever took place during his official régime. The disappearance of the money and of the mysterious robber *created a profound sensation*, but the detectives

were unable to gain any clue by which the perpetrator could be discovered.

The information of the affair was telegraphed to me at my office in New York. The description of the thief was quite vague, and the stolen bills could only be identified by their numbers; so it will be readily seen that there was little or no prospect for the recovery of the money. Government detectives were thrown out among the crooks in all the leading Eastern cities, but to little purpose. After several days had elapsed, a mysterious appearing woman came to my office one morning, as the bearer of information that led to the discovery of \$600 of the missing money. This amount had been deposited in the Stuyvesant Bank by one William Meriam, a livery-stable keeper on Eighth Street, New York. I went to the bank, and was fortunate enough to find \$600 of the stolen money. This was surrendered by the bank to be used as evidence, and I arrested Meriam. After consulting the district attorney, I became satisfied that it would be impossible for me to make a case against him. Consequently I had his examination postponed for a time.

I somehow learned that the livery stable spoken of was really the property of a notorious burglar, and I determined to pursue him and take the chances. Acting upon my suspicions, I took a couple of officers and went to

his residence, but failing to find him there, we searched the house. I employed an expert mechanic, and had the iron safe cut open, where I thought it was possible the stolen money might be secreted. It was a water haul, as we found the safe empty.

Several days after this transaction, ex-Judge Stuart, a noted criminal lawyer, came to see me.

"You are," said he, "pursuing one of my best clients. I refer to the man whose safe you cut open a short time ago. This man, between you and me, is a noted burglar, but he is not a sneak thief. He had nothing whatever to do with stealing the \$20,000 out of the Treasury Department, but the fact is he became possessed of a portion of that money in a business transaction, and paid to Meriam the \$600 found in the Stuyvesant Bank. Now," said the judge, raising his eyebrows and forefinger, "my client wants to make peace with you. You cannot sustain a charge against him, and I have no fear on that score; but he does not want to be shown up, and will, upon certain conditions, surrender all of the money he received in the transaction above mentioned."

It was finally agreed that I should have an interview with the burglar. The lawyer said his client was then in Montreal, but he would telegraph for him with the understanding that *I should have an interview with him, and, in*

case of the failure of an agreement between us, the thief was to be allowed to return to Canada unmolested. After several days had elapsed, I received a note from Lawyer Stuart, which read, —

“You will find a carriage in front of No. —, on the north side of Bond Street, at twelve o’clock to-night. Enter, and ask no questions.”

I complied with the directions given in the note, and, stepping into the carriage, was driven rapidly up Broadway until opposite Central Park. The carriage was stopped, and the driver opened the door. As I looked out I saw we were close to two men sitting in a buggy. One of the men asked me if I was willing to carry out the arrangement made with Judge Stuart. I replied in the affirmative. The man then got out of the buggy, and took a seat beside me in the carriage. The driver, I suppose, had been previously instructed, as he drove directly to the Stetson House. The person I had met did not answer the description of the thief who had sneaked the \$20,000 out of the treasury, but he was a fine-looking, well-dressed fellow. He secured a private room, and ordered a bottle of champagne.

When we sat down in the room together, he began to joke me about cutting open his safe. He said he supposed I was disappointed when I found it was empty. We laughed heartily over

the affair, and the burglar seemed to think it a huge joke on me. After a few preliminary remarks about one thing and another, he told me his story in regard to his possession of a portion of the stolen greenbacks. He said, in a pleasant and rather comical way, that he had received \$10,000 of the stolen money in exchange for a \$10,000 government bond that he had on hand. He said the fellow who committed the robbery had gone to Europe, and that he had made the exchange through a broker. The fact is, the burglar had a \$10,000 coupon bond, which was a part of the proceeds of a robbery of some Western bank, and he was quite willing to part with it for its face in currency. Having explained everything to my satisfaction, I agreed to accept the return of the \$10,000 and pursue him no further.

This burglar, whom I afterwards found out to be one George M——, was the author of a large number of bank robberies. He gave me a history of some of his escapades; among the rest, his remarkable escapes from Sing Sing penitentiary and the State's prison at Montpelier, Vermont. As he became warmed up with wine, he grew very talkative, and seemed to have no hesitation in telling me the stories of his wonderful exploits. After a considerable time, he touched the electric bell and called the porter, *to whom* he handed a card. In a few moments *a man* came to the room with a large package.

"Here," said M——, "is \$9,000 of old man Spinner's money, and \$400 in national bank notes, and Meriam's order for the surrender of the \$600 at the Stuyvesant Bank. This is the amount I received."

I told the burglar I did not want to take the money that night; as I knew it was perfectly safe in his hands, I would prefer that he should deliver it to me in the daytime. He laughed, and said that he would comply with my request. The package was handed me the next morning at ten o'clock, on the corner of Eighth Street and Broadway, in fulfillment of the agreement made between us. M—— passed along the sidewalk, and tossed the bundle into my hand without stopping to speak to me. It was found to contain the exact amount promised. The \$10,000 was all the money ever recovered. I have no doubt, from what I afterwards learned of the character of the burglar, that he turned me over all the stolen money that ever came into his hands.

I urged him to give me the name of the thief, but he absolutely refused to do this, as he said it was a point of honor with him. It may look a little singular, to those who are not posted in such matters, that a man of this kind should set up a claim of integrity in anything; but the fact is, that a certain quality of honor now and then exists among thieves, and in many in-

stances it is more rigidly adhered to and sacredly kept than are the promises of some business men.

WIDOW WOOD'S VISIT TO THE TOMB OF HER
HUSBAND.

For downright mockery and pretended mournful regard for the dear departed, I think that Widow Wood is entitled to the premium.

Detective James Fitzpatrick, employed by me at New Orleans, undertook the task of discovering the persons engaged in manufacturing bogus coins in that city. Suspicion was somehow fastened upon a Mrs. Wood, who with her husband came to New Orleans from Wisconsin several years before. The widow was quite pretty, and only about thirty years of age. She kept a little variety store on St. Joseph Street, near the corner of Tchoupitoulas Street. This place was an occasional resort for men who would bear watching. The widow had a daughter about fourteen years of age, who it seems had offered to pass some counterfeit coins at the French market.

This information had been furnished to detective Fitzpatrick, and it finally led him to suspect the Widow Wood. The officer watched her place of business, and noticed that when she left her store she generally carried a small basket on her arm, and that she was always look-

ing over her shoulder and peering about to ascertain if her movements were watched. After following her for several days, the detective learned that the widow usually visited the houses of Italians, but he tracked her one day to the St. Louis Cemetery, on Basin Street. On this occasion she carried a basket of flowers. Entering the dreary place, she put them upon the tomb where her husband's body was supposed to be deposited. Leaning against one of the tombs near by was a well-dressed man, apparently waiting for some one. The detective carelessly sauntered along among the tombs. As he approached the stranger, he saw a sign of recognition between the two. The woman, having completed her pretended errand of love, peered cautiously around for a moment, and retired from the graveyard. The detective somehow got it into his head that the woman had come there to meet the strange man, but had been foiled in her intentions by the appearance of a third party.

The next day the detective, disguised as a decrepit old man, apparently almost blind, had taken a seat beside a tomb not far from the one upon which Mrs. Wood had placed the flowers the day before. Not long afterwards the widow came into the cemetery, with her basket upon her arm as usual. She was dressed in deep mourning, and seemingly bent on sorrowful con-

templation. After a half hour or so, the stranger of the day previous entered the cemetery, and approached the sorrowing widow by a circuitous route. Neither of the parties seemed to take any notice of the old man sitting upon the tombstone. The widow and the stranger now stepped behind the tomb, where they were partly concealed from the view of the detective, who got up and quietly approached the place where the couple were standing. The man suddenly vaulted over the tomb and took to his heels. The officer stepped up to the widow and demanded to see what she carried in her basket. Upon examination it was found to contain a complete set of dies for making coins in imitation of five-dollar gold-pieces. The widow was arrested. Her little store was searched, and a large quantity of counterfeit money was found there. She said the man she met in the cemetery had given her the dies to sell, and that she went to the graveyard for the purpose of returning them to him. The woman gave information that led to the arrest of several Italians, and was finally released. This little incident proves that even the most sacred places are not always free from the tricks of the ungodly.

ROMANCE AND REALITY IN HIGH-TONED
SOCIETY.

The lives of some persons appear like a romance from the cradle to the grave, and their histories, if written, would prove more entertaining than the fictitious creations of the novelist. Among the many peculiar people with whom I came in contact during the palmy days of which I write was one Mrs. W——. She was then cutting quite a figure in society, and was called the handsomest woman in Washington. Her husband was a cabinet minister during the administration of General Grant. They now reside in a palatial residence at Portland, Oregon, where Mrs. W—— is exercising her peculiar talent in a new rôle. If what the newspapers say of the woman's doings is true, she has certainly challenged public criticism. Mrs. W—— has discovered a secret process for extinguishing the devil, and is now busily engaged in banishing his rule on earth. Her pretentious mansion at Portland, Oregon, is daily thronged with people who go there to pay in their shekels and be delivered from the clutches of Satan. The ex-senator is a tall, angular man, with sharp yet pleasant features. He has been considered a man of respectable brain force, and might have been a success in political life had not his ambitious wife contributed so much to pull him down.

While in Washington, the woman planned manifold schemes to exalt her husband and acquire wealth. In her efforts to accomplish these purposes, she aroused the jealousies of many leading politicians, and became quite unpopular with the wives of the great men of the nation's capital. The consequence was, that her misdirected zeal resulted in crushing the political prospects of her husband, and in virtually expelling him and herself from Washington society.

I first saw this remarkable woman in a little town in Ohio, many years before she became a cabinet minister's wife. She was then about eighteen years of age, and the wife of one Jacob I——. It was a runaway match, so it was said. Ann I——, as she was known, was a very pretty woman. Her rosy cheeks were lit up by a pair of sparkling grayish-blue eyes. She was not overly proud, but always appeared dressed in "store clothes," an unusual feature in those days, and one that made her the cynosure of all eyes. The I—— family was called rich, and the humble people of the little town where they resided viewed them as aristocrats. The old gentleman owned a farm, a brick house in town, and a grist-mill, and must have been worth as much as two or three thousand dollars. The I—— mansion looked stately, and was stared at by *the country people* as they passed by. It was

a small affair, but looked large to the people of that time. The old gentleman I—— carried a silver-headed cane, and frequently rattled silver coin in his pocket. Cash was a scarce commodity, and quite a curiosity to the people of the little town, and its possession carried much importance where hens' eggs, old pewter, and rags had long been used as the principal articles of barter among the people. A few months after Ann had made her appearance in the town, she gave birth to a boy. Some of the gossiping women shook their heads, and said that the ways of Providence were mysterious. I don't know what the trouble was about, but the wife disappeared, leaving her husband and child behind her.

It was shortly afterwards rumored that she had obtained a divorce in Iowa. The judge who granted the divorce was her husband when I met her in Washington. During the twenty or more years that had elapsed, she had married one G——, who died of consumption in California. She then drifted East, and finally married her old acquaintance the judge.

As Chief of the Secret Service I met the judge frequently, and became pretty well acquainted with him. He was a politician and greatly under the influence of his wife, who seemed to have a taste for political intrigue and the affairs of *state*. One day I received a telegram from

the judge requesting my immediate presence at Washington. On my arrival there I was accorded a private interview.

"Colonel," said the judge, "I need your assistance in a little matter of much concern to my wife and myself."

He then went on and related in a brief way a little family history. There was a spook in his closet.

"My wife," he said, "is very much worried, and often wakes at midnight to cry and toss upon her bed."

Theirs was not a bed of roses. Their pillows were made of down, but the heads resting upon them were uneasy and full of trouble. He had a stepson named I——. The judge sighed, and said the fellow was an infernal rascal, and that he believed he would be the death of his mother. Young I—— was a freebooter, a thief, and a heartless wretch. He had shortly before been arrested at Chicago and taken to Baltimore, where he had committed a robbery in a house of ill-repute. Wine and women were his hobbies, and he had to have money. To obtain this he would resort to almost any means, even to levying blackmail upon his mother and stepfather. The judge had paid quite a large sum to secure his release in Baltimore, and avoid the disgrace that was sure to follow should a *trial* take place in court. On several occasions

the young villain had gone so far in his hardihood as to escort women of well-known bad character to his mother's receptions. This was an embarrassing feature, and probably the most annoying of all the escapades attributed to him. Blear-eyed, painted women were a little too much of a joke even for high-toned Washington society. It was positively intolerable. "The scapegrace must be gotten rid of." The question was, how to do it. The judge did not want him killed or sent to the penitentiary, but said he must be freed from the company of this unwelcome guest.

The fellow had fitted up an elegant suite of rooms at one of the many fashionable localities in Washington, and the judge was forced to provide the money to foot the bills. I was handed a photograph of the scamp, which I still retain. He was a daisy to look at, with hair wavy and nicely parted, a pair of keen, gray-blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a mouth to kill. He was a perfect picture of cussedness to my mind, especially after I had acquired his record. The judge considered him a difficult man to cope with.

"He is," said he, "very shy and hard to approach. It would be somewhat difficult for a stranger to make his acquaintance and obtain his confidence."

"Never mind," I replied; "I think I have a

man in my employ who can handle the rooster."

"Now don't hurt him," said the judge, "or do anything that will disgrace my family; but for God's sake get him out of Washington."

There was a man on my force at the time who was known as Bill R——, a regular smooth one. He could assume a part and carry a face as dead and solemn as a graveyard. He only smiled when it paid. He was always in earnest, apparently. His devices were as numerous as the waves of the ocean, and the music of his tongue was as smooth and harmonious as the touch of the wind upon an Æolian harp. I think his well-told lies were actually believed by himself. So deep and grave were his assertions made that they became truths almost. Bill pretended to hail from the South, and introduced himself to young I——, whom he met in a billiard-room on Pennsylvania Avenue.

A week after this meeting, I reported to the judge that his stepson had a room-mate in the person of a detective, and that they were getting along very nicely together. Bill and young I—— took it into their heads to pay a visit to the great metropolis. There was lots of game in New York, and they might tumble on to something good. The pair put up at the *Merchants' Hotel*, on Courtland Street. After a few days, Bill pretended to young I—— that he

had somehow got acquainted with a counterfeiter who had a lot of bogus government bonds.

"I am going to buy some of these," said Bill, "and ship them by express to Brownsville, Texas. We can sell them down there and make our fortunes."

Young I—— was pleased and ready to join in the scheme. Bill procured a box packed with paper and nicely done up. They went to the express office, prepaid the charges, and shipped it to themselves at the point named. This was only a starter. The pair then strolled down Broadway, where by seeming accident they met a gentleman who looked like a Hoosier. At any rate he was introduced to young I—— as Captain Blake from some place in Indiana. Bill had met the captain before, and was highly gratified to see an old acquaintance in New York. The captain was nicely dressed, had a diamond pin on his shirt front, and his vest was ornamented with a very handsome watch-chain. After stepping into a saloon and taking a drink all round, the unsuspecting captain was invited to the room of his old and new-found acquaintance at the Merchants' Hotel.

The captain was a jolly fellow. His pockets were full of money, and he was bent on having a good time.

"I will go down stairs and get a nice bottle

of brandy," said Bill, with a sly wink to young I——, "and we can sit down over it and have a chat, and take in the town to-night."

Bill disappeared, but soon returned. He had a bottle of old Hennessy. The cork was pulled. Young I—— and the captain were busily engaged in conversation at a table, but young I—— was not so earnest in the talk but that he could keep his eye upon the movements of Bill, who dexterously whipped a small vial out of his pocket and emptied its contents into the bottle of brandy. He gave it a shake, and set it down upon the table. Several drinks were poured out. Young I—— and Bill managed to spill theirs upon the carpet without attracting the attention of the captain, who was mighty fond of brandy, and could take two drinks to the other fellows' one. In a short time the captain became drowsy ; then quite sleepy. He must take a nap. He tumbled upon the bed, and was apparently soon in a dead slumber. He was then stripped of his diamond pin, watch, and money. Young I—— wanted to take his overcoat, but Bill said that would be a little too bad. The precious pair then lit out for the Jersey shore. They stopped at Taylor's Hotel, and took a room together under assumed names. It was now late in the evening, and they went to bed. They were in high feather at the trick *they had played on the countryman.*

In the meantime the secret service officer, the supposed Captain Blake, had made his way to my office. Here he told his story of his adventure, which, of course, had all been put up on young I—— with the assistance of Bill. The so-called Captain Blake, who was in reality Bill Butts, went at once to the job office of the "New York Tribune," and had printed a short article which, when trimmed, looked for all the world as though it had been clipped from a newspaper. It was an account of a blood-curdling robbery and murder that had just occurred.

A man from Indiana, giving the name of Blake, it was set forth, had been found lying upon the sidewalk by the New York police, apparently dead. He had revived sufficiently to inform the police that he had been robbed, and to give a description of the men engaged in the affair. He had finally died in great agony. The article had glaring headlines, looked bloody, and offered a reward for the apprehension of the rascals who perpetrated the foul deed.

On the morning following the supposed outrageous and dastardly murder, when Bill and young I—— were enjoying a comfortable snooze at Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City, Bill pretended to be suddenly taken with cramps in the stomach. He had to go below at once. He soon returned greatly excited. He had torn *from one of the morning papers that he had*

purchased, an account of the crime that had (not) been committed by young I—— and himself at a room in the Merchants' Hotel, on Courtland Street, New York. It was described as a brutal outrage, and stated that the men engaged in it were from Washington, and gave a pretty good description of them.

Young I—— jumped out of bed and got into his clothes without stopping to wash. He said there was no time to lose. They must get away at once. They started on foot and walked about forty miles. They finally took to the railroad, and went to New Orleans. They doubled upon their track several times. They would travel south a while, then turn round and ride north, so as to put the imaginary officers off the track. They finally landed in New Orleans, careworn and down-hearted. About the first thing that met the eyes of the fugitives was a handbill, posted upon the wall, offering a reward of \$2000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of Captain Blake. It purported to be signed by the superintendent of the New York police. They left the Crescent City in a hurry, and fetched up at Brownsville, Texas. The box had arrived at the express office probably, but they considered it dangerous to apply for it. The detective and young I—— then crossed the Rio Grande into Old Mexico, and *pushed south*. They went to the city of Vera

Cruz. Here Bill managed to give young I—— the slip. I think the latter was never afterwards heard of by any of his relations in Washington, and it may be he is still running from a phantom spook that will never overtake him.

AN ARISTOCRATIC SMUGGLER.

Smuggling in New York is a fine art. It is doubtful if one half of the diamonds, laces, and jewelry brought into this port pay duty. False trunk bottoms, false pockets, false bustles, false calves, false boot-heels, false canes, and false umbrella handles are often filled with diamonds and laces, as they are paraded past the custom-house officers. Eminently respectable people are seldom searched, as they are altogether above suspicion. Government detectives sometimes make a rich haul. Persons have been known to swallow diamonds, and other precious stones, before going ashore from the European steamers. On more than one occasion a dose of castor oil or epsom salts has made valuable recoveries. The arrest and prosecution of smugglers in New York is both refreshing and laughable. The greedy officers do not seek to punish the criminals, as that would break up the business and cut off their moieties. Custom-house officers, like other people, are human, and are always on the alert for plunder. The more the better. *One Radcliff, a diamond merchant, who claimed*

to be an English lord or something of that sort, was once arrested by the officers of the secret service division, he having smuggled into the United States a large number of diamonds. He left London in September, 1870, on board the steamer Java, having in his possession about twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, which he brought ashore on his arrival here, concealed in his stuffed calves. Radcliff also received from his father, a diamond merchant in London, many diamonds wrapped in wadding and enclosed in letters coming regularly through the post-office. He employed one Esmond as agent to travel and sell the diamonds for him. Esmond made a sale of these smuggled goods in Chicago. The detectives somehow got on to the game, and collared Esmond in New York. He squealed on his employer. I went in person to Radcliff's office, No. 176 Broadway, and handing him the card of a Chicago diamond merchant, I told him that I had come to New York to make a purchase, if I could do so at figures to suit me. Radcliff assured me that he purchased his goods cheaper than Ball & Black, and could therefore undersell that firm. He said his diamonds were then locked up in some safe deposit company's vault, and he could not show them to me until the following day. I quietly manipulated him until I learned the particular description of the goods and their

location. I thereupon exhibited my badge and arrested him. I went to the office of a broker on Broadway, where, I ascertained, Radcliff's diamonds had been left as a pledge for money. The broker at first refused to surrender the precious stones, but I finally convinced him of his folly, and he gave them up. The goods were forfeited, and a heavy fine was imposed upon the Englishman. He seemed to hold to the idea that the United States government was robbing him, and, assuming 'igh 'orse h'airs, he left the United States Court to consult the British consul and demand the return of his valuables. But failing to accomplish anything in this way, he left in the first steamer for Old England.

PETE MCCARTNEY IN THE ROLE OF AN EX-
HORTER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

For over thirty years John Peter McCartney was known among the detectives as the boldest and most skillful of all the counterfeiters of the great West. His numerous escapades, if written in detail, would fill a large book; but there has been so much published in regard to this ingenious rascal that I will only attempt to give a brief exhibition of his masterly talent for deceiving the public. Had McCartney put his wonderful energy and ability to a proper use, he might have made his mark high on the walls

of fame. But he chose to follow the dark and dangerous path of crime, and to travel along the brink of the yawning precipice of destruction.

This desperado carried on his operations as a dealer in spurious coins and bogus notes with much apparent success for a season, but he finally came to grief and died a broken-hearted man. Owing to his iron nerve and great daring, he was a dangerous person to encounter. He was both an engraver and a printer, and was besides possessed of considerable knowledge of chemistry. This combination of accomplishments gave him a great advantage in his line of business, as he did not have to employ outside help to run a counterfeiting establishment. In short, he was a whole corporation by himself. He went about the Western States, supplying his customers with the bogus trash in the same methodical manner that any other manufacturer would adopt to put the products of his toil upon the market. He had many customers in the West whom he secretly dealt with. Traveling about the country as a colporter, a photographer, or a lecturer on the art of detecting counterfeit money, he carried plenty of counterfeit small notes to give in change for good money in the course of his travels, or to pass upon his audience as they entered his lecture-room.

On one occasion he started out, in company *with his wife*, to travel in a spring wagon, and

distribute religious tracts. The pair traveled through Michigan, Indiana, and as far north as Cleveland, Ohio. They took in all the gatherings along their route, such as county fairs, political meetings, camp-meetings, etc., stopping at any place that attracted their attention. They put up at the farm-houses, and managed to keep themselves posted in regard to the religious sentiments of the people they expected to come in contact with, and at last fetched up at a small town about twenty-five miles south of Cleveland. There was a camp-meeting going on near the village at the time, and McCartney and his wife gave it out among the people that they had come there for the purpose of joining in the revival. As the travelers carried a large trunk filled with religious tracts and were exemplary-appearing people, they were warmly welcomed by the church people everywhere. Brother Billings, as Mac styled himself, was a regular attendant at the camp-meeting, and as he was a man of smooth address and pious exterior, he was solicited to take part in the proceedings going on.

It appears that Mac had arranged with a number of counterfeiterers to meet him at this point for the purpose of getting their supply of counterfeit money ; and as Brother Billings he attended the camp-meeting, while his meek-looking, black-eyed wife dealt out the bogus stuff to *the shovers*. There was quite a generous flow

of counterfeit money floating about the camp-grounds, but no one thought of suspecting Brother Billings. A government detective had somehow got on to the track of these criminals. He had in his possession photographs of several Western counterfeiters, among the rest that of Peter McCartney. On a visit to the camp-ground the detective chanced to see Brother Billings, in whom he discovered a remarkable resemblance to the great coney man of the West. The officer learned that Brother Billings stood very high in the estimation of the people gathered there, and that he was a great exhorter of the Methodist Church. Although he was somewhat puzzled, he finally concluded to take a seat in the near circle, where he could take a better view of the exhorter.

As the detective sat down, Brother Billings arose to offer a prayer. The earnest and remarkable eloquence poured out upon the ears of the gaping, listening, weeping sinners of the throng almost upset the detective. Can it be possible, he soliloquized, that the man before me is the notorious Pete McCartney? Why, the expressions that fall from his lips cannot surely be those of a ripe old sinner. The detective advanced to the anxious seat, within ten feet of Brother Billings. Here he was astonished to be singled out and invited up to join in prayer. The brother appealed to the throne of grace in

behalf of the ungodly and unrepentant with the tears coursing down his cheeks. The solemnity of the scene quite overcame the officer, and he was fairly under the magnetic influence of the speaker for a time, but at a standstill in his mind. Although the photograph was a striking likeness of Brother Billings, the officer did not have the courage to arrest him at first; but after thinking the matter over, and consulting a deputy sheriff, it was determined to take Brother Billings into custody.

A careful examination of the trunk he carried revealed nearly twenty thousand dollars in counterfeit money, of various denominations, packed between the leaves of the tracts in the bottom of the trunk. The arrest created great consternation among the people. Some of the brethren and sisters were so completely shocked at the dénouement that they were fairly paralyzed. The brotherly love of many of the camp-meeting folks was changed to bitterness when they found that they had some of Brother Billings's bogus money in their wallets. A number of the outside followers of the camp-meeting were in favor of inflicting summary punishment on the recreant brother, but the officers slipped him away and held him in a cornfield, to protect him from the hands of the furious.

Late in the evening the sheriff and the detective loaded McCartney and his wife into a wagon,

and started with them for Cleveland. Mrs. McCartney had generously provided a nice lunch, and other refreshments, for the twenty-five-mile journey. The night was quite cool, and the ride in the bracing air gave all a good appetite. The woman also had provided a bottle of whiskey, and the officers did not object to taking a little of it, to keep from catching cold. The stuff was cleverly drugged. The early part of the ride was very pleasant, as Mac told interesting stories, and assured the officers that he respected them for doing their duty. McCartney wore handcuffs and leg-irons, and the officers thought he was perfectly safe. There is a certain part of this story which I am unable to relate, but the reader's imagination can easily supply the deficiency. The officers went to sleep, and they awoke the next morning to find themselves lying beside an apple-tree in an orchard, near the highway. They were stretched out on either side of the tree, and chained together in a manner to prevent them from moving off without taking the apple-tree along with them. The keys had evidently been taken from the pocket of the deputy sheriff and the irons removed from the prisoner's wrists and legs, and used to secure the officers. McCartney, it appears, had concluded to change places with them, and had tenderly removed them from the wagon for safe-keeping. The officers finally succeeded in at-

tracting the attention of a passer-by, who went to a neighboring farm-house and procured tools to release them. The poor fellows were chop-fallen and almost broken-hearted on account of the trick that had been played upon them. The prisoners made good their escape, and the sheriff's team was driven off by Mac and his wife and never afterwards heard of.

While McCartney was at one time traveling about through the State of Missouri with a carpet-bag full of counterfeit money, he put up at a hotel in a small country village. A young man drove up to the door of the little tavern where the great counterfeiter was staying, one evening, with a team of nice horses. He stopped over for the night, and chanced to fall in conversation with Mac, to whom he explained that he was making a return trip from a visit among friends in the northern part of the State. In the morning the young man got into a fight with the hostler who had taken care of his team. The livery-stable lad was badly beaten, and the pugnacious fellow was arrested and taken before a justice of the peace.

McCartney appeared to sympathize with the victor, and went with the rest of the crowd to see that the fellow got a fair trial. The court was held in the door-yard of the house of the justice, who used his front steps as a sort of *rostrum* for the occasion. The traveler was

found guilty and fined \$5 and costs ; but as he had no money to square up with, he offered to leave his team as a pledge for the amount due, and complete the rest of his journey on foot. McCartney now stepped up to the rescue.

"Here," said he to the justice of the peace, "I will pay this stranger's fine, because I think he is an honest fellow, and I don't want to see him imposed upon."

Mac handed the old justice a \$20 bill, and received \$15 in change. The justice partly relented when he saw the generosity of Mac, and remitting the costs of the case, he divided the \$5 fine between himself and the constable. Mac and the young fellow rode out of town together.

Three or four days afterwards a posse of citizens came riding into the little village. They were mounted, and carried double-barreled shot-guns. They said they were looking for the generous black-whiskered man who had paid the young fellow's fine a few days before. The old justice said that he was looking for him too, as he had been stuck with a \$20 counterfeit note. It appears that Mac had ridden with the young fellow to a neighboring town, where he purchased his team with counterfeit money, and had lit out for parts unknown. The parties on horseback continued to scour the country for *several days*, but they never caught up with the *wily Pete McCartney*.

A VOODOO DOCTOR'S ATTEMPT TO FOOL SECRETARY BOUTWELL.

While the Honorable George S. Boutwell was Secretary of the Treasury, he received information of the contemplated burglary of General Spinner's cash division, and summoned me hastily to Washington by telegraph. When I had presented myself before the secretary at his office in the Treasury Department, I was gravely informed of the contemplated robbery. Mr. Boutwell had been warned by a person of apparent intelligence, and had telegraphed for me for the purpose of forestalling the action of the thieves. I thought the story told to Mr. Boutwell bore the evidence of its utter fallacy on its face, and I told the secretary it sounded like a romance. Mr. Boutwell was a very cautious man in such matters, and, while he was somewhat of my opinion in regard to the affair, he thought it would bear investigation. The person who had furnished the tale to Mr. Boutwell was to a casual observer a rather smooth sort of chap, but when probed into he was discovered to be a remarkably weak gosling. I listened patiently to the repetition of the fellow's story, as it came from Mr. Boutwell's lips. He appeared to be a little concerned, and I was anxious to give the matter *immediate attention*. The secretary dispatched

a messenger with a note requesting his informant to meet me at my room in the Owen House. After a reasonable lapse of time, the person sent for made his appearance.

As he entered the room and took off his hat, I observed at once that he was lacking in self-confidence, and that he was either a menial or an ex-convict. I stepped up and shook hands with him, and, assuming a benevolent expression, looked him over carefully. He was a tall, thin man, with a peculiarly white skin. His eyes were light, full, and almost expressionless. I sized him up as I held him by the hand and gently turned his face to the light, and saw that his spirit had been broken, yet I was uncertain as to the best manner of handling him.

"I have met you somewhere before," I said.

This seemed to take him back a little.

"Where were you born?" I inquired.

He answered in a faltering voice, —

"Charleston, South Carolina."

It flashed across my mind at once that he was what they call a "nigger" down South. Looking him straight in the eye, I placed my finger on the tip of his nose. He shrank back a little, but did not seem to be offended in the least. I then said, —

"My boy, who did you belong to down there?" in a manner to impress him with the *idea that I was familiar with the locality from which he hailed.*

He gave me the name of his former master in a hesitating way.

I now felt certain that the man before me was a Voodoo doctor. I had considerable experience with this class of negroes in the South, and I found no difficulty in handling this one. As many of my readers may not be aware of the fact, I will state that the little pad on the end of the nose was the supreme test of pedigree among the "nigger" traders of the South. The gristle on the extreme tip of the nose of the negro is soft and yielding, while that of a white person is quite hard and firm, giving the appearance of a bony substance. When all other means fail to discover African blood, the trader would deftly place his finger on the end of the nose of the questionable person on trial for his liberty, and settled the case at issue by turning to the judge and saying, "This fellah, sah, is a nigger."

As soon as I had ascertained the status of the person before me, I handed him a dollar, and told him to take a seat and tell his story. The story he told me was a fiction, and undoubtedly the result of a dream. He was a Voodoo of the rankest kind. His version of the manner in which he discovered the contemplated robbery was so palpably weak and improbable that it was n't worth investigating. I *questioned and cornered him at every step, but*

left him with the impression on his mind that I had the utmost confidence in the transparent concoction of his weak and criminal mind. The story might have appeared reasonable in a dime novel, but was altogether too gauzy to pass with a detective. Yet Mr. Boutwell was a little annoyed by it.

I went back to see the secretary, and told him that I thought the colored gentleman I had interviewed was slightly deranged. Mr. Boutwell was astonished when he learned that the man was a negro.

"Why," he said, "I thought the person to be a white man, and a very candid and fair one at that."

I explained the matter fully, and pointed out the utter inconsistency of the story, and the almost impossible feat of burglarizing General Spinner's cash-box. The secretary appeared to be well satisfied with the course I had taken in the matter, and so expressed himself. The Voodoo darkey who spun the romance was afterwards ascertained to be a full-fledged disciple of that miserable school of rascals who make their living by preying upon the superstitious Southern negro. These Voodoos pretend to be endowed with supernatural power. As vicegerents of the devil, they conjure up strange tales, and furnish spectral scenes for the ignorant colored people who put their faith in

amulets, rabbits' feet, etc. Unlike the fakirs of India, these devotees of Satan never inflict bodily punishment upon themselves by running hot irons through their tongues and other parts of their body, but they frequently summon their followers to meet them in the deep and dismal swamps, where they hold orgies for the purpose of inspiring terror, and keeping up the zeal of the brethren and sisters. At these incantations a fire is built beneath a large kettle filled with grease, and the head Voodoo worshippers, or doctors as they are called, prepare their infernal stew. In Africa they use human flesh, but in this country they use herbs, snakes, lizards, bats, and owls. While the mysterious stew is cooking, the Voodoos join hands and circle round the fire, muttering their mystical chants and blood-curdling imprecations upon the heads of their enemies. The Voodoo doctors spend their time in manufacturing and telling improbable stories, which appear to them as a sort of dream or vision.

The negro that I met at the Owen House had undoubtedly been inspired by his evil genius to concoct the plausible story he told Mr. Boutwell.

THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE GREENBACK
UNION, AND CONVERSION OF A LUNATIC BY
GENERAL BRISTOW.

In 1869 there resided, and may still reside for aught I know to the contrary, in Elliott County, Kentucky, an ex-Confederate colonel named Houston King. At that time he held the position of clerk of the Elliott County Circuit Court. King's spotless military record was known and highly appreciated by his neighbors, and they had elected him to a position of trust. In the fall of 1869, Colonel King visited Louisville for the purpose of attending to some private business. It happened at the time of his arrival that the United States District Court was in session. General Benjamin H. Bristow was at that time a United States district attorney. As he was one day displaying his oratorical powers in a counterfeiting case, Colonel King entered the court-room and took a seat directly in front of the speaker. King listened for a time with attention, spell-bound and eyes bathed in tears. As the words of the eloquent pleader penetrated deeper and deeper into his heart, he declared that a dark shadow passed over his eyes, making him for a moment blind and unconscious.

On the conclusion of General Bristow's touching argument, King's consciousness returned, *but he was a changed man.* He at once sought

an interview with General Bristow for the purpose of making a confession, as he declared he could not sleep until the terrible secrets locked in his breast were disclosed. King avowed himself to be a counterfeiter, and a leading offender in one of the most astounding and dangerous conspiracies that had ever been concocted in this country. He said General Bristow had been selected by the guiding hand of Providence to assist in frustrating the evil designs of the nefarious plotters, and save the United States government from ruin. Acting in accordance with King's request, the following affidavit was prepared: —

Houston King, being duly sworn, deposes and says: that he is a resident of Elliott County, Kentucky, by occupation clerk of the Circuit Court of said county; that he was colonel of artillery in the Confederate army; that in the month of December, 1865, he went from New Orleans to New York by steamer, and while on this trip he fell in with Harlow J. Phelps, commission merchant, of New Orleans. Phelps represented that he was going to New York to be present at the organization of a repudiating party looking to the repudiation of the national debt. On arriving in New York Phelps and myself met about two hundred men from all *sections of the Union*, and a party was secretly

organized and commenced work. Officers were elected. H. J. Sneed, of St. Louis, was chosen president; no vice-president was elected. A. H. Sinclair, of New York, was chosen secretary. The initiation fee was \$150, and this was capital stock. The total amount of capital to be raised was \$500,000, and this amount was raised in four days. This money was to be used in obtaining the genuine plates in possession of the government for making legal-tender notes of the series of the 2d of August, 1862. These plates were obtained, and \$60,000,000 were represented to me as issued from those plates. I received some five hundred dollars from this issue myself. About twenty millions of this amount was put upon the country. With this fund they procured the genuine plates for making legal tenders, bonds of all descriptions, and national bank notes. Of these amounts we issued an amount equal to the outstanding debt of the country. Only a small portion of these last-named denominations have yet been put in circulation; only about four millions in addition to the sixty millions have yet been issued. The plates are now, a portion of them, in Montreal, Canada, and a portion in New York city. There was a reorganization of the party on the 1st and 2d days of November, 1869, in New York, at which I was present. Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, was chosen president, with power to

select the secretary. The original stockholders numbered four hundred; at present I think the number greatly exceeds this. States that he is the agent for the Ninth Congressional District of Kentucky; that he has perfected organizations in every county in said district. States that he gives this information voluntarily, and solely for the benefit of the government.

(Signed) HOUSTON KING.

General Bristow seems to have given some credence to King's well-told tale, which was to overwhelm the credit of the country and completely demoralize the people. Alexander Hoagland, at that time a special agent of the Treasury Department, now better known as the poor newsboys' friend, was also deeply impressed with the magnitude of King's scheme. The latter thought it a new development of the Greenback Union, headed by George H. Pendleton. Hoagland accompanied King to his home in Elliott County, where the latter resigned his position as clerk of the court. Having secured the assistance of one L. J. Filliston, a lawyer living at Greenupburg, Greenup County, Ky., as a legal adviser, the trio started for the nation's capital. There was nothing remarkable in the serene atmosphere of Washington when the astute party arrived. Hoagland was armed *with a letter from General Bristow.* King

had a bundle of papers vouching for his spotless name and well-known character for veracity. The lawyer had quite a judicial bearing, and carried with him an air of mystery. Hoagland, the plotter, and the lawyer all marched into the Treasury Department to unfold the scheme of the impending calamity that they seemed to think would hurl the government into irredeemable chaos. Some of the officers in the Treasury Department seemed to view the subject in a grave and serious aspect, and I was selected to unearth the prodigious conspiracy.

The first step necessary, King said, was to go to New York, where he would be compelled to use great caution; for if he was once suspected as a traitor, there would be a hundred daggers pointed at him and he would be forever lost. King and the lawyer finally made up their minds bravely to face the situation. King was to visit several of the conspirators on his arrival in New York. I was at the time in that city, and King and his party, accompanied by the solicitor of the Treasury, arranged to meet me there. On their arrival, I proposed to furnish King with a carriage, to visit those whom he claimed to be his confederates. King was driven about the city pretty much all one day. When he returned at night, I inquired of him if *he had seen any of the counterfeiters. He*

looked me square in the eye and replied, with the most seeming truthfulness, —

“Yes, I saw about fifty of them; but I did not have time to see them all.”

King declared that not one of the conspirators even dreamed that he had sold out to the government. The detective officer who had driven the carriage containing King told a different story. He said that, shortly after he started out with the colonel, he was ordered to drive to Central Park, and then to the High Bridge, Water Works, etc., but that King had not spoken to a single individual during the day, except himself. The next morning, after King's mythical call on his friends, Filliston the lawyer and Hoagland came running into my office. The lawyer was greatly excited.

“Why,” said he in agitation, “King is gone up. The whole affair is blowed, and the enraged counterfeiters are after him. They have been pushing letters and cards under his door all the morning, and he dare not leave the room.”

“This is alarming,” I said.

Taking several detectives, we started at once to the Metropolitan Hotel, where the Kentucky party was stopping. On entering King's room we found him almost frozen with terror. His eyes were fairly protruding from their sockets. He was staring at the ceiling overhead as if it *was frescoed* with bloody Ku-Klux daggers.

"King, what is the matter with you?" I said.

"Death! discovery! I am as good as dead!" he declared, as he pointed his finger towards the letters and cards at his feet. They were of the usual style of Ku-Klux warnings, embellished with ominous daggers, cross-bones, death-heads, and mysterious letters.

I now noticed a deep scar on King's head, which I had not before discovered. Placing my finger on the furrow on his cranium I asked, —

"Where did you get this wound?"

"It's where a Yankee bullet raked me," he said, fingering the spot tenderly.

"Why, King, you are crazy. You wrote these letters and cards yourself. What do you take us all for?"

He admitted that he had written the letters, but said he would make matters square with me by making an affidavit against Filliston and Hoagland. I suggested the propriety of his going to jail. He agreed with me, and went before a United States Commissioner and made an affidavit against himself, upon which he was committed. I then sent for Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the celebrated professor of diseases of the mind. He came and examined King, and pronounced him insane. Hoagland and the Green-up lawyer had been all this time escorting a lunatic about the country. These gentlemen

disappeared from the scene when Dr. Hammond took a hand in the affair. I suppose they returned to Kentucky sadder and wiser men, as they were out several hundred dollars. For some time previous to his début in Louisville, Colonel King had been advocating the policy of George H. Pendleton, and it is quite possible he may have originated the Greenback Union, which was at that time a mere creation of King's imagination.

THE WICKED LITTLE MILLINER.

Katarina Kraus was for many years known to the detectives as a successful shover of the queer. On one occasion she came to New York city and rented a small store on Ninth Avenue. She hung out a sign that read, "Fine Millinery Work Done Here." Somehow a suspicious detective found out that the little milliner was engaged in the sale of counterfeit money, and he determined to call on her. She was a little surprised one morning to receive a visit from a genteel-appearing gentleman, and she blinked her large brown eyes as he entered; but her lips assumed a business smile as she said, —

"Be seated, sir."

The room was neatly furnished. There was a display of ready-made bonnets, flowers, etc. The floor of the little trimming-room in the rear was littered with ribbons, clippings of

velvet, and bits of silk and lace. The gentleman was pleasantly received, and as the woman gracefully sank into a chair she folded her hands in her lap and inclined her head coquettishly to one side. The visitor explained that his wife, who was then out of the city, had requested him to purchase her a nice bonnet, and that as he passed along the sidewalk he had read her sign and just walked in. They chatted away pleasantly, and she exhibited her stock in trade.

"Here," said she, "is a lovely bonnet that I have trimmed for a rich lady, but it has not been called for."

"That is just the kind of bonnet I want," replied the gentleman.

"I thought you would fall in love with it," said the woman, "as it is very pretty."

She expressed her willingness to sell it, inasmuch as it was going out of town, and he concluded to buy it.

"I will take it along with me," said he, as he laid down a twenty-dollar bill to pay for it.

The milliner picked up the note, and, looking it over for a moment, her face lit up with a smile of pleasant sarcasm as she remarked, —

"This bill won't do."

The curious expression upon her face was certainly amusing, and the purchaser thought he noticed a lurking smile upon her countenance,

that betokened sympathy and indicated that she was posted in that kind of money.

"Look here," she said, "I know that stuff as well as you do; so you just keep it, and give me something else."

"I see you don't know me," said the man, "although you and I have been dealing together for a long time. My name is Perry Randolph. I have shipped you lots of queer, but this is the first time I ever met you."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the woman, "why did n't you say so?" She seemed to be overjoyed to meet one with whom she had long been dealing. "Why," said she, "I keep these bonnets for a stall. If you really want this one, you are welcome to it."

As she became more confidential, she pulled from her pocket several counterfeit two-dollar bills.

"Here," said she, putting on a jocular smile, "I will give you your change."

"All right," said the detective, as he threw back his coat and exhibited his badge of office. "You are the woman I am looking for."

The little milliner said that it was just the meanest trick that had ever been played upon her. The officer admitted that it was a little mean to put up an affair of this kind on a woman, but he thought she ought not to complain *under the circumstances*.

Katarina once put up a nice little scheme herself in Chicago. Having entered a Catholic priest's domicile one day, rigged up in the garb of a servant girl, she put on a humble expression, and told the reverend father that she came there to seek his blessing. After the affair had ended, the woman handed the good father a fifty-dollar compound-interest note, and requested him to take out a couple of dollars for the support of the church. The note tendered was a first-class counterfeit, but the unsuspecting priest gave the wicked woman forty-eight dollars in good money in change. This little episode, I believe, furnishes a sufficient justification for planning and executing the little scheme that was so successfully carried out by the detective upon Miss Kraus.

The woman pleaded guilty, and was sent to the penitentiary for two years. She had been reared a Catholic, but it seems that the seeds of piety and morality had been sown upon bad ground.

STEALING THE LIVERY OF HEAVEN TO SERVE
THE DEVIL IN.

A pretended Methodist minister, assuming the name of Rev. J. Hale Barney, concocted one of the boldest and most ingenious swindles that has ever been devised in this country. There were three persons engaged in the scheme, all

making their headquarters in Washington. The affair involved the forgery of the name of President Grant, and of General Babcock his private secretary. To lay the foundation for the swindle, circulars were sent to nearly all the post-masters throughout the South and West asking for contributions : —

Confidential Circular, No. 14.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
April 5, 1873.

The annexed conversations are submitted to the friends of the President in confidence. Our friends can address Rev. J. Hale Barney, who is temporarily secretary in that behalf. Any one having conscientious convictions against contributing need only silently decline. The President has acted in good faith, and confidently relies upon an active and cheerful assistance. Suppose nothing had been done, and the state of affairs existing in Louisiana had more extensively prevailed, what would have been the result? Read carefully the President's views, and act as your judgment dictates.

Remember that this subject is confidential, and known only to three persons besides the President, and that whatever is sent should be in currency in the enclosed envelope.

Very respectfully,

O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

General Babcock's signature was a rather poor imitation. Then followed an ingeniously concocted conversation which was supposed to have been held with the President: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *October 12, 1872.*

[Memorandum of a conversation between the President and his Secretary.]

Sec. Mr. President, I wish to refer to this telegram of Senator Morton's to the President:

A conspiracy has been formed to overrun southern Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and to keep the colored vote from the polls in the Southern States. Several thousand non-residents have just voted in Indiana. Men and money are needed. I send a man to you who has been in their counsels.

O. P. MORTON.

Pres. Yes, I have thought that matter all over, and had a long talk with the man the Senator sent. What does Mr. Cook say about money? You know that we have none, and that the committee's means are all necessary for the regular business.

Sec. Mr. Cook will furnish you any amount you require.

Pres. Very well, I will take the responsibility. Have Captain C—— select a dozen men to go West and South with funds and organize.

The mere fact of a good organization will deter lawless bodies from attempting to defraud the people at the polls.

Additional conversation, March 24, 1873.

Sec. Mr. President, have you determined how you will reimburse Mr. Cook for the money furnished last October?

Pres. Yes, I have. The bishop has suggested Rev. J. Hale Barney to act as secretary in the matter. Appoint him immediately, and as our mails are so large, and go to clerks to be arranged and briefed before we see them, you will have all letters on the subject addressed to him. Call upon our friends, and allow no one to contribute over ten dollars, and, to prevent publicity and trouble, direct the remittance to be made by a single ten-dollar note. Registered letters, drafts, or express would necessarily tend to publicity. Mr. Secretary, you will make an alphabetical list of every contributor, to which we can hereafter refer.

With the circular was enclosed an envelope addressed to Rev. J. Hale Barney; also a form of reply, as follows:—

REV. J. H. BARNEY, Executive Sec., etc., Washington, D. C.

SIR, — Please find enclosed ten dollars in cur-

rency, which you can apply in any way you think necessary for the good of the cause.

Yours truly,

At the request of the President I turned this case over to a couple of detectives, with some instructions. In reality the Rev. J. Hale Barney was a myth, a man of straw, who had been set up by one Colonel Benjamin S. Pardee and two confederates. One Sutton and one McKean were the parties with whom he was connected. Some of these circulars had been sent to the President by the postmasters, the intended victims of the swindlers. Beyond this nothing was known. The report of the Secret Service officers detailed to look up the case afforded a chapter of rich and racy reading.

It was found that a lady who furnished rooms for rent at No. 426 Sixth Street had, some time prior to the discovery of the forgeries, received a letter from a man who signed himself Rev. J. Hale Barney. He said he was a Methodist minister, and that he would be absent from the city much of the time attending to the duties of his circuit; but he wanted to hire a good room for office purposes, for the reception of his correspondence, and a place to sleep, and that he had been appointed executive secretary of the *Christian Brotherhood*. He forwarded two large cards, one to be hung upon the door and the

other upon the window of the rooms. These bore his name and announced his secretaryship.

The madam was only too glad to rent her room to such a nice man. She had always maintained a highly respectable place and intended to keep it so. A month's rent was sent in advance through the mail. A trunk with an aperture in its top was forwarded by express. This was to be put into the room hired, and all mail matter addressed to the Rev. Myth was to be dropped through the hole in the top of this trunk pending the arrival of his reverence. The old lady was wholly unsuspicious. A Methodist preacher was above reproach with her. The back room next to the one engaged by the mythical minister was already occupied by a quiet and unobtrusive gentleman. He, too, was above suspicion. There was also a very nice young man occupying a room upstairs. He was always busy writing, and no one knew when he went out or came in. After a few days the detectives discovered that one Colonel Pardee was the man who occupied the back parlor at No. 426 Sixth Street, and that it was he who slipped into the Rev. Myth's room at night, unlocked the trunk, and removed the letters. Sutton, who was also in the scheme, was the young man upstairs.

The detectives, who were up to snuff, had *somehow* worked themselves into the particu-

lars of the plot. A number of the replies which had been sent to the postmasters with the circulars were mailed, as directed, with marked ten-dollar bills enclosed. Pardee was in the act of opening one of these letters when he was arrested. He was astounded and quite indignant, of course, at the audacity of the detectives in arresting a man of his cloth; but the officers searched him, and took from his pockets the key to the trunk with the aperture in its top. In it were found contributions from various parts of the country, and more letters were constantly pouring in. Some of the postmasters were suspicious, however, and had forwarded the circulars to the President.

The detectives finally captured the other two men engaged in the affair in the place where the printing had been done. Here they found the press and form upon which the bogus circulars were printed. The poor old landlady was horrified when she learned the true character of her lodgers, and rendered all the assistance she could to the detectives. I believe that the Rev. J. Hale Barney (Pardee) was sent to the penitentiary. The plotters were taught a lesson, to say the least. General Grant always smiled when speaking of the affair afterwards. He said it was pretty ingeniously worked all around.

AN ENGLISH THIEF AND A HUMBLE FRENCH-MAN.

The Secret Service officers one day, while prowling around among the foreign steamships in Hoboken, captured one John Williams, who was in the act of smuggling ashore a quantity of jewelry. The prisoner, when brought to the Secret Service headquarters, where he was searched, had in his possession some ten thousand dollars in French bonds, and two thousand dollars in French bank-notes, besides several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and jewelry. Williams pleaded ignorance of our revenue laws, and in the course of the conversation that followed he made use of some slang phrases which led me to believe him to be a thief.

After questioning him sharply for a time, he admitted that all the goods, bonds, and money in his possession had been stolen from one Madame De Hart, who lived in the city of Paris. It seems that an English girl, employed as a domestic in the house of Madame De Hart, had purloined the property and turned it over to Williams, who was a pal of hers. Williams said the French officers got after him and followed him so closely that he had skipped out, and chiseled his partner out of her part of the robbery.

"Hi 'ad n't time to divide the swag, you

know, h'and h'I lit out for h'America, and h'I'm willing to divy it with you," said he, addressing me in a confidential way.

I locked Williams up, and put the "swag," as he called it, in my safe. I then visited the French consul and gave him the history of the affair, as I had received it from the thief. Madame De Hart was notified through the prefecture of police of the recovery of her property.

The next steamer brought Monsieur De Hart, the husband of the woman, to America. He appeared at my office with the proper credentials. As he entered my presence he seemed to be quite overcome with gratitude, and he fell upon his knees to pay obeisance to me and embrace me. The Frenchman, I suppose, mistook me for some great Pooh-bah, or possibly a Gascon cook, or something of the sort. He was my humble servant in everything. The meeting, taken all around, was certainly a ludicrous affair, but I treated it as a joke on the Frenchman. It was fun for the detectives. The monsieur identified his wife's property, and offered to reward me; but I declined his kind tender, and he fairly gushed over as he again fell down upon his knees, and begged me to dine with him. I accepted the invitation. He then fairly tumbled down at the dénouement.

"You do me a great honor," he exclaimed.

He might have been playing me a little, but I suppose that he thought the customs of France extended to this country.

The De Harts were overjoyed when they afterwards learned that Williams was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for smuggling.

WINDY DICK DOUBLES UP A CRANK.

The main purpose of the author of this book has been to convey a general knowledge of the methods of detectives and rogues, without entering into dull details or long-spun romances; but as the writer has had about ten years' close acquaintance with several thousand of those model men of society known as commercial travelers, he will take the liberty of relating one of the many marvelous tales that have been set afloat by these ingenious men.

A certain city in Kansas, which has long been celebrated for its peaceful and respectable citizens and its high-toned morals, was several years ago the scene of a rather interesting joke that was concocted and perpetrated by an old hardware merchant and a coterie of commercial travelers. A Swede, who had acquired a smattering of the English language, and passed as a sort of crank among his acquaintances, was unfortunate enough to be the possessor of a twenty-dollar counterfeit bill. He had obtained the *note in question* from a stranger in exchange for

good money. When he found out that the note was bogus, his rage knew no bounds, and he went about the streets telling the story of his misfortune to almost every man he met. After a while the affair came to be a sort of standing joke among the people, who appeared to take delight in chaffing the victim. Swanson's style of expressing himself was quite inimitable. It was an effort in English without much success. Very few people were intelligent enough to make out just what the fellow was talking about. Through an interpreter the Swede was at last led to believe that the United States government was responsible for the loss he had sustained, and that he would be justified in arresting any government official that came along.

One day several commercial travelers were standing in front of a hardware store. The proprietor of this establishment was one of the best known wags of the day, and was always ready to play a prank of some kind, no matter who got hit. As Swanson chanced to come along at this moment, the waggish merchant hailed him and introduced him to the group.

"Here," said he with a sly wink, "is a friend of mine that wants to explain an affair of interest to you."

Standing with the little group was one Dick H——, a well-known character among the boys. Windy Dick, as he is best known, was always

ready for a joke. He would even sell a preacher if he got a chance. After listening for a few moments to the Swede's story, Dick H—— started off with his sample case in his hand.

The waggish hardware merchant and the remaining traveling men now told Swanson that the fellow who had just left with the square box in his hand was a counterfeiter, and that he went about the country distributing the bogus stuff.

"Follow him," said the jokers, "and have him arrested. That box he carries is full of bogus money."

The Swede was now very much excited, and, promising to keep secret his informants, he started off after the man with the square box, both reaching the hotel on Fifth Avenue about the same time. This elegant hostelry was at that time known among the boys as the old blacksmith shop. As Dick entered the office of the hotel, he set down his sample case near the end of the counter. After looking around for a few moments, he called for writing materials, and sat down at a table. While he was busy scratching away, the excited Swanson took a seat at one side, where he could keep his eye on Dick's grip. The longer Swanson gazed at the mysterious box, the more nervous he became, until at last he jumped up, seized it, and started towards the *door with a rush.*

Dick, who always keeps his weather eye open, saw the move of the Swede, and rising with the suddenness of a rocket he grabbed the poor fellow by the neck, and giving him a whirl and a trip sent him underneath the table in a hurry. The grip flew across the room, and striking the floor upside down, it burst open and scattered the samples of hardware over the floor. Several of the fellows who had set up the little job on Swanson, and saw the affair through an open window, say that Dick's eyeballs stuck out about a half an inch as he stood there glaring at the poor devil sitting upon the floor and jabbering in broken English. Dick, who is really a good hearted fellow, finally cooled down and permitted the Swede to crawl out the front door on his hands and knees.

After he got outside, he started out on a run up the street towards the hardware store. He pounced inside, and, picking up a hatchet that chanced to be lying on the counter, he made a rush for the old wag who had been foremost in putting up the job on him. The enraged Swede had lost his hat in the mêlée with Dick, and was bareheaded, his hair standing on end.

It was now the old wag's turn to take to his heels, and, skipping out of the back door as fast as his legs could carry him, he rushed across the alley into his warehouse, where he bolted the door just in time to save his bacon, as the

wild-eyed crank was close on his heels. It took some time for the Swede to cool down, but he was finally reconciled by the hardware man, who told him that he had made a mistake and had pointed out the wrong man.

The joke was not without its beneficial results, as it cured Swanson of his mania for buttonholing people and talking them out of patience about the counterfeit bill; and it may have saved him from being sent to the lunatic asylum. Dick H—— is still upon the road selling goods and watching his samples with a zealous eye. He is a little noisy sometimes, but he is one of the most irrepressible and popular salesmen on the road. Viewed in a business sense, Dick is a fair sample of the average traveling man. I suppose, if the world of traffic were to be likened to a knitting-machine, the invincible Dick would be one of the foremost wool-pullers and yarn-spinners of the concern.

A SAMPLE OF THE BOGUS DETECTIVE.

As a fair sample of the average fake detective, that now and then annoyed us in our operations against the criminal classes, I will introduce one Sam F——, of Chicago. As a voluminous liar and the possessor of unbounded cheek, this man in his day was a howling success. He could talk blood and thunder from one corner of *his* mouth, and coo like a dove from the

other. He presented the spectacle of a person walking along the outer verge of the precipice of crime, touching it gingerly whenever it would pay to do so, and yet always claiming to be a detective in the interests of society. He studied law for the purpose of learning how to evade its meshes. If he ever told the truth in his life, it was probably by accident. Appearing in the vicinity of nearly every great murder and robbery that occurred during his time, with bogus information which he was ready to sell to either side, he was looked upon by the police of the country as a dangerous foe to encounter.

When the Joyce children were murdered at Roxbury, Mass., and Sam F—— had read of the affair in the newspapers, he hied himself thither, and seized upon the opportunity to make money by working upon the sympathies of the heart-broken parents; and he actually succeeded in doing them out of a considerable sum, although in reality he knew nothing whatever about the crime. He was indicted on several occasions for perpetrating his rascally blackmailing schemes, but somehow he always managed to escape punishment. Soon after the murder of Benjamin Nathan, at his residence opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, Sam appeared upon the scene with a piece of bloody shirt, which he claimed had been worn by the murderer on the *night* of the terrible deed. He even had the

metallic effrontery to attempt to gull the New York police authorities with his plausible story. They set him down as a blackmailer at once, but he by some means managed to secure five hundred dollars from one of the members of the Nathan family. The strip of bloody shirt, coupled with the adroit tale told by him, was a powerful argument for blackmailing purposes. The New York detectives finally got after the rascal, and he took to his heels. Probably the narrowest escape he ever had in his life was when the detectives, acting under my authority, got after him for an attempted swindle upon the government; but with his usual good luck, he managed to get out of the scrape by buying up the witnesses. I merely mention a few of the facts in connection with this man's career for the purpose of putting the public upon their guard against men of his class, and in order that it may be understood more fully what real detectives have to contend with in their line of operations against rogues.

A WOMAN SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE FALLS IN
LOVE WITH A DISGUISED DETECTIVE.

Mrs. Katherine Roberts, a widow in easy circumstances, at No. 30 David Street, Cincinnati, some twenty years ago, was known to the counterfeiters and detectives all over the West as *Mother Roberts*. She was nearly seventy

years of age. Her family consisted of her two daughters and two sons-in-law, all expert counterfeiters. Mother Roberts was one of the shrewdest and most dangerous operators in the queer known to the detectives. Although she had been singularly successful in escaping punishment herself, scores of her victims, including her two sons-in-law, had been convicted and sent to the penitentiary. It required a shrewd detective to entrap her. But her weakness—vanity and avarice—was her undoing.

A fairly honest-appearing old farmer from Missouri managed to be introduced into her house as a boarder. He was a nice old chap, supporting a hickory sapling with the bark on for a cane, and was clothed in homespun dyed with the real butternut. The old fellow talked about horses, mules, niggers, and land, but he knew "moughty little about city affairs." The letters received from his daughter in Missouri were written in a provincial style, and in keeping with his home affairs. He left these missives open upon his table when he went out. The supposition is, that Mother Roberts read them, and that she concluded she had the Missouri farmer down pretty fine; and she began to take some interest in his affairs. She pretended to fall in love with him, and finally became quite familiar in her ways. The old farmer was an adept in affairs of this kind himself.

The old lady chirped about the house, smoothed out her wrinkles, frizzled her hair, and always appeared gay when the farmer came around. As one had queer money to sell, and the other was anxious to buy, they gradually came to an understanding about matters of this kind. The result of the familiarity that grew up between them was the discovery of about three thousand dollars in counterfeit money which the old lady carried around with her in her bustle. She made the mistake of her life when she told the Missouri farmer how nicely she had fooled the detective by hiding the queer in her bustle.

"Oh, ho!" said the farmer, "you are the very woman I have been looking for."

"La! me!" said the widow, "I have loved you since I first saw you."

At this moment the disguised detective threw back his coat and displayed his badge of office. He took Mother Roberts into custody.

When she learned the trick that had been played on her, the old lady fairly swooned away. A few weeks afterwards, when she heard the fatal word "guilty" pronounced by the foreman of the jury, her frame underwent a perceptible shudder, and she again fell in a faint. Her sentence was reserved for the time being, and she was led from the court-room in a tottering condition. She was finally sentenced to *serve a year in the county jail, and pay a fine*

of five hundred dollars and the costs of prosecution. All things considered, this was one of the most remarkable cases that occurred during my official career.

CONDITIONS THAT CONTRIBUTE TO
CRIME.

SINCE the time when governments were first established and laws with severe penalties were enacted, the fatal proclivity to commit crime does not seem to have abated one jot or tittle. The ambition to secure wealth and power, the haphazard conditions of social intercourse, and the demoralizing effect of political corruption in every land, has continually supplied fresh examples of the folly and wickedness that everywhere prevail. Many people appear to be impressed with the idea that criminals are a sort of hang-dog, rascally-looking set of fellows, with their infamous profession stamped legibly upon their faces. Nothing could be farther from the truth, as rogues are generally genteel in their appearance, and unusually smooth in their ways. The most dangerous among them possess a fair knowledge of common law, and often have an extensive acquaintance among the upper circles of society. The fact is that the line of demarcation supposed to exist between the good and the bad is too often inferred from surface appearances, and too little consideration is given to deeper matters.

Religion and education frequently serve as the gloss that changes the aspect of immorality, but neither the one nor the other has ever furnished a specific cure for subduing it. It cannot be denied that both of these influences may become the warp and woof inwrought in the character of man, and weave around him the web of good or evil, according to his own choosing. Hence it may be held that these forces are fighting on both sides in the never-ending battle between right and wrong, and that there can never be any total suppression of either through these mediums. The entire obliteration of wrong and the substitution of right is merely the Utopian dream of good but weak minds. It would be just as impossible to make all men honest as it would be to turn them all into rogues.

What is the best means for suppressing the devil is the question that has puzzled the brains of wise men and moralists from Adam down to the present day. Since the Christian era, theologians have been busy firing bomb-shells filled with black paint at this mischievous old fellow, with little apparent effect. Some have been delivering their shots at long range, and others at short range, but none seem to be able to hit the bull's-eye; at any rate, his satanic majesty manages to keep along on his luminous *course* after the old-fashioned way, with in-

creased success. Preachers, moralists, and educators are no doubt assisting to keep crime within certain bounds; but it must be admitted that the criminal has more than kept pace with all the latest inventions for his suppression, and that the insidious enemy of social order is still in the field, actively engaged seeking whom he may devour.

The question first to be solved is, what have existing conditions to do with crime? The press, churches, schools, and politics are the ruling forces for shaping influences in society, and for devising methods for its protection, by prosecution and punishment, against the criminal and unruly classes. If these powers have proven a failure, what next? We all know that the doctrines taught by Christ are the safest and surest guide for man; but are our churches modeled and conducted upon his plan? Some of them, at least, seem to have cast off their Christian obligations and to be drifting with the popular tide, rather than trying to stem the opposing current and assist in the eradication of the many-sided evils that have crept into society. To illustrate this statement, the reader has but to pass from beneath the moss-grown roofs of the churches of the poor and humble to those covered by the arched domes of the wealthy aristocrats. Scattered about our large cities, there

are scores of gilded spires pointing heavenward. Could you enter the portals of some of these places of worship on a Sabbath morning, nothing further would be required to convince you that these edifices were not built to give spiritual comfort to the poor. None but the wealthy, clothed in fashionable attire, are permitted to enter the magnificent pews and sink down upon their soft-cushioned seats. Assembled there you behold the proud beaux and belles of society; the latter attired in all the glory of silks and velvets, camel's-hair shawls, sealskin coats, and fashionable bonnets adorned with stuffed birds and spangles of gold. They rest their dainty chins upon gilt-edged, gold-clasped prayer-books, and blink with becoming dignity as they steal sly glances at the broad-cloth-attired, kid-gloved gentlemen around them. The massive pipe-organ, run by electricity, sends forth peals of melody, and well-trained singers join their voices in harmonious anthems and soul-stirring hymns. The sacred pulpit is covered with a cloth of gold more ornate than the frieze of Phidias. The minister, clad in keeping with his surroundings, from his immaculate collar and shirt-front to his patent-leather boots, glides gently forward, bows meekly to his audience, closes his eyes, and repeats a prayer; then, opening the great gilded book before him, he reads a passage of Scripture and

announces his text. He speaks in mellow tones of Him who went about on the Sabbath-day preaching to the poor and lowly by the wayside. The sermon of our aristocratic preacher fails to impress his audience with the spirit of Christ, but its brevity has made amends for its lack of force and earnestness. It is only the rich who can afford to enjoy these gilded blessings. The poor every-day sinner must be content to listen to the Salvation Army version of Christ's offerings to man, and go on groping his way along the thorny path which leads to heaven by the back-door route, while the wealthy and high-born pass along upon the flowery path and enter the pearly gates by the front entrance.

These strange departures from the doctrines so clearly laid down by the lowly Nazarene are among the causes leading towards discontent and crime. There is a prevailing idea extant in our country that the spread of knowledge will check wrong-doing; but as the most dangerous criminals are the educated, intellectual violators of the law, and virtue is more frequently found among the poor and ignorant, how can it be said that knowledge is a safeguard against demoralizing influences? Crime is an omnipresent evil, almost totally unsusceptible to the influence of either religion or education after it has *passed certain bounds*; yet in its incipient

stages it may be restrained by the proper cultivation of the mental and physical faculties, but not by cultivating one of these faculties at the expense of the other.

It is claimed that the intelligent application of the industrial pursuits should be more rigidly enforced as an aid to the suppression of natural criminal inclinations. There is too much idleness and theory, and too little work. Our system of education should be radically changed, and the insufficiency and humbuggery of attempted equalization without regard to merit done away with. Education, as well as anything else, may be misdirected and misapplied ; and it certainly does operate in the wrong direction when used as a lever to lift a person above his normal grade, or push him beyond his natural capacity. The difficulty is, there are too many who are too proud to soil their hands with work, preferring rather to take the chances of soiling their character, and gloss over their imperfections by the exercise of their wits. There are too many looking for a soft snap, and ready to tell others what to do, while they are unwilling to hold the plough themselves.

There appear to be some features in our political conditions that are gradually becoming disturbing elements. The most prominent among *these is the clamor for a more equal distribution*

of wealth, or, in other words, a further and more extensive application of the Robin Hood principle. Having once acquired a taste for measures of this kind, through the use of a levy upon property for the support of institutions devoted to the purpose of polishing brains, extremists can see no reason why the same system should not be enlarged to the point of improving physical conditions.

Our present mode of taxation for the support of education is in some measure an encouragement to idleness, and destructive of the law of self-support, as it is based upon a false and hurtful theory, which establishes the precedent of giving something for nothing, and, instead of spreading the elementary principles of thrift and economy, and putting the young and inexperienced upon the highway of self-support, it is inculcating the idea of a forced equalization of brains and property. In many cases it amounts to confiscation. Institutions such as churches and schools for the formation of habits of industry, and purposes of a higher and better order of manhood, are certainly entitled to the support of the public, providing it can be done without discrimination; but when it comes to forcibly taking the property of one man to assist in educating the children of another, who, though equally wealthy, does not pay a just *proportion of the taxes*, it amounts to the *usurpa-*

tion of the rights of one in the interest of another. It may be all right theoretically speaking, but, like other socialistic ideas, it is altogether wrong when put in practice. The theory of taxing property without regard to its earning power has in many instances been the means of impoverishing families by depriving them of their property rights. An estate may not be able to earn an income, yet it can be legally confiscated, and the money so raised used for the special benefit of others. In sustaining this system we have incorporated into our law a theory that is fast giving rise to a more extended desire for the establishment of social equality. While there is no real appreciation of that which is accomplished without being striven for, there is no question but that there is a growing desire for a further equalization of conditions, and that the trend of the minds of the falsely educated classes is towards socialism and crime.

The causes that lead to crime are so varied that it seems almost impossible to determine the best means of suppressing it in its embryonic stage. If we follow along the line of the bloody march of civilization, and carefully study the causes underlying the motives that actuate deeds of evil, we find that religious fanaticism has ever been the prime moving element in the column of progress, and the wholesale destruction of human life and property. From the

beginning of the mighty carnage between the armies of Joshua and the Judges up to the present hour, there has been no season of rest for the so-called Pagan races. The Christians and the Mohammedans have vied with each other in their deadly struggle for supremacy, and thus the battle has gone on.

One of the most important and difficult problems to solve is the effect of varied situations upon crime. What condition in life is the most demoralizing in its influence upon society? Barbarous people enter into no social compact for the protection of life and property. They worship the Great Spirit beneath the shade of their native forests, and pay no taxes. Yet they may be nearer in touch with the Almighty than those who appear to have been ordained to destroy them. Money, it has been said, is the root of all evil, but history does not bear out the assertion. This commodity is powerful in its effect upon society, but it cannot be determined which is productive of the most evil, — too much money, or too little. The fictitious wealth produced by the issuing of vast sums of paper money during our late war, and immediately following it, operated as a stimulant for delving into mines, cutting down forests, and building railroads, factories, and houses. There was work for all, and times were good; but crime *increased in proportion*. We now have economy

and contraction, idleness and hard times; but crime continues with unabated force. It is difficult to discover the cause that endangers the general welfare of society, and perhaps it is still more difficult to find the proper remedy. Crime should be severely dealt with, according to its grades. Laws should be swiftly and sternly administered. It is certainly the dread of punishment, more than anything else, that holds the criminal classes in check. That crime can be suppressed by measures of Christian charity and movements of reform, without the aid of the hangman's rope and prison bars, is a dangerous fallacy. The Lord tried a plan of this kind at first, but finally resorted to methods of punishment.

Although politics, money, and fashionable gewgaws, highly seasoned food, and strong drinks are the outgrowth and inseparable concomitants of modern society and civilization, they are nevertheless each and all among the inciting causes leading to crime and shame. These conditions have been brought about through the efforts of fanatical reformers of every age, but the time has at last arrived when another set of extremists has entered the field to undo the work of their predecessors.

Fanatics and so-called reformers always have *been* and will probably always continue to be *the disturbing elements in social compacts.*

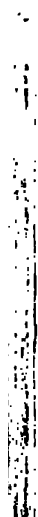
Foremost in the vanguard of education, religion, politics, and progress, they create crime on the one hand and battle for its suppression on the other.

The advancement of science and manhood to a higher and nobler plane means the annihilation, not the conversion, of all inferior races of men. The doctrine of the equalization of benefits and social harmony means the relaxation of energy, the ending of progress, and a final relapse into barbaric conditions. Were it the purpose of the Almighty to equalize the conditions of men, all would have been cast mentally and physically in one mould, and there would have been neither ambitious heights above nor yawning chasms beneath a common level.

The purpose of the writer of this little book has been to abet the ends of justice by denouncing whatever is criminal and wrong in current surroundings. In relating briefly a few of the incidents that occurred in my experience with the criminal classes, I have selected such specimens as I considered most fitting to illustrate the theories advanced by me regarding that peculiarly dangerous grade of rogues commonly known as hypocrites, not forgetting to mention the strained exhibition of their seeming piety in the pursuit of their unlawful calling. *While these facts go to prove that thieves as well as*

honest people understand the value of these influences, they should in no manner be construed to mean that such institutions are inimical to the best interests of society.









APR 29 1931

